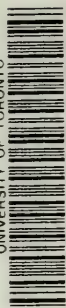


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THE WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



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THE WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE  
EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.  
THE MAD LOVER.

THE FALSE ONE.  
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

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THE  
LOYAL SUBJECT.

*The Loyal Subject.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragi-comedy.*"



THIS drama, written wholly by Fletcher, was licensed, and no doubt acted, in 1618. "The Kings players sent me an ould booke of Fletchers called *The Loyal Subject*, formerly allowed by Sir George Bucke, 16 Novem. 1618, which according to their desire and agreement I did peruse and with some reformatiōs allowed of, the 23 of Nov. 1633, for which they sent mee according to their promise 1 l. 0. 0." - - - - "On tusday night at Whitehall the 10 of Decemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queen, *The Loyal Subject*, made by Fletcher, and very well likt by the King." Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book,—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 234. When Rhodes, in 1659 (the Restoration being at hand), had obtained a license to act plays at the Cock-pit\* in Drury-Lane, *The Loyal Subject* was one of those in which Betterton (then about twenty two years of age) received the highest applause. Its popularity after the Restoration appears to have been considerable.

A piece (which I have neither seen nor cared to see) called *The Faithful General*, by a young lady who signs herself M. N., was acted at the Haymarket-theatre, and printed in 1706: "in an advertisement prefixed to it, the author says her first intention was only to revive *The Loyal Subject* of Fletcher; but that she afterwards new-formed the episodes, altered the main design, and put the whole into her own language, so that scarce any part of Fletcher was retained. Scene the city of Byzantium in Greece." *Biog. Dram.* An alteration of *The Loyal Subject* by the elder Sheridan was produced in Dublin: according to the work above cited, it was also given to the press.

\* Weber says, by mistake, "at the Blackfriars."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

GREAT DUKE of Moscovia.

ARCHAS, a general.

THEODORE, a colonel,

YOUNG ARCHAS, disguised as a woman under the name of ALINDA,	}	sons to ARCHAS.
--	---	--------------------

BRISKY, brother to ARCHAS, disguised under the name of PUTSKY <sup>a</sup>, a captain.

BURRIS, a lord.

BOROSKY <sup>b</sup>, a lord.

Ancient <sup>c</sup> to ARCHAS.

Gentlemen, Posts, Soldiers, Guard,  
and Attendants.

OLYMPIA, sister to the Duke.

HONORA, VIOLA,	}	daughters to ARCHAS.
-------------------	---	----------------------

PETESCA, Gentlewoman,	}	attendants on OLYMPIA.
--------------------------	---	---------------------------

Lady <sup>d</sup>.

Gentlewoman.

*SCENE, Moscow and the neighbouring country.*

*The principal actors were—*

Richard Burbadge.	Nathaniel Field.
Henry Condel.	John Underwood.
John Lowin.	Nicholas Toolie.
Richard Sharpe.	William Egglestone.

Fol. 1679.

<sup>a</sup> *Putsky*] Written also in the folios, *Putskie* and *Putskye*.

<sup>b</sup> *Borosky*] Written also in the folios, *Boroskie* and *Boroskey*.

<sup>c</sup> *Ancient*] i. e. Ensign: see note, vol. ii. 218.

<sup>d</sup> *Lady*] In the *Dram. Pers.* of folio 1679 (where alone that list is found) she is called "*Bawd, a Court Lady*": she figures in act iv. sc. 2.

## PROLOGUE.<sup>a</sup>

---

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite  
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write  
This worthy story, being confident  
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent  
To yield the hearers profit with delight,  
Will speak the maker : and to do him right  
Would ask a genius like to his ; the age  
Mourning his loss, and our now-widow'd stage  
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far  
Behind him the most modern writers are,  
That when they would commend him, their best praise  
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise  
To his best<sup>b</sup> memory. So much a friend  
Presumes to write, secure 't will not offend  
The living, that are modest ; with the rest,  
That may repine, he cares not to contest<sup>c</sup>.  
This debt to Fletcher paid, it is profess'd  
By us the actors, we will do our best  
To send such favouring friends, as hither come  
To grace the scene, pleas'd and contented home.

<sup>a</sup> *Prologue*] Was probably written for the revival of the play in 1633, and may have been, as Weber supposes, from the pen of Shirley.

<sup>b</sup> *best*] In the *Postscript* to vol. iii. ed. 1750 Seward proposes "blest" as the true reading here. "From the context, the author seems undoubtedly to have written 'best.'" *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>c</sup> *cares not to contest*] "i. e. despises the contest." MASON.



THE  
LOYAL SUBJECT.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Moscow. A street.*

---

*Enter THEODORE and PUTSKY.*

*Theod.* Captain, your friend's preferr'd ; the princess has  
her ;

Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly :  
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.

*Puts.* Well bred, sir,  
I do deliver that upon my credit,  
And of an honest stock.

*Theod.* It seems so, captain,  
And no doubt will do well.

*Puts.* Thanks to your care, sir.  
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit  
Of discontent is put on through the army ?  
And why your valiant father, our great general,  
The hand that taught to strike, the love that led all,  
Why he that was the father of the war,  
He that begot and bred the soldier,  
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,  
His colours folded, and his drums cas'd up,  
The tongue of war for ever tied within us ?

*Theod.* It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,  
But of a small time here a soldier,  
Yet that time shews you a right good and great one,  
Else I could tell you, hours are strangely alter'd :

The young duke has too many eyes upon him<sup>c</sup>,  
Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to nourish those,  
Maintains too many instruments.

*Puts.* Turn their hearts,  
Or turn their heels up, Heaven! 'Tis strange it should be;  
The old duke lov'd him dearly.

*Theod.* He deserv'd it;  
And, were he not my father, I durst tell you,  
The memorable hazards he has run through  
Deserv'd of this man too, highly deserv'd too:  
Had they been less<sup>d</sup>, they had been safe[r], Putsky,  
And sooner reach'd regard.

*Puts.* There you struck sure, sir.

*Theod.* Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,  
Some years before the old duke died?

*Puts.* I have heard you  
Speak often of that vow; but how it was,  
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

*Theod.* I'll tell thee then, and then thou wilt find the  
reason.

The last great muster, ('twas before you serv'd here,)  
Before the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones  
Now rest in peace, this young prince had the ordering  
(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army:  
Who, to be short, put all his power to practice<sup>e</sup>,  
Fashion'd and drew 'em up; but, alas, so poorly,  
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,  
The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,  
Who then was general, "Go, Archas, speedily,  
And chide the boy before the soldier<sup>f</sup> find him;  
Stand thou between his ignorance and them;

<sup>c</sup> him] "i. e. Archas." MASON.

<sup>d</sup> Had they been less, &c.] "The meaning of this passage (which is liable to misconstruction) is, 'Had his military prowess been less, he would have been less an object of envy and jealousy, and sooner have been rewarded.'" Ed. 1778.

<sup>e</sup> power to practice] Altered by Seward to "power in practice," &c. and by the Editors of 1778 to "powers to practice, &c." Weber wrongly understood "power" as equivalent to—army.

<sup>f</sup> soldier] So the first folio.—The second folio has "soldiers"; and so the modern editors. Compare, at p. 26, "The soldier. They", &c.

Fashion their bodies new to thy direction ;  
Then draw thou up, and shew the prince his errors.”  
My sire obey’d, and did so ; with all duty  
Inform’d the prince, and read him all directions :  
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,  
And anger into wild words broke out thus,  
“ Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,  
To be but duke once, I shall then remember,  
I shall remember truly, trust me I shall,  
And, by my father’s hand ”—the rest his eyes spoke.  
To which my father answer’d, somewhat mov’d too,  
And with a vow he seal’d it, “ Royal sir,  
Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger  
Only pursue me ; if I live to that day,  
That day so long expected to reward me,  
By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,  
And by the hand of Justice, never arms more  
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir :  
The conflicts I will do you service then in,  
Shall be repentant prayers.” So they parted.  
The time is come ; and now you know the wonder.

*Puts.* I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,  
The duke will have but poor and slight defences,  
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.  
How stand you with him, sir ?

*Theod.* A perdu<sup>g</sup>, captain,  
Full of my father’s danger.

*Puts.* He has rais’d a young man,  
They say a slight young man (I know him not)  
For what desert ?

*Theod.* Believe it, a brave gentleman,  
Worth[y] the duke’s respect, a clear sweet gentleman,  
And of a noble soul. Come, let’s retire us,  
And wait upon my father, who within this hour  
You will find an alter’d man.

*Puts.* I am sorry for’t, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>g</sup> *perdu*] A quibble (as Weber remarks) on *perdu* in its sense of—one of the forlorn-hope, and its literal meaning—lost. The folios happening to have no comma after “*perdu*”, the modern editors understood it as an epithet to “captain”!

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.**Enter* OLYMPIA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.*Olym.* Is 't not a handsome wench?*Gent.* She is well enough, madam:*I* have seen a better face and a straighter body;  
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.*Olym.* What thinkest thou, Petesca?*Pet.* Alas, madam,*I* have no skill! she has a black eye, which  
Is of the least too, and the dullest water;  
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,  
Nature intended her a right good stomach.*Olym.* She has a good hand.*Gent.* 'Tis good enough to hold fast,  
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.*Olym.* What think you of her colour?*Pet.* If it be her own,  
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I warrant it.*Gent.* What a strange pace she has got!*Olym.* That's but her breeding.*Pet.* And what a manly body! methinks she looks  
As though she would pitch the bar, or go to buffets.*Gent.* Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,  
For methinks she is too bashful.*Olym.* Is that hurtful?*Gent.* Even equal to too bold; either of 'em, madam,  
May do her injury when time shall serve her.*Olym.* You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench.—[*Exit* Gentlewoman.]*What* envious fools are you! Is the rule general,  
That women can speak handsomely of none,  
But those they are bred withal?*Pet.* Scarce well of those, madam,  
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:  
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any thing,  
Yet still we strive to swim o'the top. Suppose there were  
here now,  
Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,



Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,  
As many eyes and services stuck on her ;  
What would you think ?

*Olym.* I would think she might deserve it.

*Pet.* Your grace shall give me leave not to believe you :  
I know you are a woman, and so humour'd §.  
I'll tell you, madam ; I could then get more gowns on you,  
More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk stockings,  
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings  
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives  
I could wear out. By this hand, you would scratch her eyes  
out.

*Olym.* Thou art deceiv'd, fool. Now let your own eyes  
mock you.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with YOUNG ARCHAS disguised as a  
woman.*

Come hither, girl.—Hang me, an she be not a handsome one !

*Pet.* I fear it will prove indeed so.

*Olym.* Did you ever serve yet  
In any place of worth ?

*Y. Arch.* No, royal lady.

*Pet.* Hold up your head ; fie !

*Olym.* Let her alone ; stand from her.

*Y. Arch.* It shall be now,  
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,  
The greatest and the happiest to serve you ;  
And, might my promise carry but that credit  
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,  
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,  
From all the service that my life can lend me <sup>h</sup>,  
May everlasting misery then find me !

*Olym.* [*To PETESCA and Gent.*] What think ye now ?—I do  
believe and thank you ;

§ *so humour'd*] i. e. "possessed of the desires and humours of a woman."  
MASON.

<sup>h</sup> *can lend me*] "Seward reads, '*can lend ye*.' But the old text is good sense, meaning—all the services which my space of life can afford me to execute." WEBER.

And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,  
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.

What must I call your name?

*Y. Arch.* Alinda, madam.

*Olym.* Can you sing?

*Y. Arch.* A little, when my grief will give me leave, lady.

*Olym.* What grief canst thou have, wench? thou art not in love?

*Y. Arch.* If I be, madam, 'tis only with your goodness;  
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.

*Olym.* Of what years are you?

*Y. Arch.* My mother oft has told me,  
That very day and hour this land was bless'd  
With your most happy birth, I first saluted  
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,  
And all the Graces, to adorn your goodness,  
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

*Olym.* Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,  
Made me both like and love thee; now I know it,  
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you.  
I hope you are a maid?

*Y. Arch.* I hope so too, madam;  
I am sure, for any man: and, were I otherwise,  
Of all the services my hopes could point at,  
I durst not touch at yours. [*Flourish within.*]

*Pet.* The great-duke<sup>i</sup>, madam.

*Enter Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Good morrow, sister.

*Olym.* A good day to your highness.

*Duke.* I am come to pray you use no more persuasions  
For this old stubborn man; nay, to command you:  
His sail is swell'd too full; he is grown too insolent,  
Too self-affected, proud: those poor slight services  
He has done my father and myself have<sup>j</sup> blown him  
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop<sup>k</sup> our favours.

<sup>i</sup> *great-duke*] "We now say *grand-duke*." WEBER.

<sup>j</sup> *have*] Both the folios "has."

<sup>k</sup> *to stoop our favours*] i. e. to rush down upon our favours, as a hawk upon its prey. On this passage, in ed. 1778, Reed has an unmercifully long note.

*Olym.* I am sorry, sir : I ever thought those services  
Both great and noble.

*Bur.* However, may it please you  
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,  
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame ;  
But to consider, royal sir, the dangers,  
When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests,  
That, as he march'd, sung through his agèd locks ;  
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines ;  
The fires of heaven, when you have found all temperate ·  
Death, with his thousand doors——

*Duke.* I have consider'd ;—  
No more ;—and that I will have, shall be.

*Olym.* For the best,  
I hope, all still.

*Duke.* What handsome wench is that there ?

*Olym.* My servant, sir.

*Duke.* Prithee, observe her, *Burris* :  
Is she not wondrous handsome ? speak thy freedom.

*Bur.* She appears no less to me, sir.

*Duke.* Of whence is she ?

*Olym.* Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,  
But far off dwelling : her desire to serve me  
Brought her to the court, and here her friends have left her.

*Duke.* She may find better friends.—You are welcome,  
fair one ;

[*Young ARCHAS kneels.*

I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave :

[*The Duke kisses, and raises him.*

Nay, stand up, sweet ; we 'll have no superstition.  
You have got a servant<sup>1</sup> ; you may use him kindly,  
And he may honour you.—Good morrow, sister.

*Olym.* Good morrow to your grace.

[*Exeunt Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.*

How the wench blushes !

How like an angel now she looks !

*Gent.* At first jump,

[*Aside to PETESCA.*

<sup>1</sup> *a servant*] “i. e. a lover and admirer [see note, vol. i. 213]. The Duke speaks of himself.” WEBER.

Jump into the duke's arms ! We must look to you,  
Indeed we must ; the next jump we are journeymen.

*Pet.* I see the ruin of our hopes already ;

Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows !

*Gent.* I fear she 'll milk all the great courtiers first.

*Olym.* This has not made you proud ?

*Y. Arch.* No, certain, madam.

*Olym.* It was the duke that kiss'd you.

*Y. Arch.* 'Twas your brother,

And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

*Olym.* But, say he love you ?

*Y. Arch.* That he may with safety :

A prince's love extends to all his subjects.

*Olym.* But, say in more particular ?

*Y. Arch.* Pray, fear not :

For virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady<sup>m</sup>.

'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,

His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,

Can make me prove a traitor to your service :

You are my mistress and my noble master,

Your virtues my ambition, and your favour

The end of all my love, and all my fortune :

And, when I fail in that faith——

*Olym.* I believe thee——

Come, wipe your eyes—I do.—Take you example.

*Pet.* I would her eyes were out ! [*Aside to Gent.*

*Gent.* If the wind stand in this door,

We shall have but cold custom. Some trick or other,

And speedily !

*Pet.* Let me alone to think on 't.

*Olym.* Come, be you near me still.

*Y. Arch.* With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>m</sup> *For virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady* [“The word *doubts* is here used in rather an uncommon sense. Alinda [Young Archas] does not mean doubts that had arisen in her own mind, but doubtful opinions conceived of her by others, especially by Olympia.” MASON.]

SCENE III.—*An open place before the Palace.*

*Enter* ARCHAS, THEODORE, PUTSKY, Ancient, and Soldiers carrying the armour of ARCHAS piece-meal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.

*Theod.* This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.

*Puts.* This was not wont to be : these honour'd pieces,  
The fiery god of war himself would smile at,  
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,  
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,  
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.

*Archas.* There set 'em down : and, glorious War, farewell !  
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,  
Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms' ruins ;  
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers  
Through fires and famines ; for one title from thee  
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes ;  
A long farewell I give thee ! Noble arms,  
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,  
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,  
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye !  
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to conquest,  
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,  
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,  
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument !  
Farewell, my eagle ! when thou flew'st, whole armies  
Have stoop'd<sup>n</sup> below thee : at passage I have seen thee  
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury,  
And bang 'em up together, as a tassel<sup>o</sup>,

<sup>n</sup> *stoop'd*] Reed having said that "all the terms in this speech are taken from falconry," Mason justly observes that, while in a preceding speech (see note, p. 12) "*stoop*" is used as a term of falconry, in the present passage "*stoop'd*" is employed in its common acceptation of crouching.

<sup>o</sup> *tassel*] "The *tassel*, properly *tiercel*, is the male of the goshawk, so called because, says Steevens, 'it is a third less than the female.'" WEBER. But, according to Turbervile, "he is termed a *Tyercellet*, for that there are most commonly disclosed three birds in one selfe eyree, two Hawkes and one Tiercell." *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 59, ed. 1611.

Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons :  
 I yet remember<sup>p</sup> when the Volga curl'd,  
 The agèd Volga, when he heav'd his head up,  
 And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruins,  
 The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins ;  
 Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen.  
 But these must be forgotten : so must these too,  
 And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.  
 Take 'em, you holy men ; my vow take with 'em,  
 Never to wear 'em more : trophies I give 'em,  
 And sacred rites of war, to adorn the temple :  
 There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master  
 Is now devotion's soldier, fit for prayer.  
 Why do ye hang your heads ? why look you sad, friends ?  
 I am not dying yet.

*Theod.* You are indeed to us, sir.

*Puts.* Dead to our fortunes, general.

*Archas.* You'll find a better,

A greater, and a stronger man to lead you,  
 And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends ;  
 Time and the wars together make me stoop, gentlemen,  
 Stoop to my grave ; my mind unfurnish'd too,  
 Empty and weak as I am ; my poor body  
 Able for nothing now but contemplation,  
 And that will be a task too to a soldier.  
 Yet, had they but encourag'd me, or thought well  
 Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd  
 For one knock more ; I should have made a shift yet  
 To have broke one staff more, handsomely, and have died  
 Like a good fellow and an honest soldier,  
 In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,  
 And so have made an end of all with credit.

<sup>p</sup> *I yet remember, &c.*] Here, as Reed notices, Fletcher seems to have had an eye to a passage in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* (First Part) act i. sc. 3 ;

“ Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.”

*Theod.* Well, there will come an hour, when all these injuries,  
These secure slights——

*Archas.* Ha ! no more of that, sirrah ;  
Not one word more of that, I charge you !

*Theod.* I must speak, sir :  
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,  
That's dumb to your abuses !

*Archas.* Understand, fool,  
That voluntary I sit down.

*Theod.* You are forc'd, sir,  
Forc'd for your safety : I too well remember  
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,  
You made this vow ; and whose unnobleness,  
Indeed forgetfulness of good——

*Archas.* No more ;  
As thou art mine, no more !

*Theod.* Whose doubts and envies——  
But the devil will have his due.

*Puts.* Good gentle colonel——

*Theod.* And though disgraces and contempt of honour  
Reign now, the wheel must turn again.

*Archas.* Peace, sirrah ;  
Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon me ?  
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it ;  
Down with that disobedience ; tie that tongue up !

*Theod.* Tongue !

*Archas.* Do not provoke me to forget my vow, sirrah,  
And draw that fatal sword again in anger.

*Puts.* For Heaven's sake, colonel——

*Archas.* Do not let me doubt  
Whose son thou art, because thou canst not suffer :  
Do not play with mine anger ; if thou dost,  
By all the loyalty my heart holds——

*Theod.* I have done, sir ;  
Pray, pardon me.

*Archas.* I pray you, be worthy of it<sup>a</sup> :  
Beshrew your heart, you have vex'd me.

<sup>a</sup> *I pray you, be worthy of it*] Altered by Seward to "*I pray, be worthy of*



*Theod.* I am sorry, sir.

*Archas.* Go to ; no more of this : be true and honest ;  
I know you are man enough ; mould it to just ends,  
And let not my disgraces—then I am miserable,  
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

*Puts.* An't please you, sir, the duke. [ *Flourish.*

*Enter DUKE, BURRIS, BOROSKY, Gentlemen, and  
Attendants.*

*Duke.* Now, what 's all this ?  
The meaning of this <sup>r</sup> ceremonious emblem ?

*Archas.* Your grace should first remember——

*Bor.* There 's his nature. [ *Aside to the Duke.*

*Duke.* I do, and shall remember still that injury,  
That at the muster ; where it pleas'd your greatness  
To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it ;  
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,  
Took from my hands my charge.

*Burris.* Oh, think not so, sir !

*Duke.* And in my father's sight.

*Archas.* Heaven be my witness,  
I did no more (and that with modesty,  
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,  
And from your father seal'd : nor durst that rudeness,  
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour ;  
I ever yet knew duty.

*Duke.* We shall teach you.

I well remember too, upon some words I told you,  
Then at that time, some angry words you answer'd,  
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.  
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you ;  
From henceforth I dismiss you ; take your ease, sir.

*Archas.* I humbly thank your grace : this wasted body,  
Beaten and bruise'd with arms, dried up with troubles,  
Is good for nothing else but quiet now, sir,  
And holy prayers ; in which when I forget

*it."* From what precedes, the probability is, that the poet wrote, "*Pray you,  
be worthy of it."*

<sup>r</sup> of this] Weber chose to print, "*of all this.*"



To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,  
May that be deaf, and my petitions perish !

*Bor.* What a smooth humble cloak he has cas'd his pride in,  
And how he has pull'd his claws in ! there's no trusting—

*Burris.* Speak for the best.

*Bor.* Believe I shall do ever.

*Duke.* To make you understand, we feel not yet  
Such dearth of valour and experience,  
Such a declining age of doing spirits,  
That all should be confin'd within your excellence,  
And you, or none, be honour'd,—take, Borosky,  
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier ;  
A little time will bring thee to his honour,  
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,  
The soldier's fondness, and a little fortune,  
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.

*Theod.* Oh, that I durst but answer now !

*Puts.* Good colonel—

*Theod.* My heart will break else.—Royal sir, I know not  
What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly labours,  
And loss of blood, consumptions in your service,  
Whose bodies are acquainted with more miseries  
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves are—  
His sword the least share gain'd !

*Duke.* You will not fight with me ?

*Theod.* No, sir, I dare not ;  
You are my prince ; but I dare speak to you,  
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions  
That be informers to you dare once think of :  
Yet truth will now but anger you ; I am sorry for't,  
And so, I take my leave.

*Duke.* Even when you please, sir.

*Archas.* Sirrah, see me no more.

[*Exit THEODORE.*]

*Duke.* And so may you too :

You have a house i' the country ; keep you there, sir,  
And, when you have rul'd yourself, teach your son manners :  
For this time I forgive him.

*Archas.* Heaven forgive all ;

And to your grace a happy and long rule here !—

And you, lord general, may your fights be prosperous !  
In all your course may fame and fortune court you !  
Fight for your country and your prince's safety ;  
Boldly and bravely face your enemy,  
And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue,  
As if a general plague had seiz'd before you ;  
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind you ;  
And then come home an old and noble story !

*Burris.* A little comfort, sir.

*Duke.* As little as may be.—

Farewell : you know your limit.

*Burris.* Alas, brave gentleman !

[*Exeunt* Duke, BURRIS, BOROSKY, Gentlemen, and Attendants.]

*Archas.* I do, and will observe it suddenly.

My grave ; ay, that's my limit ; 'tis no new thing,  
Nor that can make me start or tremble at it,  
To buckle with that old grim soldier now :  
I have seen him in his sourest shapes and dreadfull'st ;  
Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him :  
That audit's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldiers ;  
Give me your hands :—farewell, farewell, good Ancient ;  
A stout man and a true, thou art come in sorrow.  
Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye !  
You do but change a man ; your fortune's constant ;  
That by your ancient valours is tied fast still ;  
Be valiant still, and good : and when ye fight next,  
When flame and fury make but one face of horror,  
When the great rest of all your honour's up\*,  
When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,  
Remember me ; my prayers shall be with ye :  
So, once again, farewell.

*Puts.* Let's wait upon you.

*Archas.* No, no, it must not be ; I have now left me  
A single fortune to myself, no more,  
Which needs no train nor compliment. Good captain,  
You are an honest and a sober gentleman,  
And one I think has lov'd me.

\* *When the great rest of all your honour's up*] See note, vol. iii. 45.

*Puts.* I am sure on 't.

*Archas.* Look to my boy; he's grown too headstrong for me;  
And, if they think him fit to carry arms still,  
His life is theirs. I have a house i' the country;  
And when your better hours will give you liberty,  
See me: you shall be welcome.—Fortune to ye! [*Exit.*]

*Anc.* I'll cry no more, that will do him no good;  
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money.  
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;  
And, if I can do that, I care not for money.  
I could have curs'd reasonable well, and I have had the luck too  
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,  
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke  
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say to thee;  
A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.

*First Sold.* Oh, take the pox too!

*Anc.* They'll cure one another:  
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking:  
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess him,<sup>t</sup>  
Or pox upon pox.

*Puts.* That's but ill i' th' arms, sir.

*Anc.* 'Tis worse i' the legs; I would not wish it else:  
And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,  
And, twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb  
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has him.<sup>u</sup>

*First Sold.* May he be ever lousy!

*Anc.* That's a pleasure,  
The beggar's lechery, sometimes the soldier's:  
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,  
And maggots breed in 's brains!

*Sec. Sold.* Ay, marry, sir,  
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,  
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,  
And one fall 'cross his throat; then let him gargle!

*Enter a Post.*

*Puts.* Now, what's the matter?

*Post.* Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?

<sup>t</sup> him] Both the folios "them"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>u</sup> him] Both the folios "'em"; and so the modern editors.

*Puts.* Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

*Post.* I thank you.

[*Exit.*]

*Anc.* If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,  
And, when he wakes, believe, and swear he saw it,  
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest ;  
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,  
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil !

*Puts.* If these would do——

*Anc.* I 'll never trust my mind more,  
If all these fail.

*First Sold.* What shall we do now, captain ?  
For, by this honest hand, I 'll be torn a-pieces,  
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,  
And love us equal too, before I fight more.  
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,  
If I like the leg well.

*Anc.* Fight ! 'tis likely !  
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there 's need on's.  
They think the other crown will do, will carry us,  
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro  
Borosky,—what a noise his very name carries !  
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,  
He needs no soldiers : if he do, for my part,  
I promise ye, he 's like to seek 'em ; so I think you think too,  
And all the army. No, honest, brave old Archas,  
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,  
So soon forget thy goodness : he that does,  
The scandal and the seum of arms be counted !

*Puts.* You much rejoice me ; now you have hit my meaning :  
I durst not press ye till I found your spirits.  
Continue thus.

*Anc.* I 'll go and tell the duke on't.

*Puts.* No, no, he 'll find it soon enough, and fear it,

*Enter Second Post.*

When once occasion comes.—Another packet !  
From whence, friend, come you ?

*Sec. Post.* From the borders, sir.

*Puts.* What news, sir, I beseech you ?

*Sec. Post.* Fire and sword, gentlemen ;  
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force  
Comes forward, like a tempest ; all before him  
Burning and killing.

*Anc.* Brave, boys ! brave news, boys !

*Sec. Post.* Either we must have present help——

*Anc.* Still braver !

*Sec. Post.* Where lies the duke ?

*First Sold.* He's there.

*Sec. Post.* Save ye, gentlemen !

*Anc.* We are safe enough, I warrant thee.

[*Exit Second Post.*

Now the time's come.

*Puts.* Ay, now 'tis come indeed ;  
And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on merrily.

*Anc.* This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire<sup>t</sup> ;  
'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.

*Sec. Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,  
Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once.

*Re-enter BOROSKY, with a Servant.*

*Puts.* Here's one has heard it already.—Room for the  
general !

*Bor.* Say I am fahn exceeding sick o' the sudden,  
And am not like to live. [*Exit with Servant.*

*Puts.* If you go on, sir ; [*Calling after him.*  
For they will kill you certainly ; they look for you.

*Anc.* I see your lordship's bound ; take a suppository.  
'Tis I, sir ; a poor east flag of yours. The foolish Tartars,  
They burn and kill, an't like your honour ; kill us,  
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord ; with guns, sir.  
What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops ?

*Puts.* Go, go thy ways, old True-penny ! thou hast but one  
fault ;

'Thou art even too valiant.—Come, to th' army, gentlemen,  
And let's make them acquainted.

*Soldicrs.* Away ! we are for you. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>t</sup> *This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire*] "A singular anticipation," observes Mr. Darley, *Introd. to the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. L.

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before*, PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.

*Y. Arch.* Why, whither run ye, fools! will ye leave my lady?

*Pet.* The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!

*Y. Arch.* Why, let him:

I had thought you had fear'd no men; upon my conscience,  
You have tried their strengths already: stay, for shame!

*Pet.* Shift for thyself, Alinda. [*Exit with Gentlewoman.*]

*Y. Arch.* Beauty bless ye!

Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,  
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youths ye are,  
And of a constant courage: are you afraid of foining<sup>u</sup>?

*Enter* OLYMPIA.

*Olym.* Oh, my good wench, what shall become of us?  
The posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;  
The enemy is past the Volga, and bears hither<sup>v</sup>,  
With all the blood and cruelty he carries:  
My brother now will find his fault.

*Y. Arch.* I doubt me,  
Somewhat too late too, madam. But, pray, fear not;  
All will be well, I hope: sweet madam, shake not.

*Olym.* How cam'st thou by this spirit? our sex tremble.

*Y. Arch.* I am not unacquainted with these dangers,  
And you shall know my truth; for, ere you perish,  
A hundred swords shall pass through me; 'tis but dying,  
And, madam, we must do it; the manner's all.  
You have a princely birth; take princely thoughts to you,  
And take my counsel too: go presently,  
With all the haste you have (I will attend you),  
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas;  
He honours you; with all your art persuade him,  
(Twill be a dismal time else,) woo him hither,  
But hither, madam; make him see the danger;

<sup>u</sup> *foining*] "A technical term in fencing, for—thrusting." WEBER.

<sup>v</sup> *bears hither*] "i. e. comes this way." Ed. 1778.



For your new general looks like an ass ;  
There 's nothing in his face but loss.

*Olym.* I 'll do it :

And thank thee, sweet Alinda : oh, my jewel,  
How much I am bound to love thee ! by this hand, wench,  
If thou wert a man——

*Y. Arch.* I would I were, to fight for you !  
But haste, dear madam.

*Olym.* I need no spurs, Alinda.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—*Another apartment in the same.*

*Enter Duke, two Posts, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* The lord-general sick now ! is this a time  
For men to creep into their beds ? What 's become, Post,  
Of my lieutenant ?

*Sec. Post.* Beaten, an't please your grace,  
And all his forces sparkled<sup>u</sup>.

*Duke.* That 's but cold news.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

How now ! what good news ? are the soldiers ready ?

*Gent.* Yes, sir ; but fight they will not, nor stir from that place  
They stand in now, unless they have lord Archas  
To lead 'em out : they rail upon this general,  
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse tunes :  
And much they spare not you, sir. Here, they swear,  
They 'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance about it,  
Unless lord Archas come, before they fight for 't :  
It must be so, sir.

*Duke.* I could wish it so too ;  
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him :  
But all, I fear, will fail ; we must die, gentlemen,  
And one stroke we 'll have for 't.

*Enter BURRIS.*

What bring'st thou, Burris ?

*Burris.* That I am loath to tell ; he will not come, sir.

<sup>u</sup> *sparkled*] "i. e. dispersed." *Ed.* 1778. See note, vol. v. 52.

I found him at his prayers ; there, he tells me,  
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven :  
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,  
The country's ruin ; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him ;  
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed  
Thus with his finger to the ground ; a grave  
I think he meant ; and this was all he answer'd.  
Your grace was much to blame. Where 's the new general ?

*Duke.* He is sick, poor man.

*Burris.* He's a poor man indeed, sir.

Your grace must needs go to the soldier.

*Duke.* They

Have sent me word they will not stir ; they rail at me,  
And all the spite they have—[*Shout within.*] What shout  
is that there ?

Is the enemy come so near ?

*Enter* OLYMPIA, ARCHAS, *and* YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before.*

*Olym.* I have brought him, sir ;  
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

*Duke.* Happy sister !

Oh, blessèd woman !

*Olym.* Use him nobly, brother ;  
You never had more need.—And, gentlemen,  
All the best powers ye have to tongues turn presently,  
To winning and persuading tongues : all my art,  
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd ;  
Let it be yours to arm him.—And, good my lord,

[*To* ARCHAS.]

Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,  
Which was the happiness to bring you hither,  
And not to urge you farther ; yet, see your country,  
Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it :  
Turn round, and look upon the miseries  
Of every side, the fears ; oh, see the dangers !  
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, sir.

*Duke.* Next, hear your prince : you have said you lov'd him,

Archas,

And thought your life too little for his service.



Think not your vow too great now ; now the time is,  
And now you are brought to the test ; touch <sup>x</sup> right now,  
soldier,

Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle ;  
Now, if thou be'st that valu'd man, that virtue,  
That great obedience, teaching all, now stand it.  
What I have said forgive <sup>y</sup>, my youth was hasty ;  
And what you said yourself forget, you were angry :  
If men could live without their faults, they were gods,  
Archas.—

He weeps, and holds his hands up : to him, Burris !

*Burris.* You have shew'd the prince his faults <sup>z</sup> ; and, like  
a good surgeon,

You have laid that to 'em makes 'em smart ; he feels it ;  
Let 'em not fester now, sir : your own honour,  
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,  
(Gainst which, I take it, Heaven gives no command, sir,  
Nor seals no vow,) can better teach you now  
What you have to do, than I or this necessity.  
Only this little 's left ; would you do nobly,  
And in the eye of honour truly triumph ?  
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.

*Y. Arch.* Last, a poor virgin kneels : for love's sake,  
general ;  
If ever you have lov'd, for her sake, sir ;

<sup>x</sup> *touch*] i. e. stand the test.

<sup>y</sup> *What I have said forgive, &c.*] Both the folios have,

“ *What I have said forget, my youth was hasty,  
And what you said yourselfe forgive.*”

The necessary transposition was made by Seward.

<sup>z</sup> *You have shew'd the prince his faults, &c.*] In both the folios the commencement of this speech happens to be wrongly arranged thus ;

“ You have shew'd the prince his faults :  
And like a good surgeon you have laid  
That to 'em makes 'em smart : he feels it ” ;

which Seward, not perceiving the proper regulation of the passage, gave with an alteration as follows ;

“ You 've shew'd the prince his faults ;  
And like a good *chirurgion* you have laid  
That to 'em makes 'em smart ; he feels it.”

And so the Editors of 1778 and Weber !

For your own honesty, which is a virgin ;  
Look up, and pity us ! Be bold and fortunate :  
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier ;  
And when your spurs were given you, your sword buckled,  
Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for beauty's,  
For chastity<sup>a</sup>, to strike : strike now, they suffer ;  
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant,  
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward :  
Your first vow honour made, your last but anger.

*Archas.* How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, speaks  
too !

So would she chide my dulness.—Fair one, I thank you.—  
My gracious sir, your pardon, next, your hand ;—  
Madam, your favour and your prayers ;—gentlemen,  
Your wishes and your loves ;—and, pretty sweet one,  
A favour for your soldier !

*Olym.* Give him this, wench.

*Y. Arch.* Thus do I tie on victory. [*Ties a scarf on his arm.*]

*Archas.* My armour,

My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my fortune !  
And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.

*Duke.* Go, brave and prosperous ; our loves go with thee !

*Olym.* Full of thy virtue, and our prayers attend thee !

*Burris, &c.* Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee !

*Y. Arch.* Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve you.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *chastity*] Qy. "chastity's" ?

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The court of the Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, BURRIS, and two Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* No news of Archas yet?

*Burris.* But now, an't please you,  
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,  
But this deliver'd: he saw the armies join,  
The game of blood begun; and by our general,  
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,  
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,  
And there he said he left 'em.

*Duke.* Where's Borosky?

*First Gent.* He's up again, an't please you.

*Burris.* Sir, methinks  
This news should make you lightsome, bring joy to you;  
It strikes our hearts with general comfort. [*Exit Duke.*  
Gone!

What should this mean? so suddenly! he's well?

*Sec. Gent.* We see no other.

*First Gent.* Would the rest were well too,  
That put these starts into him!

*Burris.* I'll go after him.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, sir; h'as some secret in him,  
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing  
Has cross'd him since the general went?

*Burris.* Not any;

If there had been, I am sure I should<sup>b</sup> have found it:  
Only I have heard him oft complain for money;  
Money he says he wants.

*First Gent.* It may be that, then.

*Burris.* To him that has so many ways to raise it,  
And those so honest, it cannot be.

<sup>b</sup> *should*] Weber chose to print "would."

*First Gent.* He comes back,  
And lord Borosky with him.

*Burris.* There the game goes:  
I fear some new thing hatching.

*Re-enter Duke with BOROSKY.*

*Duke.* Come hither, Burris.  
Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,  
And to my little mistress give this token ;      [*Gives a ring.*  
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

*Burris.* Yes, I shall sir.

*Duke.* Wait you without. [*Exeunt BURRIS and Gentlemen.*  
I would yet try him further.

*Bor.* 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace heard yet  
Of what he has done i' the field ?

*Duke.* A post but now  
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,  
The enemy gave ground before he parted.

*Bor.* 'Tis well.

*Duke.* Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for fighting  
And noise of war I keep thee in my bosom ;  
Thy ends are nearer to me ; from my childhood  
Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature,  
Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.

*Bor.* Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,  
(Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your honour,)  
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—  
Good sir, excuse me.

*Duke.* Do you fear me for your enemy ?  
Speak, on your duty.

*Bor.* Then I must, and dare, sir.  
When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not,  
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises :  
That glass will shew him ten times greater, sir,  
(And make him strive to make good that proportion,)  
Than e'er his fortune bred him ; he is honourable,  
At least I strive to understand him so,  
And of a nature, if not this way poison'd,  
Perfect enough, easy, and sweet ; but those are soon seduc'd,  
sir :

He's a great man, and what that pill may work,  
 Prepar'd by general voices of the people,  
 Is the end of all my counsel. Only this, sir ;  
 Let him retire a while ; there's more hangs by it  
 Than you know yet : there if he stand a while well,  
 But till the soldier cool—whom for their service  
 You must pay now most liberally, most freely,  
 And shower <sup>c</sup> yourself into 'em ; 'tis the bounty  
 They follow with their loves, and not the bravery—  
*Duke.* But where's the money ?

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

How now !

*Sec. Gent.* Sir, the colonel,  
 Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news  
 Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here  
 Attends your grace's pleasure.

*Bor.* Be not seen, sir :  
 He's a bold fellow ; let me stand his thunders :  
 To the court he must not come. No blessing here, sir,  
 No face of favour, if you love your honour.

*Duke.* Do what you think is meetest ; I'll retire, sir. [*Exit.*

*Bor.* Conduct him in, sir.

[*Exit. Sec. Gentleman, who re-enters with THEODORE.*  
 Welcome, noble colonel.

*Theod.* That's much from your lordship. Pray, where is  
 the duke ?

*Bor.* We hear you have beat the Tartar.

*Theod.* Is he busy, sir ?

*Bor.* Have ye taken Olin yet ?

*Theod.* I would fain speak with him.

*Bor.* How many men have ye lost ?

*Theod.* Does he lie this way ?

*Bor.* I am sure you fought it bravely.

*Theod.* I must see him.

*Bor.* You cannot yet, you must not. What's your commis-  
 sion ?

<sup>c</sup> shower] So the second folio.—The first folio "shewrd."

*Theod.* No gentleman o' the chamber here ?

*Bor.* Why, pray you, sir,

Am not I fit to entertain your business ?

*Theod.* I think you are not, sir ; I am sure you shall not :  
I bring no tales nor flatteries ; in my tongue, sir,  
I carry no fork'd stings.

*Bor.* You keep your bluntness.

*Theod.* You are deceiv'd : it keeps me ; I had felt else  
Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir, trifle not ;  
I have business to the duke.

*Bor.* He's not well, sir,

And cannot now be spoke withal.

*Theod.* Not well, sir !

How would he ha' been, if we had lost ? not well, sir !  
I bring him news to make him well : his enemy,  
That would have burnt his city here, and your house too,  
Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,  
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,  
Their silk and golden battles, are decipher'd ;  
That would not only have abus'd your buildings,  
Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,  
Purloin'd your lordship's plate the duke bestow'd on you  
For turning handsomely o' the toe, and trimm'd your virgins,  
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship,  
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is  
You had had no remedy against these rascals,  
No law, an't like your honour ; would have kill'd you too,  
And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time ;  
Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals ;  
These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,  
And par'd their nails, that honest civil gentlemen,  
And such most noble persons as yourself is,  
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine-thread.  
These news I bring.

*Bor.* And were they thus deliver'd you ?

*Theod.* My lord, I am no pen-man nor no orator ;  
My tongue was never oil'd with " Here, an't like you,"  
" There, I beseech you " : weigh, I am a soldier,  
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, sir ;

I come not to stand treating here ; my business  
Is with the duke, and of such general blessing—

*Bor.* You have overthrown the enemy ; we know it,  
And we rejoice in 't ; ye have done like honest subjects,  
You have done handsomely and well.

*Theod.* But well, sir !  
But handsomely and well ! what, are we jugglers ?  
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon :  
But handsomely and well ! does your lordship take us  
For the duke's tumblers ? We have done bravely, sir,  
Ventur'd our lives like men.

*Bor.* Then bravely be it.

*Theod.* And for as brave rewards we look and graces ;  
We have sweat and bled for 't, sir.

*Bor.* And ye may have it,  
If you will stay the giving. Men, that thank themselves first  
For any good they do, take off the lustre,  
And blot the benefit.

*Theod.* Are these the welcomes,  
The bells that ring out our rewards ? Pray heartily,  
Early and late, there may be no more enemies ;  
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too ;  
For, if there be——

*Bor.* They must be met, and fought with.

*Theod.* By whom ? by you ? they must be met and flatter'd.  
Why, what a devil ail'd<sup>d</sup> you to do these things ?  
With what assurance dare you mock men thus ?  
You have but single lives, and those I take it  
A sword may find too : why do you dam the duke up ?  
And choke that course of love, that like a river  
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts ?  
But, if you use these knick-knacks,  
This fast and loose<sup>e</sup>, with faithful men and honest,  
You'll be the first will find it.

*Bor.* You are too untemperate.

*Theod.* Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful :

<sup>d</sup> ail'd] Altered by the modern editors to "ails."

<sup>e</sup> This fast and loose] "Sir John Hawkins observes, that 'Fast and loose' is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description :—A



*Enter* ARCHAS, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.

Pray, use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—  
The duke thanks you for your service, and the court thanks you,  
And wonderful desirous they are to see you :  
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,  
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home, sir :  
Here your most noble friend the lord Borosky,  
A gentlemen, too, tender of your credit,  
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, sir,  
Crazy and sickly, yet, to be your servant,  
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.

*Bor.* The best is, your words wound not.—You are welcome home, sir,  
Heartily welcome home ; and for your service,  
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,  
The duke salutes you too with all his thanks, sir.

*Anc.* Sure, they will now regard us.

*Puts.* There 's a reason :  
But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,  
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,  
I fear the wind 's not down yet, Ancient.

*Archas.* Is the duke well, sir ?

*Bor.* Not much unhealthy,  
Only a little grudging<sup>f</sup> of an ague,  
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him fearful,  
And loath as yet to give your worth due welcome,  
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th' army,  
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,  
And more his fear than faith<sup>g</sup> ; yet, howsoever,  
An honest care——

leather belt is made up in a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it, would think he held it fast to the table ; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle.*" WEBER.

<sup>f</sup> *grudging*] i. e. symptom.

<sup>g</sup> *faith*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "fate." — Compare what Archas answers,—

"A mere opinion, without *faith* or fear in 't."



*Archas.* You say right, and it shall be ;  
For though, upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,  
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't  
(For, sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more healthy,  
Never more high and lusty) ; yet, to satisfy  
We cannot be too curious<sup>h</sup> or too careful  
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, sir,  
And lodge at further distance and less danger.

*Bor.* It will be well.

*Anc.* It will be very scurvy :  
I smell it out, it stinks abominably ;  
Stir it no more.

[*Aside.*

*Bor.* The duke, sir, would have you too,  
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,  
Whither himself will come to visit you,  
And give you thanks.

*Archas.* I shall attend his pleasure.

*Anc.* A trick, a lousy trick ; so ho, a trick, boys !

*Archas.* How now ! what's that ?

*Anc.* I thought I had found a hare, sir,  
But 'tis a fox, an old fox ; shall we hunt him ?

*Archas.* No more such words.

*Bor.* The soldier's grown too saucy ;  
You must tie him straiter up.

*Archas.* I do my best, sir ;  
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly out.

*Anc.* May not we see the duke ?

*Bor.* Not at this time, gentlemen ;  
Your general knows the cause.

*Anc.* We have no plague, sir,  
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither ;  
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier  
Will not deny us place there.

*Puts.* Certain, my lord,  
Considering what we are, and what we have done,  
(If not, what need you may have,) 'twould be better,  
A great deal nobler, and taste honester,

<sup>h</sup> *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.

To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,  
And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,  
Double our comforts ; meat, and their master's thanks too,  
When they work well, they have ; men of our quality<sup>i</sup>,  
When they do well, and venture for 't with valour,  
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come home, sir,  
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,  
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little  
Be stirr'd with glory ? 'tis a pride becomes 'em,  
A little season'd with ambition,  
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,  
For what they have done : when to come home thus poorly,  
And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd on  
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse well,  
So entertain'd as if " I thank ye, gentlemen,  
Take that to drink," had power to please a soldier :  
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the people ?  
The prince himself ?

*Archas.* Peace !—I perceive your eye, sir,  
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom ;  
And happily you find his tongue too forward.  
As I am master of the place I carry,  
'Tis fit I think so too ; but were I this man,  
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth  
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,  
And think, with modesty enough, such saints  
That daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,  
And fearless, for their country's peace, march hourly  
Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest,  
Should better be canoniz'd for their service :  
What labour would these men neglect, what danger,  
Where honour is ? though seated in a billow  
Rising as high as heaven, would not these soldiers,  
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it ?  
Do you see these swords ? Time's scythe was ne'er so sharp, sir,  
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls ;  
Thought's ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,

<sup>i</sup> *quality*] i. e. profession.

When they are drawn ; and, were it not sometimes  
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,  
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,  
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.  
And whose are all these glories ? why, their prince's,  
Their country's, and their friends' : alas, of all these,  
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,  
They only share the labours ! a little joy, then,  
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,  
Would not have done amiss, sir : but, howsoever,  
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,  
Shall dare appear ; I hope, by my example,  
No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,  
The duke will both look suddenly and truly  
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they were paid, sir.

*Bor.* They shall be immediately ; I stay for money ;  
And any favour else——

*Archas.* We are all bound to you ;  
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke pleases  
To make me worthy of his eyes——

*Bor.* Which will be suddenly ;  
I know his good thoughts to you.

*Archas.* With all duty,  
And all humility, I shall attend, sir.

*Bor.* Once more you are welcome home. These shall be  
satisfied.

*Theod.* Be sure we be ; and handsomely——

*Archas.* Wait you on me, sir.

*Theod.* And honestly : no juggling.

*Archas.* Will you come, sir ?

[*Exit.*

*Bor.* Pray, do not doubt.

*Theod.* We are no boys.

[*Exit.*

*Enter a Gentleman, and Attendants with money.*

*Bor.* Well, sir ?

*Gent.* Here's money from the duke, an't please your lord-  
ship.

*Bor.* 'Tis well.

*Gent.* How sour the soldiers look !

*Bor.* Is 't told<sup>j</sup>?

*Gent.* Yes; and for every company a double pay,  
And the duke's love to all.

*Anc.* That's worth a ducat.

*Bor.* You that be officers, see it discharg'd, then.—  
Why do not you take it up?

*Anc.* 'Tis too heavy:

Body o' me, I have strain'd mine arm.

*Bor.* Do you scorn it?

*Anc.* Has your lordship any dice about you?—Sit round,  
gentlemen,

And come on; seven for my share.

*Puts.* Do you think, sir,

This is the end we fight<sup>k</sup>? can this dirt draw us  
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,  
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at<sup>l</sup>,  
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?  
Have not we eyes and ears to hear and see, sir,  
And minds to understand, the slights we carry?  
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on me  
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;  
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am answer'd,  
“Alas, 'tis pity! pray, dine with me on Sunday.”  
These are the sores we are sick of, the mind's maladies,  
And can this cure 'em? You should have us'd us nobly,  
And, for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us,  
To the world's eye have shew'd and sainted us;  
Then you had paid us bravely; then we had shin'd, sir,  
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory.  
You may take back your money.

*Gent.* This I fear'd still.

*Bor.* Consider better, gentlemen.

*Anc.* Thank your lordship;  
And now I'll put on my considering cap.

<sup>j</sup> told] i. e. counted.

<sup>k</sup> we fight] Silently altered by Seward to “we fight for”; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber rightly observed, that the old reading has the same meaning as the variation.

<sup>l</sup> skew'd at] “i. e. looked at side-long, obliquely, and therefore scornfully [or slightly].” WEBER.

My lord, that I am no courtier, you may guess it  
 By having no suit to you for this money ;  
 For, though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,  
 While you want that civility to rank it  
 With those rights we expected ; money grows, sir,  
 And men must gather it ; all is not put in one purse ;  
 And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet<sup>m</sup> ;  
 But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,  
 And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,  
 And a most pleasant companion, [Sings.

All you that are witty,  
 Come, list to my ditty !

Come, set in, boys !——

With your lordship's patience.—[Song.]—How do you like  
 my song, my lord ?

*Bor.* Even as I like yourself ; but 'twould be a great deal  
 better,

You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this money ;  
 In your own phrase<sup>n</sup> I speak now, sir : and 'tis very well  
 You have learn'd to sing ; for, since you prove so liberal  
 To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still ;  
 'Twill prove your best friend.

*Anc.* 'Tis a singing age, sir,  
 A merry moon here now ; I'll follow it :  
 Fiddling and fooling now gains more than fighting.

*Bor.* What is't you blench<sup>o</sup> at ? what would you ask ? speak  
 freely.

*Sold.* And so we dare : a triumph for the general.

*Puts.* And then an honour special to his virtue.

*Anc.* That we may be preferr'd that have serv'd for it,  
 And cramm'd up into favour like the worshipful ;  
 At least upon the city's charge made drunk  
 For one whole year ; we have done 'em ten years' service ;  
 That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,

<sup>m</sup> *And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet*] Seward, not understanding the passage, threw out the word "*that*."—"The sense of the whole speech is, '*That I'm no courtier, you may guess by not asking for money ; that I'm no carter, by not being able to whistle ; but that I'm a soldier,*'" &c. *Ed.* 1778.    <sup>n</sup> *your own phrase*] See end of p. 35.    <sup>o</sup> *blench*] i. e. start, fly off.

And *mine or thine* be nothing, all things equal,  
 And *catch as catch may* be proclaim'd ; that when we borrow,  
 And have no will to pay again, no law  
 Lay hold upon us, nor no court control us.

*Bor.* Some of these may come to pass ; the duke may  
 do 'em,

And no doubt will : the general will find too,  
 And so will you, if you but stay with patience——  
 I have no power.

*Puts.* Nor will.—Come, fellow-soldiers.

*Bor.* Pray, be not so distrustful.

*Puts.* There are ways yet,  
 And honest ways ; we are not brought up statues.

*Anc.* If your lordship  
 Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels,  
 Or ever an honourable cassock that wants buttons,  
 I could have cur'd such maladies : your lordship's custom,  
 And my good lady's, if the bones want setting  
 In her old bodice——

*Bor.* This is disobedience.

*Anc.* Eightpence a-day and hard eggs !

*Puts.* Troop off, gentlemen :  
 Some coin we have ; whilst this lasts, or our credits,  
 We'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence.—  
 You are beholding<sup>o</sup> to us.

*Anc.* Fare you well, sir,  
 And buy a pipe with that. Do you see this scarf, sir ?  
 By this hand, I'll cry brooms in 't, birchen brooms, sir,  
 Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.  
 Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord.

[*Exeunt* ANCIENT, PUTSKY, and Soldiers.]

*Bor.* You will bite when ye are sharper.—Take up the money.—  
 This love I must remove, this fondness to him,  
 This tenderness of heart ; I have lost my way else.—  
 There is no sending, man ; they will not take it,  
 They are yet too full of pillage ;  
 They'll dance for 't ere 't be long. Come, bring it after.

<sup>o</sup> *beholding*] i. e. beholden,—as frequently before.—Altered by the Editors of 1778 to “beholden.”

*Re-enter Duke.*

*Duke.* How now ! refus'd their money !

*Bor.* Very bravely ;

And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.

*Duke.* Where 's Archas ?

*Bor.* He 's retir'd, sir, to his house,

According to your pleasure ; full of duty

To outward show ; but what within——

*Duke.* Refuse it !

*Bor.* Most confidently : 'tis not your revenues

Can feed them, sir ; and yet they have found a general

That knows no ebb of bounty ; there they eat, sir,

And loathe your invitations.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible ;

He 's poor as they.

*Bor.* You 'll find it otherwise.

Pray, make your journey thither presently,

And, as you go, I 'll open you a wonder :

Good sir, this morning.

*Duke.* Follow me ; I 'll do it.

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter OLYMPIA, BURRIS, YOUNG ARCHAS disguised as before,  
PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.*

*Olym.* But do you think my brother loves her ?

*Burris.* Certain, madam ;

He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder ;

Oft wishes she were nobler born.

*Olym.* Do you think him honest ?

*Burris.* Your grace is nearer to his heart than I am ;

Upon my life, I hold him so.

*Olym.* 'Tis a poor wench,

I would not have her wrong'd : methinks my brother——

But I must not give rules to his affections ;

Yet, if he weigh her worth——

*Burris.* You need not fear, madam.



*Olym.* I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,  
I love her well ; I know not, there is something  
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.  
I do not like that ring from him to her,  
I mean to women of her way ; such tokens  
Rather appear as baits than royal bounties :  
I would not have it so.

*Burris.* You will not find it ;  
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition  
Is but to let the world know h'as a handsome mistress.  
Will your grace command me any service to him ?

*Olym.* Remember all my duty.

*Burris.* Blessings crown you !——  
What's your will, lady ?

*Y. Arch.* Any thing that's honest ;  
And, if you think it fit<sup>p</sup>, so poor a service,  
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,  
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.

*Burris.* Fair one, I will ; in the best phrase I have too :  
And so, I kiss your hand.

*Y. Arch.* Your lordship's servant. [Exit BURRIS.]

*Olym.* Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with  
that ring ?

*Y. Arch.* I am looking on the posy, madam.

*Olym.* What is 't ?

*Y. Arch.* "The jewel's set within."

*Olym.* But where the joy, wench,  
When that invisible jewel's lost ? why dost thou smile so ?  
What unhappy<sup>q</sup> meaning hast thou ?

*Y. Arch.* Nothing, madam ;  
But only thinking what strange spells these rings have,  
And how they work with some.

*Pet.* I fear, with you too. [Aside.]

*Y. Arch.* This could not cost above a crown.

*Pet.* 'Twill cost you  
The shaving of your crown, if not the washing. [Aside.]

*Olym.* But he that sent it makes the virtue greater.

<sup>p</sup> *fit*] So the second folio.—The first folio "fits" ; and so Weber.

<sup>q</sup> *unhappy*] "i. e. waggish." WEBER.



*Y. Arch.* Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodness bless me,  
How fit 'tis for my finger !

*Gent.* No doubt you 'll find, too,  
A finger fit for you. [ *Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* Sirrah Petescar,  
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this ?  
But thou hast rings enough ; thou art provided.—  
Heigh-ho ! what must I do now ?

*Pet.* You 'll be taught that,  
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you. [ *Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* Aye me, aye me !

*Pet.* You will divide too, shortly ;  
Your voice comes finely forward. [ *Aside.*

*Olym.* Come hither, wanton ;  
Thou art not surely as thou sayst.

*Y. Arch.* I would not :  
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady ;  
Lord, how my heart leaps !

*Pet.* 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly. [ *Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* And now methinks a thousand of the duke's  
shapes——

*Gent.* Will no less serve you ? [ *Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* In ten thousand smiles——

*Olym.* Heaven bless the wench !

*Y. Arch.* With eyes that will not be denied to enter,  
And such soft sweet embraces—take it from me ;  
I am undone else, madam, I 'm lost else.

[ *Gives the ring to OLYMPIA.*

*Olym.* What ails the girl ?

*Y. Arch.* How suddenly I 'm alter'd,  
And grown myself again !—Do not you feel it ?

*Olym.* [ *giving a ring to Y. Arch.* ] Wear that ; and I 'll wear  
this,—I 'll try the strength on't.

*Y. Arch.* How cold my blood grows now ! Here 's sacred  
virtue.

When I leave to honour this,  
Every hour to pay a kiss ;

<sup>1</sup> *Sirrah Petescu*] The word *sirrah* addressed to a female has already occurred in several of these plays : see, for instance, vol. v. 115.

When each morning I arise,  
 I forget<sup>s</sup> a sacrifice ;  
 When this figure in my faith,  
 And the pureness that it hath,  
 I pursue not with my will,  
 Nearer to arrive at still ;  
 When I lose, or change this jewel,  
 Fly me, faith, and, Heaven, be cruel !

*Olym.* You have half confirm'd<sup>t</sup> me : keep but that way sure,  
 And what this charm can do, let me endure. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in the country-house of ARCHAS.*

*Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

*Archas.* Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me ;  
 The duke's come in ; none of your froward passions,  
 Nor no distastes to any : prithee, Theodore,—  
 By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.

*Theod.* I have done, sir,  
 So there be no foul play he brings along with him<sup>u</sup>.

*Archas.* What's that to you ? let him bring what please him,  
 And whom, and how.

*Theod.* So they mean well.

*Archas.* Is 't fit you be a judge, sirrah ?

*Theod.* 'Tis fit I feel, sir.

*Archas.* Get a banquet ready,  
 And trim yourselves up handsomely.

*Theod.* To what end ?  
 Do you mean to make 'em whores ? hang up a sign, then,  
 And set 'em out to livery.

<sup>s</sup> *I forget*] Both the folios "*Or I forget*."

<sup>t</sup> *confirm'd*] "i. e. convinced." WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> *So there be no foul play he brings along with him*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed,

"So there be no foul play. He brings along with him—"

and tells us in a note, "Theodore would say, that the Duke brings Borosky along with him, but is interrupted by his father." So also the Editors of 1778 and Weber. But such a deviation from the pointing of the folios seems quite unnecessary.

*Archas.* Whose son art thou ?

*Theod.* Yours, sir, I hope ; but not of your disgraces.

*Archas.* Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,  
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers ;  
And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,  
One crooked stick——

*Theod.* Pray, take your way, and thrive in 't :  
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour  
Light on you, 'tis your own, I have no share in 't :  
Yet, if it do fall out so, as I fear it,  
And partly find it too——

*Archas.* Hast thou no reverence,  
No duty in thee ?

*Theod.* This shall shew I obey you ;  
I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love too,  
And that you ask as duty, with my life, sir,  
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,  
Which Heaven preserve you from, and keep the duke too !  
And there's an end of my wishes : God be with you ! [*Exit.*]

*Archas.* Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, honesty.

*Enter BURRIS.*

Lord Burris, where's the duke ?

*Burris.* In the great chamber, sir,  
And there stays till he see you. You have a fine house here.

*Archas.* A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence,  
Yet all the joy it hath<sup>v</sup>.

*Burris.* I hope a great one,  
And for your good, brave sir.

<sup>v</sup> *Yet all the joy it hath*] “Mason says—‘This is not an imperfect sentence, as the last editors make it. Archas means to say, that the lodge was a poor one, unfit for the duke’s presence, *though that was all the joy it contained*. The answer of Burris proves this to be the meaning.’ But surely nothing can be more forced than this interpretation ; indeed, such a stiffness of expression is scarcely to be found in any old dramatist, much less in the easy and natural Fletcher. Burris interrupts Archas, and, taking up his words, says, very obviously,—‘I hope it has now a great joy in it.’ WEBER,—who accordingly, like the Editors of 1778, placed a break after “hath”. But I agree with Mason in thinking that the answer of Burris proves the speech to be complete.

*Archas.* I thank you, lord :  
And now my serviee to the duke.

*Burris.* I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter Duke, BOROSKY, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* May this be credited ?

*Bor.* Disgrace me else,  
And never more with favour look upon me.

*Duke.* It seems impossible.

*Bor.* It cannot choose, sir,  
Till your own eyes behold it ; but that it is so,  
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier  
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for you,  
Believe, or let me perish : let your eyes<sup>w</sup>,  
As you observe the house, but where I point it  
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.

*Duke.* I'll follow your direction.

*Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, and Servant.*

Welcome, Arehas ;

You are welcome home, brave lord. We are come to visit you,  
And thank you for your service.

*Archas.* 'Twas so poor, sir,  
In true respect of what I owe your highness,  
It merits nothing.

*Duke.* Are these fair ones yours, lord ?

[*HONORA and VIOLA kneel.*]

*Archas.* Their mother made me think so, sir.

*Duke.* Stand up, ladies.—

[*They rise.*]

Beshrew my heart, they are fair ones ; methinks fitter  
The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd.  
I would see your house, lord Arehas ; it appears to me  
A handsome pile.

<sup>w</sup> *eyes*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "eye", on account of what follows. But not a few passages might be adduced from early writers in which "it" is applied to a preceding plural substantive : see, for instance, vol. v. 471, and note.

*Archas.* 'Tis neat, but no great structure :

I'll be your grace's guide.—Give me the keys there.

*Duke.* Lead on, we'll follow you : begin with the gallery ;  
I think that 's one.

*Archas.* 'Tis so, an 't please you, sir ;  
The rest above are lodgings all.

*Duke.* Go on, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Moscow. A street.*

*Enter THEODORE, PUTSKY, and ANCIENT.*

*Puts.* The duke gone thither, do you say ?

*Theod.* Yes, marry, do I ;

And all the ducklings too : but what they'll do there—

*Puts.* I hope they'll crown his service.

*Theod.* With a custard<sup>x</sup> :

This is no weather for rewards. They crown his service !

Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated

(As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of doors<sup>y</sup>,

For making but a doubt.

*Puts.* They must now grace him.

*Theod.* Mark but the end.

*Anc.* I am sure they should reward him ; they cannot want  
him<sup>z</sup>.

*Theod.* They that want honesty want any thing.

*Puts.* The duke is so noble in his own thoughts.

*Theod.* That I grant you,

If those might only sway him : but 'tis most certain,

So many new-born flies his light gave life to,

Buzz in his beams, flesh-flies and butterflies,

<sup>x</sup> *custard*] Altered by Seward to "costard" (which, he says, most erroneously, signifies "a crab-tree stick").—"To 'crown with a custard,' means to clap a custard on his head, the effect of which must of course be ludicrous." Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Costard*.

<sup>y</sup> *out of doors*] "The modern editors, without giving any notice of such a needless variation, transfer these words from their present situation to the end of the preceding line." WEBER.

<sup>z</sup> *want him*] "i. e. do without him." WEBER.

Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee,  
That 's loaden with true labour, and brings home  
Increase and credit, can scape rifling ;  
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.

*Anc.* Shall we go see what they do, and talk our minds to  
'em ?

*Puts.* That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

*Anc.* Shall we be hang'd for him ?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing  
Some brave thing for him ; a worse end will take me,  
And for an action of no worth. Not honour him !  
Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil,  
(Not to belie him,) thinks him an honest man ;  
I am sure he has sent him souls<sup>a</sup>, any time these twenty years,  
Able to furnish all his fish-markets<sup>b</sup>.

*Theod.* Leave thy talking ;

And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him :  
We shall hear more ere supper-time. If he be honour'd,  
He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for 't ;  
If he be ruin'd, so ; we know the worst then,  
And, for myself, I 'll meet it.

*Puts.* I ne'er fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A gallery in the country-house of Archas.*

*Enter Duke, ARCHAS, BOROSKY, BURRIS, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* They are handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and  
fitted,

Full of convenience ; the prospect's excellent.

*Archas.* Now, will your grace pass down, and do me but the  
honour

To taste a country banquet ?

*Duke.* What room's that ?

I would see all now ; what conveyance has it ?

I see you have kept the best part yet ; pray, open it.

<sup>a</sup> *souls*] "A poor pun upon *soals*." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>b</sup> *fish-markets*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*fish-market*" ; and so Weber.

*Archas.* Ha ! I misdoubted this [*Aside*].—'Tis of no receipt, sir ;

For your eyes most unfit.

*Duke.* I long to see it,  
Because I would judge of the whole piece : some excellent paintings,

Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me  
Another time, I know.

*Archas.* In troth, there is not,  
Nor any thing worth your sight. Below I have  
Some fountains and some ponds.

*Duke.* I would see this now.

*Archas.* Borosky, thou art a knave [*Aside*].—It contains  
nothing

But rubbish from the other rooms, and unnecessaries :  
Will 't please you see a strange clock ?

*Duke.* This, or nothing.  
Why should you bar it up thus with defences  
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something  
More excellent and curious of keeping ?  
Open 't, for I will see 't.

*Archas.* The keys are lost, sir.  
Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,  
I could be so unmannerly ?

*Duke.* I will see it ;  
And either shew it——

*Archas.* Good sir ——

*Duke.* Thank you, *Archas* ;  
You shew your love abundantly.  
Do I use to entreat thus ?—Force it open.

*Burris.* That were inhospitable ; you are his guest, sir,  
And 'tis<sup>b</sup> his greatest joy to entertain you.

*Duke.* Hold thy peace, fool.—Will you open it ?

*Archas.* Sir, I cannot ;  
I must not, if I could.

*Duke.* Go, break it open.

<sup>b</sup> 'tis] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "with" ; which, unless we suppose the line to be incomplete (the Duke interrupting *Burris*), cannot be right,



*Archas.* I must withstand that force.—Be not too rash, gentlemen.

*Duke.* Unarm him first ; then, if he be not obstinate, Preserve his life.

*Archas.* I thank your grace ; I take it :  
And now take you the keys ; go in, and see, sir ;

[*The door is opened.*]

There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that traitor,  
That thing that sells his faith for favour. [Exit Duke.]

*Burris.* Sir, what moves you ?

*Archas.* I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris, there 's a  
Judas,

That for a smile will sell ye all : a gentleman !  
The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it ;  
A whore 's heart more belief in 't.

*Re-enter Duke.*

*Duke.* What 's all this, Archas ?  
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,  
This most inestimable treasure.

*Archas.* Yours, sir.

*Duke.* Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.

*Archas.* Be not deceiv'd ; he has had no favour here, sir,  
Nor had you known this now, but for that pickthank,  
That lost man in his faith : he has reveal'd it ;  
To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.—  
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too !  
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord !—I'll tell you all, sir.  
Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper  
To be as bounteous as the air and open,  
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,  
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,  
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,  
Collected all this treasure ; to our trusts—  
To mine, I mean, and to that long-tongu'd lord's there—  
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this ;  
Upon his death-bed too ; and on the sacrament  
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure  
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope



Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,  
 No help of those that lov'd you could supply you,  
 And then some great exploit a-foot: my honesty  
 I would have kept till I had made this useful,  
 (I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest,)  
 And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,  
 And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.  
 This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,  
 Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too;  
 Nor can this mass of money make him man more;  
 A flay'd dog has more soul, an ape more honesty.  
 All mine you have amongst it; farewell that!  
 I cannot part with 't nobler; my heart's clear,  
 My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon 't:—  
 But, oh, thy hell!—

[To BOROSKY.

*Bor.* I seek no heaven from you, sir.

*Archas.* Thy gnawing hell, Borosky! it will find thee.—  
 Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,  
 Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,  
 Melt it into his mouth.

*Duke.* What little trunk's that?  
 That there o' the top, that's lock'd?

*Bor.* You'll find it rich, sir;  
 Richer, I think, than all.

*Archas.* You were not covetous,  
 Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness;  
 Pray, rack not honesty.

*Bor.* Be sure you see it.

*Duke.* Bring out the trunk. [An Attendant brings out a

*Archas.* You'll find that treasure too; [trunk.  
 All I have left me now. [The trunk is opened.

*Duke.* What's this? a poor gown?  
 And this a piece of Seneca?

*Archas.* Yes, sure, sir,  
 More worth than all your gold (yet you have enough on 't),  
 And of a mine far purer and more precious;

<sup>c</sup> *Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you*] "The present phrase is from scripture, as pointed out by Mr. Henley in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1," &c. &c.!! WEBER. Who ever doubted it?

This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,  
And yet all counsel and all friends live here, sir ;  
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.  
Will 't please you leave me this ?

*Duke.* With all my heart, sir.

*Archas.* What says your lordship to 't ?

*Bor.* I dare not rob you.

*Archas.* Poor miserable men, you have robb'd yourselves  
both !—

This gown, and this unvalu'd<sup>c</sup> treasure, your brave father  
Found me a child at school with, in his progress<sup>d</sup> ;  
Where such a love he took to some few answers  
(Unhappy<sup>e</sup> boyish toys, hit in my head then)  
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was  
(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)  
He carried me to court, there bred me up,  
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,  
With those an honest mind : I serv'd him truly,  
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not ;  
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness ;  
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine age, sir,  
And to this care a fair *quietus* given.  
Now to my book again !

*Duke.* You have your wish, sir.—

Let some bring off the treasure.

*Bor.* Some is his, sir.

*Archas.* None, none, my lord ; a poor unworthy reaper ;  
The harvest is his grace's.

*Duke.* Thank you, Archas.

*Archas.* But will not you repent, lord ? when this is gone,  
Where will your lordship—

*Bor.* Pray, take you no care, sir.

*Archas.* Does your grace like my house ?

*Duke.* Wondrous well, Archas ;  
You have made me richly welcome.

*Archas.* I did my best, sir.

Is there any thing else may please your grace ?

<sup>c</sup> *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.

<sup>d</sup> *his progress*] i. e. his journey of state, to visit different parts of his kingdom.

<sup>e</sup> *Unhappy*] i. e. waggish.

*Duke.* Your daughters  
I had forgot ; send them to court.

*Archas.* How 's that, sir ?

*Duke.* I said, your daughters ; see it done : I'll have 'em  
Attend my sister, Archas.

*Archas.* Thank your highness.

*Duke.* And suddenly. [*Exeunt all except* ARCHAS.

*Archas.* Through all the ways I dare,  
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far<sup>f</sup>. [*Exit.*

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*Moscow. A street.*

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*Enter* THEODORE, PUTSKY, and ANCIENT.

*Theod.* I wonder we hear no news.

*Puts.* Here 's your father's servant ;  
He comes in haste too ; now we shall know all, sir.

*Enter* Servant.

*Theod.* How now !

*Serv.* I am glad I have met you, sir ; your father  
Entreats you presently make haste unto him.

*Theod.* What news ?

*Serv.* None of the best, sir ; I am asham'd to tell it ;  
Pray, ask no more.

*Theod.* Did not I tell ye, gentlemen ?  
Did not I prophesy ?—He is undone, then ?

*Serv.* Not so, sir ; but as near it—

*Puts.* There 's no help now ;  
The army's scatter'd all, through discontent,  
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

*Anc.* Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your seasons ?  
We shall watch you ere long.

<sup>f</sup> *me far*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*me too far*."

*Theod.* Farewell : there's no cure ;  
We must endure all now : I know what I'll do.

[*Exeunt* THEODORE and Servant.]

*Puts.* Nay, there's no striving ; they have a hand upon us,  
A heavy and a hard one.

*Anc.* Now I have it ;  
We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,  
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted<sup>g</sup>, and carted ?)  
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these vipers :  
Shall I bless 'em ?

*Puts.* Farewell : I have thought my way too. [Exit.]

*Anc.* Were never such rare cries in Christendom,  
As Moscow shall afford : we'll live by fooling,  
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A room in the country-house of* ARCHAS.

*Enter* ARCHAS, HONORA, and VIOLA.

*Archas.* No more ; it must be so. Do you think I would  
send ye,  
Your father and your friend——

*Viola.* Pray, sir, be good to us :  
Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge !  
We are content, like harmless things, at home,  
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,  
Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom  
From that we understand, easy and honest ;  
To make our actions worthy of your honour,  
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.  
What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn there,  
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us ?  
Virtue was never built upon ambition,  
Nor the soul's beauties bred out of bravery<sup>h</sup> :

<sup>g</sup> *What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted*] “*Bobb'd* and *colted*, as we have repeatedly mentioned, are synonymous terms, meaning *fooled*, *tricked*.”  
WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *bravery*] i. e. fiery, splendour.

What a terrible father would you seem to us,  
 Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers  
 To easy and obedient ways, uncrookèd,  
 Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,  
 Now to divert our natures, now to stem us  
 Roughly against the tide of all this treasure !  
 Would you have us proud ('tis sooner bred than buried),  
 Wickedly proud ? for such things dwell at court, sir.

*Hon.* Would you have your children learn to forget their  
 father,

And, when he dies, dance on his monument ?  
 Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown,  
 Embroider'd Virtue ? Faith in a well-curled feather ?  
 And set our credits to the tune of *Green-sleeves* ?<sup>i</sup>  
 This may be done ; and, if you like, it shall be.  
 You should have sent us thither when we were younger,  
 Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence  
 Able to make a mart indeed : we are now too old, sir ;  
 Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us :  
 Besides, we are altogether unprovided,  
 Unfurnish'd utterly of the rules should guide us :  
 This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me ;  
 Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,  
 Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and goblins ;

<sup>i</sup> *the tune of Green-sleeves*] Was a very popular air, which is given by Sir John Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, Appendix, No. 21. Various ballads, differing but little in their titles, were sung to it. From the present line, and several other notices in early writers, we may conclude that the original ballad was a rather wanton ditty. A ballad of *Green-sleeves* was entered on the Books of the Stationers' Company, Sept., 1580 ; and in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites* &c., 1584, is *A New Courtly Sonet of the Lady Green-sleeves, to the new tune of Green-sleeves*, the burthen of which is,

“ Green-sleeves was all my joy,  
 Green-sleeves was my delight,  
 Green-sleeves was my heart of gold ;  
 And who but Lady Green-sleeves ? ”

p. 23, reprint.

<sup>j</sup> *goblins*] Sympson suggested that the true reading was “ godlins ” (*i. e.* little gods), and Mason cites from Massinger and Dekker's *Virgin Martyr* an example of that word, adding (as he well might), “ but the alteration does not seem to be necessary.”

Now have not I the fashion to<sup>k</sup> believe him ;  
 He offers me the honourable courtesy  
 To lie with me all night ; what a misery is this !  
 I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not !  
 And how madly these things will shew there !

*Archas.* I send ye not,  
 Like parts infected, to draw more corruption ;  
 Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil :  
 With your own virtues season'd, and my prayers ;  
 The card<sup>l</sup> of goodness in your minds, that shews ye  
 When ye sail false ; the needle touch'd with honour,  
 That through the blackest storms still points at happiness ;  
 Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,  
 Your heavenly souls the pilots ; thus I send you,  
 Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you,  
 And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity,  
 Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to ye,  
 Like a good master, " Tack about for honour !"   
 The court is virtue's school, at least it should be ;  
 Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal's purer.  
 Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,  
 Those branches that flow from him must run muddy :  
 Say you find some sins there, and those no small ones,  
 And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye ;  
 Say they affect your strengths, my happy children,  
 Great things through greatest hazards are atchiev'd still,  
 And then they shine, then goodness has his glory,  
 His crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,  
 Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun  
 Through thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.

*Hon.* I thank you, sir, you have made me half a soldier ;  
 I will to court most willingly, most fondly :  
 And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,  
 Such travellers into Virginia<sup>m</sup>

<sup>k</sup> *the fashion to*] So the first folio.—The second folio has, "*the faith for to*" ; and so Seward.

<sup>l</sup> *The card*] Was a term for the mariner's compass,—properly, the card or paper on which the points of the wind were marked.

<sup>m</sup> *Virginia*] " This is a curious anachronism." WEBER.

As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.  
I think I have a close ward, and a sure one,  
An honest mind ; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof,  
Chain-proof, and jewel-proof ; I know 'tis gold-proof ;  
A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it :  
As for your handsome faces and fil'd tongues,  
Curl'd millers' heads<sup>n</sup>, I have another ward<sup>o</sup> for them ;  
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,  
And lie, but not as lewdly.—Come, be valiant, sister :  
She that dares not stand the push o' the court, dares nothing,  
And yet come off ungraz'd.—Sir, like you, we both  
Affect great dangers now, and the world shall see  
All glory lies not in man's victory.

*Archas.* Mine own Honora !

*Viola.* I am very fearful :

Would I were stronger built !—You would have me honest ?

*Archas.* Or not at all, my Viola.

*Viola.* I'll think on't ;

For 'tis no easy promise, and live there.—

Do you think we shall do well ?

*Hon.* Why, what should ail us ?

*Viola.* Certain, they'll tempt us strongly : beside the glory  
Which women may affect, they are handsome gentlemen ;  
Every part speaks : nor is it one denial,  
Nor two, nor ten ; from every look we give 'em  
They'll frame a hope ; even from our prayers, promises.

*Hon.* Let 'em feed so, and be fat ; there is no fear, wench,  
If thou be'st fast to thyself.

*Viola.* I hope I shall be ;  
And your example will work more.

*Hon.* Thou shalt not want it.

*Enter THEODORE.*

*Theod.* How do you, sir ? can you lend a man an angel<sup>p</sup> ?  
I hear you let out money.

*Archas.* Very well, sir ;

<sup>n</sup> *millers' heads*] i. e. powdered heads.

<sup>o</sup> *ward*] Both the folios "word."

<sup>p</sup> *an angel*] A gold coin, worth about 10s.



You are pleasantly dispos'd : I am glad to see it.  
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me ?

*Theod.* Is 't come to patience now ?

*Archas.* Is 't not a virtue ?

*Theod.* I know not ; I ne'er found it so.

*Archas.* That 's because

Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

*Theod.* I know you have been rifled.

*Archas.* Nothing less, boy :

Lord, what opinions these vain people publish !

Rifled of what ?

*Theod.* Study your virtue, patience ;

It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, sir,  
Sent you for me ?

*Archas.* For this end only, Theodore,

To wait upon your sisters to the court :

I am commanded they live there.

*Theod.* To the court, sir !

*Archas.* To the court, I say.

*Theod.* And must I wait upon 'em ?

*Archas.* Yes, 'tis most fit you should ; you are their brother.

*Theod.* Is this the business ? I had thought your mind, sir,  
Had been set forward on some noble action,  
Something had truly stirr'd you. To the court with these !  
Why, they are your daughters, sir.

*Archas.* All this I know, sir.

*Theod.* [*singing*]

The good old woman on a bed he threw.

To the court !

*Archas.* Thou art not mad ?

*Theod.* Nor drunk as you are ;

Drunk with your duty, sir : do you call it duty ?

A pox o' duty ! What can these do there ?

What should they do ?—Can ye look babies, sisters,  
In the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their band-strings ?  
Can ye ride out to air yourselves ?—Pray, sir,  
Be serious with me ; do you speak this truly ?

*Archas.* Why, didst thou never hear of women yet  
At court, boy ?



*Theod.* Yes, and good women too, very good women,  
Excellent honest women : but are you sure, sir,  
That these will prove so ?

*Hon.* There's the danger, brother.

*Theod.* God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it <sup>a</sup>.

*Archas.* Now be you serious, sir, and observe what I say ;  
Do it, and do it handsomely : go with 'em.

*Theod.* With all my heart, sir. I am in no fault now,  
If they be thought whores for being in my company :  
Pray, write upon their backs, they are my sisters,  
And where I shall deliver 'em.

*Archas.* You are wondrous jocund ;  
But, prithee, tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow ?  
I never knew thee fail a truth.

*Theod.* I am a soldier ;  
And spell you what that means.

*Archas.* A soldier !  
What dost thou make of me ?

*Theod.* Your palate's down, sir.

*Archas.* I thank you, sir.

*Theod.* Come, shall we to this matter ?  
You will to court ?

*Hon.* If you will please to honour us.

*Theod.* I'll honour ye, I warrant ; I'll set ye off  
With such a lustre, wenches ! Alas, poor Viola,  
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread !  
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em ;  
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, sister.—  
Do you weep too ? nay, then I'll fool no more.—  
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,  
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,  
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,  
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> *grudging of it*] i. e. a secret inclination for it.

<sup>r</sup> *to shed 'em, sister.—*

*Do you weep too ?*] The modern editors alter the punctuation thus ;

“ *to shed 'em.—Sister,*

*Do you weep too ?* ”

SCENE III.—*Moscow. An apartment in the Palace.**Enter Duke and BURRIS.*

*Duke.* Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns,  
And those two chains of pearl they hold the richest ;  
I give 'em you.

*Bur.* I humbly thank your grace ;  
And may your great example work in me  
That noble charity to men more worthy,  
And of more wants !

*Duke.* You bear a good mind, Burris ;  
Take twenty thousand now : be not so modest ;  
It shall be so, I give 'em : go, there 's my ring for 't.

*Bur.* Heaven bless your highness ever !

*Duke.* You are honest.

[*Exit BURRIS.*]

*Enter YOUNG ARCHAS disguised as before, and PUTSKY, and remain  
at the side of the stage.*

*Puts.* They 're coming now to court, as fair as virtue :  
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here <sup>r</sup>.

*Y. Arch.* Peace, I have it,  
And what my art can do—the duke !

*Puts.* I am gone ;  
Remember.

*Y. Arch.* I am counsell'd to the full, sir. [*Exit PUTSKY.*]

*Duke.* My pretty mistress, whither lies your business ?  
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now !

*Y. Arch.* I must confess, immediately to your grace,  
At this time——

*Duke.* You have no address, I do believe you ;  
I would you had !

*Y. Arch.* 'Twere too much boldness, sir,  
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.

*Duke.* You'll make a perfect courtier.

<sup>r</sup> *They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue :  
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here*] Seward chose to give these lines to the  
Duke, for reasons which it would be useless to detail.

*Y. Arch.* A very poor one.

*Duke.* A very fair one, sweet : come hither to me.—  
What killing eyes this wench has ! in his glory,  
Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star<sup>s</sup> reigns,  
Shines half so fiery.

[*Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* Why does your grace so view me ?  
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, sir ;  
Scarce that : your grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not go : I do not lie unto thee ;  
In my eye thou appear'st——

*Y. Arch.* Dim not the sight, sir ;  
I am too dull an object.

*Duke.* Canst thou love me ?  
Canst thou love him will honour thee ?

*Y. Arch.* I can love,  
And love as you do too : but 'twill not shew well ;  
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,  
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistening,  
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.

*Duke.* Are you so cunning ?  
Dost think I love not truly ?

*Y. Arch.* No, you cannot ;  
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray, pardon me,  
I prate so boldly to you.

*Duke.* There's no harm done :  
But what's your reason, sweet ?

*Y. Arch.* I would tell your grace,  
But happily——

*Duke.* It shall be pleasing to me.

*Y. Arch.* I should love you again, and then you would hate  
me:

With all my service I should follow you,  
And through all dangers.

*Duke.* This would more provoke me,  
More make me see thy worths, more make me meet 'em.

*Y. Arch.* You should do so, if you did well and truly :  
But, though you be a prince, and have power in you,  
Power of example too, you have fail'd and falter'd.

<sup>s</sup> the Sirian star] Silently altered by Seward to "the hot Sirian star."

*Duke.* Give me example where.

*Y. Arch.* You had a mistress,  
Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,  
In all her life so true——

*Duke.* A mistress !

*Y. Arch.* That serv'd you with that constancy, that care,  
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too——

*Duke.* What mistress ?

*Y. Arch.* That nurs'd your honour up, held fast your virtue,  
And, when she kiss'd, increas'd, not stole your goodness !

*Duke.* And I neglected her ?

*Y. Arch.* Lost her, forsook her,  
Wantonly flung her off.

*Duke.* What was her name ?

*Y. Arch.* Her name as lovely as herself, as noble,  
And in it all that's excellent.

*Duke.* What was it ?

*Y. Arch.* Her name was Beau-desert: do you know her  
now, sir ?

*Duke.* Beau-desert ! I not remember<sup>t</sup>——

*Y. Arch.* I know you do not ;  
Yet she has a plainer name,—lord Archas' service :  
Do you yet remember her ? There was a mistress  
Fairer than woman<sup>u</sup>, far<sup>v</sup> fonder to you, sir,  
Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can you love ?  
Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger,  
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,  
When your most noble love you have neglected,  
A beauty all the world would woo and honour ?  
Would you have me credit this ? think you can love me,  
And hold you constant, when I have read this story ?  
Is 't possible you should ever favour me,  
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,  
When, where you were most tied, most bound to benefit,  
Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,

<sup>t</sup> *I not remember*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "*I do not remember.*"—Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave "*I don't remember.*"

<sup>u</sup> *woman*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*women*" ; and so Weber.

<sup>v</sup> *far*] Silently altered by Seward to "*and far*" ; and so his successors.

You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,  
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your grace  
Tempt me no further.

*Duke.* Who taught you this lesson?

*Y. Arch.* Woful experience, sir. If you seek a fair one  
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,  
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now  
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir;  
But this will be the plague on't, they 're excellent honest.

*Enter OLYMPIA and PETESCA behind.*<sup>w</sup>

*Duke.* I love thy face.

*Y. Arch.* Upon my life, you cannot:  
I do not love it myself, sir; 'tis a lewd<sup>x</sup> one,  
So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Ods,<sup>y</sup> if 'twere handsome,  
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, sir,  
In a new strain; and, though you are a prince,  
Make you petition to me too, and wait my answers;  
Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity you,  
After some ten years' siege.

*Duke.* Prithee, do now.

*Y. Arch.* What would you do?

*Duke.* Why, I would lie with you.

*Y. Arch.* I do not think you would.

*Duke.* In troth, I would, wench.

Here, take this jewel.

*Y. Arch.* Out upon't! that's scurvy:  
Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,  
For pure love, or nothing: thus you shall be sure, sir,  
You shall not pay too dear for't.

*Duke.* Sure, I cannot.

*Y. Arch.* By'r lady, but you may. When you have found  
me able

To do your work well, you may pay my wages.

<sup>w</sup> *behind*] Both the folios have "*privately*." Perhaps they entered above,—on what was called the upper stage: see note, vol. iv. 307.

<sup>x</sup> *lewd*] i. e. bad,—ugly.—Seward printed "*foul*"! and Weber cited two passages to prove that "*lewd*" is used here in the sense of *idle*!!

<sup>y</sup> '*Ods*] The first folio has "'sod" (which, after all, may be right). The second reads "but"; and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 printed "God." Weber gave "'Cod."

*Pet.* Why does your grace start back ?

*Olym.* I ha' seen that shakes me,  
Chills all my blood. Oh, where is faith or goodness ?  
Alinda, thou art false ; false, false, thou fair one,  
Wickedly false ! and, woe is me, I see it !  
For ever false !

*Pet.* I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt* OLYMPIA and PETESCA.

*Y. Arch.* I'll go ask my lady, sir.

*Duke.* What ?

*Y. Arch.* Whether I  
Shall lie with you, or no : if I find her willing—  
For, look you, sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service  
( 'Twas a rash oath, I must confess )——

*Duke.* Thou mock'st me.

*Y. Arch.* Why, would you lie with me, if I were willing ?  
Would you abuse my weakness ?

*Duke.* I would piece it,  
And make it stronger.

*Y. Arch.* I humbly thank your highness :  
When you piece me, you must piece me to my coffin.  
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,  
'Tis not an inch of an<sup>z</sup> ape's tail will restore it.  
I love you, and I honour you ; but this way  
I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven change your mind, sir !  
[*Exit.*

*Duke.* And thine too ! for it must be chang'd, it shall be.  
[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in the same.*

*Enter* BOROSKY, BURRIS, THEODORE, VIOLA, and HONORA.

*Bor.* They are goodly gentlewomen.

*Burris.* They are,  
Wondrous sweet women both.

*Theod.* Does your lordship like 'em ?  
They are my sisters, sir ; good lusty lasses :

<sup>z</sup> an] Silently omitted by the modern editors.

They'll do their labour well, I warrant you ;  
You'll find no bed-straw here, sir.

*Hon.* Thank you, brother.

*Theod.* This is not so strongly built ; but she is good  
mettle,  
Of a good stirring strain too ; she goes tith,<sup>a</sup> sir.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,  
The toys you wot of. Do you like their complexions ?  
They be no Moors : what think ye of this hand, gentlemen ?  
Here's a white altar for your sacrifice ;  
A thousand kisses here—nay, keep off yet, gentlemen ;  
Let's start first, and have fair play. What would ye give  
now

To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas ?  
To pass the straits ? Here (do ye itch ?), by Saint Nicholas,<sup>b</sup>  
Here's that will make ye scratch and claw ;  
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts.  
Pray ye, let me request ye, to forget  
To say your prayers, whilst these are courtiers ;  
Or, if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher  
Than their eyes.

*Bor.* How will you have 'em bestow'd, sir ?

*Theod.* Even how your lordship please, so you do not  
bake 'em.

*Bor.* Bake 'em !

*Theod.* They are too high a meat that way, they run to  
jelly :

<sup>a</sup> *she goes tith*] i. e. she goes tight (the allusion being to a ship.) Compare Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, or *The Tamer Tamed*,

“ Which if he man not

With more continual labour than a galley,

To make her *tith*,” &c.

Act iii., sc. 4.

In the present passage the Editors of 1778 altered “ *tith* ” to “ *tilth* ” ! !

<sup>b</sup> *By St. Nicholas*] “ *St. Nicholas* is the favourite saint of the Russians ; they call him, *Scora Pomosnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and say, that he hath three hundred angels of the chiefest appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 8vo, 1591, p. 97.” REED.



But if you'll have 'em for your own diet, take my counsel ;  
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.

*Burris.* Please you, colonel,  
To let 'em wait upon the princess ?

*Theod.* Yes, sir,  
And thank your honour too : but then, happily,  
These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em ;  
And to have 'em buy new clothes, study new faces,  
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,  
'Twill not be well, i' faith : they have kept their bodies,  
And been at charge for baths. Do you see that shirt there ?  
Weigh but the moral meaning ; 'twill be grievous :  
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen !  
I weigh their wants by mine : I brought 'em wholesome,  
Wholesome and young, my lord ; and two such blessings  
They will not light upon again in ten year.

*Bor.* 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

*Theod.* They are fit for any thing :  
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful),  
Carry his cloak, or untie his points,<sup>c</sup> or any thing ;  
Drink drunk, and take tobacco ; the familiar'st fools !  
This wench will leap over stools too, and<sup>d</sup> sound a trumpet,  
Wrestle, and pitch the bar : they are finely brought up.

*Bor.* Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and have much  
cause to thank him.—

I'll ease you of this charge ; and to the princess,  
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

*Theod.* Thank your lordship :  
If there be e'er a private corner as you go, sir,  
A foolish lobby out o' the way, make danger,<sup>e</sup>  
Try what they are, try——

*Bor.* You are a merry gentleman.

*Theod.* I would fain be your honour's kinsman.

*Bor.* You are too curst,<sup>f</sup> sir.

<sup>c</sup> *points*] See note, vol. ii. 197.

<sup>d</sup> *and*] Silently omitted by the modern editors.

<sup>e</sup> *make danger*] *i. e.* make experiment. "From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum*." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>f</sup> *curst*] *i. e.* sour, ill-natured.



*Theod.* Farewell, wenches : keep close your ports ; you're wash'd else.

*Hon.* Brother, bestow your fears where they are needful.

*Theod.* Honor thy name is, and, I hope, thy nature.

[*Exeunt* BOROSKY, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Go after, gentlemen, go ; get a snatch if you can ;

Yond old Erra Pater<sup>s</sup> will never please 'em :

Alas, I brought 'em for you ! but see the luck on't !

I swear, I meant as honestly toward ye——

Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen : a little counsel

Will do no harm : they'll walk abroad i' th' evenings,

Ye may surprise 'em easily ; they wear no pistols :

Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,

And get some good old linen-woman to deliver it,

That has the trick on't ; you cannot fail. Farewell, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

*Burris.* You have frightened off these flesh-flies.

*Theod.* Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,

And it must be very stinking flesh they will not seize on.

*Enter* Servant *with a casket.*

*Serv.* Your lordship bid me bring this casket.

*Burris.* Yes.—Good colonel, [Exit Servant.

Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a pledge

He ever holds my love and service to him,

Deliver him this poor, but hearty token ;

And where I may be his——

*Theod.* You are too noble ;

A wonder here, my lord, that dare be honest,

When all men hold it vicious. I shall deliver it,

And with it your most noble love. Your servant.

[Exit BURRIS.

Were there but two more such at court, 'twere sainted.

This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and muscadine.

[Exit.

<sup>s</sup> *Erra Pater*] See note, vol. iii., 81.

SCENE V.—*A street.*

*Enter ANCIENT, crying Brooms, and after him, severally, four Soldiers, crying other things ; BOROSKY and Gentlemen observing them.*

## I. SONG.

*Ancient.*

Broom, broom, the bonny broom !  
 Come, buy my birchen broom !  
 I' the wars we have no more room :  
 Buy all my bonny broom !  
 For a kiss take two :  
 If those will not do,  
 For a little, little pleasure,  
 Take all my whole treasure :  
 If all these will not do't,  
 Take the broom-man to boot.  
 Broom, broom, the bonny broom !

## II. SONG.

*First Soldier.*

The wars are done and gone,  
 And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.  
 Come, maidens, come along<sup>h</sup>,  
 For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware ;  
 Powders for the head,  
 And drinks for your bed,  
 To make ye blithe and bonny :  
 As well in the night  
 We soldiers can fight,  
 And please a young wench as any.

*Second Soldier.*

I have fine potatoes,  
 Ripe potatoes !

## III. SONG.

*Third Soldier.*

Will ye buy any honesty ? come away ;  
 I sell it openly by day ;  
 I bring no forc'd light, nor no candle  
 To cozen ye ; come buy and handle :

---

<sup>h</sup> *along*] Both the folios "alone."

This will shew the great man good,  
 The tradesman where he swears and lies,  
 Each lady of a noble blood,  
 The city dame to rule her eyes.  
 Ye 're rich men now : come buy, and then  
 I'll make ye richer, honest men.

## IV. SONG.

*Fourth Soldier.*

Have ye any crack'd maidenheads to new-leech<sup>1</sup> or mend ?  
 Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or to<sup>2</sup> change ?  
 Bring 'em to me ; with a little pretty gin<sup>k</sup>,  
 I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,  
 Shall make 'em as good maids again,  
 As ever they have been.

*Bor.* What means all this? why do you sell brooms, Ancient?  
 Is it in wantonness or want?

*Anc.* The only reason is,  
 To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one for the  
 nonce<sup>1</sup>:

Gape, sir;—you have swallow'd many a goodlier matter;—  
 The only casting<sup>m</sup> for a crazy conscience.

*Third Sold.* Will your lordship buy any honesty? 'twill be  
 worth your money.

*Bor.* How is this?

*Third Sold.* Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.

*Anc.* Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,  
 The least puff of wind will blow it out o' the kingdom.

*Sec. Sold.* Will your lordship please to taste a fine potato<sup>n</sup>?  
 'Twill advance your wither'd state.

*Anc.* Fill your honour full of most noble itches,  
 And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.

*First Soldier [sings]*

If your daughters, on their beds,  
 Have bow'd or crack'd their maidenheads ;

<sup>1</sup> *new-leech*] "*A leech is a physician ; to leech is to treat medicinally.*" MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *to*] Omitted by Weber.

<sup>k</sup> *gin*] i. e. engine, instrument.

<sup>1</sup> *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.

<sup>m</sup> *casting*] i. e. thing to cause vomiting.

<sup>n</sup> *potato*] "*Potatoes were considered as strong provocatives,*" &c. WEBER.

If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,  
 They chance to cry, fie, fo, what fumbling !  
 If her foot slip, and down fall she,  
 And break her leg above the knee ;  
 The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,  
 And they shall be arrant maids again.

*Bor.* Ye are brave soldiers ! keep your wantonness :  
 A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness :  
 Disport yourselves ; and, when you want your money—  
[*Exit with Gentlemen.*]

*Anc.*

Broom, broom, &c.

[*Exit singing, with the rest.*]

SCENE VI.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before*, HONORA, and VIOLA.

*Y. Arch.* You must not be so fearful, little one ;  
 Nor, lady, you so sad ; you will ne'er make courtiers,  
 With these dull sullen thoughts : this place is pleasure,  
 Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited ;  
 And those that live here, live delightful, joyful :  
 These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies ;  
 Where all sweets, to their free and noble uses,  
 Grow ever young and courted.

*Hon.* Bless me, Heaven !

Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments ?— [*Aside.*  
 By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here ?

*Y. Arch.* Faith, much about a week.

*Hon.* You have studied hard,  
 And, by my faith, arriv'd at a great knowledge.

*Viola.* Were not you bashful at first ?

*Y. Arch.* Ay, ay, for an hour or two ;  
 But when I saw people laugh'd<sup>o</sup> at me for it,  
 And thought it a dull breeding——

*Hon.* You are govern'd here, then,  
 Much after the men's opinions ?

*Y. Arch.* Ever, lady.

*Hon.* And what they think is honourable——

<sup>o</sup> *laugh'd*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "laugh."

*Y. Arch.* Most precisely  
We follow, with all faith.

*Hon.* A goodly catechism !

*Viola.* But bashful for an hour or two !

*Y. Arch.* Faith, to say true,  
I do not think I was so long ; for, look you,  
'Tis to no end here ; put on what shape you will,  
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity,  
You shall be courted in the same, and won too ;  
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time lost,  
Which we hold precious here. In so much time now  
As I have told you this, you may lose a servant<sup>p</sup>  
Your age nor all your art can e'er recover.  
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,  
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you.  
Has the duke seen ye yet ?

*Hon.* What if he have not ?

*Y. Arch.* You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing  
So full of sweetness, newness ; set so richly,  
As if a counsel beyond nature fram'd ye.

*Hon.* If we were thus, say Heaven had given these blessings,  
Must we turn these to sin-oblations ?

*Y. Arch.* How foolishly this country way shews in ye !  
How full of phlegm ! Do you come here to pray, ladies ?  
You had best cry, " Stand away ; let me alone, gentlemen ;  
I'll tell my father else."

*Viola.* This woman's naught sure,  
A very naughty woman.

[*Aside.*

*Hon.* Come, say on, friend ;  
I'll be instructed by you.

*Y. Arch.* You'll thank me for't.

*Hon.* Either I or the devil shall [*Aside*].—The duke you  
were speaking of.

*Y. Arch.* 'Tis well remember'd : yes, let him first see you ;  
Appear not openly till he has view'd you.

*Hon.* He's a very noble prince, they say.

*Y. Arch.* Oh, wondrous gracious !

<sup>p</sup> *servant*] See note, p. 13.

And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first viewing ;  
For, look you, you must bear yourself—yet take heed  
It be so season'd with a sweet humility,  
And grac'd with such a bounty in your beauty—

*Hon.* But I hope he will offer me no ill ?

*Y. Arch.* No, no :

'Tis like he will kiss you, and play with you.

*Hon.* Play with me ! how ?

*Y. Arch.* Why, good Lord, that you are such a fool now !  
No harm, assure yourself.

*Viola.* Will he play with me too ?

*Y. Arch.* Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one :  
There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings yet ?

*Hon.* I hear of none.

*Y. Arch.* I do, then ; they are handsome,  
Convenient for access.

*Viola.* Access !

*Y. Arch.* Yes, little one,  
For visitation of those friends and servants  
Your beauties shall make choice of : friends and visits ;  
Do not you know those uses ? alas, poor novice !  
There's a close couch or two, handsomely plac'd too.

*Viola.* What are those, I pray you ?

*Y. Arch.* Who would be troubled  
With such raw things ? They are to lie upon,  
And your love by you ; and discourse, and toy in.

*Viola.* Alas, I have no love !

*Y. Arch.* You must by any means :  
You'll have a hundred, fear not.

*Viola.* Honesty keep me !—

What shall I do with all those ?

*Y. Arch.* You'll find uses :

You are ignorant yet ; let time work. You must learn too,  
To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly drest  
In a most curious waistcoat<sup>9</sup>, to set you off well,  
Play with your bracelets, sing ; you must learn to rhyme too,  
And riddle neatly ; study the hardest language,

<sup>9</sup> *waistcoat*] See the latter part of note, vol. i. 39.

And 'tis no matter whether it be sense or no,  
So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit  
In kissing, kissing sweetly ; there lies a main point,  
A key that opens to all practic pleasure :  
I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach you,  
And suddenly : your country way is fulsome.

*Hon.* Have you schools for all these mysteries ?

*Y. Arch.* Oh, yes,  
And several hours prefix'd to study in :  
You may have calendars to know the good hour,  
And when to take a jewel ; for the ill too,  
When to refuse, with observations on 'em ;  
Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbour,  
And in what bower and hour it works ; a thousand<sup>r</sup>—  
When in a coach, when in a private lodging,  
With all their virtues.

*Hon.* Have you studied these ?  
How beastly they become your youth ! how bawdily !  
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,  
Teacher of these lewd arts ! of your full beauty !  
A man made up in lust would loathe this in you,  
The rankest lecher hate such impudence.  
They say the devil can assume Heaven's brightness,  
And so appear to tempt us ; sure, thou art no woman.

*Y. Arch.* I joy to find you thus. [*Aside.*

*Hon.* Thou hast no tenderness,  
No reluctance in thy heart ; 'tis mischief.

*Y. Arch.* All's one for that ; read these, and then be  
satisfied ; [*Gives them papers.*  
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye ;  
Read 'em, and well observe 'em : so I leave ye. [*Exit.*

*Viola.* A wondrous wicked woman : shame go with thee !

*Hon.* What new Pandora's box is this ? I'll see it,  
Though presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola ;

<sup>r</sup> a thousand] i. e. a thousand such rules. Mason proposed to point the line thus,

“ And in what bower and hour it works a thousand,”

that is, he says, And in what bower and hour it gains you a thousand pounds !!



'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

[*Reads.*

*Worthy Honora, as you have begun  
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run ;  
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire  
You ever had ; burn in that holy fire ;  
And a white martyr to fair memory  
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.*

How 's this ! Read yours out, sister. This amazes me.

*Viola. [reads] Fear not, thou yet-unblasted Violet,  
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget ;  
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud ;  
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good ;  
Remember what thou art, and stand a story  
Fit for thy noble sex<sup>s</sup> and thine own glory !*

*Hon.* I know not what to think.

*Viola.* Sure, a good woman,

An excellent woman, sister.

*Hon.* It confounds me.

Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends ;

The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.

Come, let 's be honest, wench, and do our best service.

*Viola.* A most excellent woman ! I will love her. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> *sex*] Was altered to "sire" by Seward, who observes, that "'noble,' given to the female sex, seems a very unusual epithet," and that "'sire' is very near the trace of the letters, for the *re*, when placed too close, almost form an *x*." This alteration, which is very plausible, was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter OLYMPIA with a casket, and YOUNG ARCHAS disguised as before.*

*Y. Arch.* Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies.

*Olym.* I prithee, go : I know thy thoughts are with him :  
Go, go, Alinda ; do not mock me more :  
I have found thy heart, wench ; do not wrong thy mistress,  
Thy too-much-loving mistress ; do not abuse her.

*Y. Arch.* By your own fair hands, I understand you not.

*Olym.* By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,  
Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.  
Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure ;  
Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promis'd,  
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,  
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph :  
Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress.

*Y. Arch.* Oh, who has wrong'd me ? who has ruin'd me ?  
Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee ?—  
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger ?

*Olym.* Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,  
Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,  
Last, thy forgetfulness of good : then fly me ;  
For we must part, Alinda.

*Y. Arch.* You are weary of me.  
I must confess I was never worth your service,  
Your bounteous favours less ; but that my duty,  
My ready will, and all I had to serve you——  
Oh, Heaven, thou know'st my honesty !

*Olym.* No more :  
Take heed ; Heaven has a justice. Take this ring with you,  
[*Gives him his ring back.*]



SCENE II.—*The court of the Palace.**Enter THEODORE.*

*Theod.* I would fain hear what becomes of these two wenches ;  
And, if I can, I will do 'em good.

*Enter a Gentleman, who passes over the stage.*

Do you hear, my honest friend?—  
He knows no such name. What a world of business  
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)  
These things have here ! Mass, now I think on't better,  
I wish he be not sent for one of them,  
To some of these by-lodgings : methought I saw  
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

*Re-enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, and pass over the stage.*

He has her ; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief !  
An excellent touzing knave ! Mistress, you are  
To suffer your penance some half hour hence now.  
How far a fine court custard with plums in it  
Will prevail with one of these waiting-gentlewomen !  
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly.  
This is some yeoman o' the bottles now that has sent for her,  
That she calls father : now, woe to this ale-incense !

*Enter a Servant.*

By your leave, sir.

*Serv.* Well, sir ; what's your pleasure with me ?

*Theod.* You do not know the way to the maids' lodgings ?

*Serv.* Yes, indeed do I, sir.

*Theod.* But you will not tell me ?

*Serv.* No, indeed will not I, because you doubt it. [*Exit.*]

*Theod.* These are fine gim-cracks. Hey ! here comes  
another ;

A flaggon full of wine in 's hand, I take it.

*Enter Second Servant with a flaggon.*

Well met, my friend : is that wine ?

*Sec. Serv.* Yes, indeed is it.

*Theod.* Faith, I'll drink on't, then.

*Sec. Serv.* You may, because you have sworn, sir.

*Theod.* [*drinks*] 'Tis very good ; I'll drink a great deal now, sir.

*Sec. Serv.* I cannot help it, sir.

*Theod.* I'll drink more yet.

*Sec. Serv.* 'Tis in your own hands.

*Theod.* There's your pot ; I thank you.

Pray, let me drink again.

*Sec. Serv.* Faith, but you shall not.

Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Theod.* This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.

Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone ; I'll to her.

*Enter a Lady.*

Madam, my lord my master——

*Lady.* Who's your lord, sir ?

*Theod.* The lord Borosky, lady.

*Lady.* Pray, excuse me :

Here's something for your pains. Within this hour, sir,

One of the choice young ladies shall attend him :

Pray, let it be in that chamber juts out to the water ;

'Tis private and convenient : do my humble service

To my honourable good lord, I beseech you, sir.

If it please you to visit a poor lady——

You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.

*Theod.* I shall be bold.

*Lady.* 'Tis a good aptness in you.

I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir ;

They call me merrily the Lady of the ——<sup>t</sup>, sir :

A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,

And, if it please you take the pains——

*Theod.* Dear lady ! [*Exit Lady.*] Take the pains !

Why, a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'st now

To cleave, old crab-tree. “ One of the choice young ladies ” !

I would I had let this bawd go ! she has frighted me ;  
I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now :  
But, if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.  
Why should he have a young lady ? are women now  
O' the nature of bottles<sup>u</sup>, to be stopp'd with corks ?  
Oh, the thousand little Furies that fly here now !

*Enter PUTSKY.*

How now, captain !

*Puts.* I come to seek you out, sir,  
And all the town I have travell'd.

*Theod.* What 's the news, man ?

*Puts.* That that concerns us all, and very nearly.  
The duke this night holds a great feast at court,  
To which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,  
And all his favourites : your father's sent for.

*Theod.* Why, he is neither in council nor in favour.

*Puts.* That's it : have an eye now or never, and a quick  
one ;

An eye that must not wink from good intelligence :  
I heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.

*Theod.* Art sure he sups here ?

*Puts.* Sure as 'tis day.

*Theod.* 'Tis like, then.

*Enter ANCIENT.*

How now ! where hast thou been, Ancient ?

*Anc.* Measuring the city :

I have left my brooms at gate here ; by this time  
The porter has stole 'em, to sweep out rascals.

*Theod.* Brooms !

*Anc.* I have been crying brooms all the town over,  
And such a mart I have made ! there's no trade near it.  
Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they twitter'd,  
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too !

<sup>u</sup> O' the nature of bottles, &c.]

“ And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.”

Pope [*Rape of the Lock*].” Ed. 1778.

“Come hither, Master Broom-man, I beseech you” ;  
“Good Master Broom-man, hither,” cries another.

*Theod.* Thou art a mad fellow.

*Anc.* They are all as mad as I ; they all have trades now,  
And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.<sup>v</sup>

*Theod.* What company of soldiers are they ?

*Anc.* By this means I have gather’d  
Above a thousand tall<sup>w</sup> and hardy soldiers,  
If need be, colonel.

*Theod.* That need’s come, Ancient ;  
And ’twas discreetly done. Go, draw ’em presently,  
But without suspicion ; this night we shall need ’em :  
Let ’em be near the court, let Putsky guide ’em ;  
And wait me for occasion ; here I’ll stay still.

*Puts.* If it fall out, we are ready ; if not, we are scatter’d :  
I’ll wait you at an inch.

*Theod.* Do ; farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—*An apartment in the same.*

*Enter Duke and BOROSKY.*

*Duke.* Are the soldiers still so mutinous ?

*Bor.* More than ever :

No law nor justice frights ’em ; all the town over  
They play new pranks and gambols ; no man’s person,  
Of what degree soever, free from abuses :  
And durst they do this (let your grace consider),  
These monstrous, most offensive things, these villanies,  
If not set on, and fed ? if not by one  
They honour more than you, and more aw’d by him ?

*Duke.* Happily, their own wants.

*Bor.* I offer to supply ’em,  
And every hour make tender of their moneys :  
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.

<sup>v</sup> *bull-beggars*] i. e. hobgoblins.

<sup>w</sup> *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

I fear the next device will be my life, sir ;  
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

*Duke.* Do you think lord Archas privy ?

*Bor.* More than thought,

I know it, sir ; I know they durst not do  
These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,  
But that they have a hope by his ambitions——

*Duke.* No more. He's sent for ?

*Bor.* Yes, and will be here, sure.

*Duke.* Let me talk further with you anon.

*Bor.* I'll wait, sir.

*Duke.* Did you speak to the ladies ?

*Bor.* They'll attend your grace presently.

*Duke.* How do you like 'em ?

*Bor.* My eyes are too dull judges.

They wait here, sir.

*Duke.* Be you gone, then.

[*Exit BOROSKY.*

Come in, ladies !

*Enter HONORA and VIOLA.*

Welcome to the court, sweet beauties ! now the court shines,

When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us :

Welcome, welcome, even as your own joys welcome !

How do you like the court ? how seems it to you ?

Is't not a place created for all sweetness ?

Why were you made such strangers to this happiness,

Barr'd the delights this holds ? the richest jewels,

Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,

By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.

Your country shades are faint, blasters of beauty ;

The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy ;

The rose-buds of your <sup>w</sup> beauties turn to cankers,

Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander.

Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters,)

Here is the sphere you move in ; here shine nobly,

And by your powerful influence command all !—

What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,

And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms ! [*Aside.*

*Hon.* Your grace speaks cunningly : you do not this,

<sup>w</sup> *your*] So the first folio.—The second folio “the” ; and so the modern editors.



I hope, sir, to betray us ; we are poor triumphs,  
Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir :  
Great men and great thoughts seek things great and worthy,  
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em ;  
Conquests so nobly won can never perish.  
We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,  
Two honest maids ; is that a sin at court, sir ?  
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,  
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us ?  
Why do I ask that question, when I have found you ?  
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us ;  
You would dishonour us ; which, in your translation  
Here at the court, reads thus,—your grace would love us,  
Most dearly love us ; stick us up for mistresses :  
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,  
That would be glad of this, and handsome women,  
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,  
Excellent beauties, sir : when you have enjoy'd 'em,  
And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are these  
then ?

What worship have they won, what name ? you guess, sir ;  
What story added to their time ? a sweet one !

*Duke.* A brave-spirited wench.

[*Aside.*]

*Hon.* I'll tell your grace,  
And tell you true ; you are deceiv'd in us two,  
Extremely cozen'd, sir : and yet, in my eye,  
You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,  
The goodliest gentleman ; take that hope with you ;  
And, were I fit to be your wife, so much I honour you,  
Trust me I would scratch for you but I would have you :  
I would woo you then.

*Duke.* She amazes me —

[*Aside.*]

But how am I deceiv'd ?

*Hon.* Oh, we are too honest,  
Believe it, sir, too honest, far too honest ;  
The way that you propound, too ignorant ;  
And there is no meddling with us, for we are fools too,  
Obstinate, peevish fools. If I would be ill,  
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,



I would not leap into the sun, and do't there,  
That all the world might see me ; an obscure shade, sir,  
Dark as the deed ; there is no trusting light with it,  
Nor that, that 's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness.

*Duke.* You will love me as your friend ?

*Hon.* I will honour you,  
As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray for you.

*Duke.* What says my little one ? you are not so obstinate ?—  
Lord, how she blushes ! here are truly fair souls.— [*Aside.*  
Come, you will be my love ?

*Viola.* Good sir, be good to me ;  
Indeed, I 'll do the best I can to please you :  
I do beseech your grace ! alas, I fear you !

*Duke.* What shouldst thou fear ?

*Hon.* Fie, sir ! this is not noble.

*Duke.* Why do I stand entreating, where my power—

*Hon.* You have no power ; at least, you ought to have none  
In bad and beastly things : arm'd thus, I 'll die here,  
Before she suffer wrong.

*Duke.* Another Archas !

*Hon.* His child, sir, and his spirit.

*Duke.* I 'll deal with you, then,  
For here 's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet ;  
Prithee, Honora, sit.

*Hon.* Now you entreat, I will, sir.

*Duke.* I do, and will deserve it.

*Hon.* That 's too much kindness.

*Duke.* Prithee, look on me.

*Hon.* Yes ; I love to see you,  
And could look on an age thus, and admire you.  
While you are good and temperate, I dare touch you,  
Kiss your white hand.

*Duke.* Why not my lips ?

*Hon.* I dare, sir.

*Duke.* I do not think you dare.

*Hon.* I am no coward.

[*Kisses him.*

Do you believe me now ? or now ? or now, sir ?  
You make me blush ; but, sure, I mean no ill, sir :  
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

*Duke.* That I'll do too.

[*Kisses her.*]

What hast thou wrought into me?

*Hon.* I hope, all goodness.

Whilst you are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing;

Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on you;

Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst not—

But, good sir, pardon me.—Sister, come hither;

Come hither; fear not, wench: come hither; blush not;

Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the good prince;

Certain, he is excellent honest.

*Duke.* Thou wilt make me.<sup>w</sup>

*Hon.* Sit down, and hug him softly.

*Duke.* Fie, Honora!

Wanton Honora! is this the modesty,

The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;

At first charge beaten back? away!

*Hon.* Thank you:

Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank you!

You have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly

You have cozen'd me: in all your hopeful life yet

A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:

I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongu'd,

And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous master!

*Viola.* My virtuous master too!

*Hon.* Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let Fortune cast<sup>x</sup> for't.

*Duke.* I'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora:

Thou hast done a cure upon me counsel could not.

*Enter YOUNG ARCHAS disguised as before.*

*Y. Arch.* Here, take your ring, sir; and whom you mean to ruin,

Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.

*Hon.* A ring to her!

*Duke.* Why frowns my fair Alinda?

I have forgot both these again.

<sup>w</sup> *Thou wilt make me*] i. e. Thou wilt make me honest.—In both the folios, at the end of this speech, is a break, which the modern editors retain.

<sup>x</sup> *cast*] i. e. contrive.

*Y. Arch.* Stand still, sir :

You have that violent killing fire upon you,  
Consumes all honour, credit, faith.

*Hon.* How's this !

*Y. Arch.* My royal mistress' favour towards me  
(Woe-worth you, sir !) you have poison'd, blasted.

*Duke.* I, sweet !

*Y. Arch.* You have taken that unmanly liberty,  
Which in a worse man is vain-glorious feigning,  
And kill'd my truth.

*Duke.* Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.

*Y. Arch.* Ladies, take heed ; ye have a cunning gamester,  
A handsome, and a high : come stor'd with antidotes ;  
He has infections else will fire your bloods.

*Duke.* Prithee, Alinda, hear me.

*Y. Arch.* Words steep'd in honey,  
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity<sup>y</sup>  
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye ;  
And, when he has bound ye his, a thousand ruins.—  
A poor lost woman you have made me.

*Duke.* I'll maintain thee,  
And nobly too.

*Y. Arch.* That gin<sup>z</sup> 's too weak to take me.—  
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed ;  
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,  
Of forcèd, feignèd sorrows, sighs, take heed.

*Duke.* By all that's mine, Alinda——

*Y. Arch.* Swear by your mischiefs.—  
Oh, whither shall I go ?

*Duke.* Go back again ;  
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

*Y. Arch.* Fare you well, sir :  
I will not curse you ; only this dwell with you,  
Whenever you love, a false belief light on you !

[*Exit.*

*Hon.* We'll take our leaves too, sir.

<sup>y</sup> *buy chastity*] Mason proposes to read "b'ye *chastity*, i. e. farewell, chastity" !!

<sup>z</sup> *gin*] i. e. trap, snare.

*Duke.* Part all the world now,  
Since she is gone.

*Hon* You are crookèd yet, dear master ;  
And still I fear—— [Exit with VIOLA.

*Duke.* I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The court of the Palace.*

*Enter* ARCHAS and a Servant.

*Archas.* 'Tis strange to me to see the court, and welcome.  
Oh, royal place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee !—  
Who lies on this side, know'st thou ?

*Serv.* The lord Burris.

*Archas.* Thou hast nam'd a gentleman I stand much bound to :  
I think he sent the casket, sir ?

*Serv.* The same, sir.

*Archas.* An honest-minded man, a noble courtier !  
The duke made perfect choice when he took him.  
Go you home ; I shall hit the way without a guide now.

*Serv.* You may want something, sir.

*Archas.* Only my horses,  
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with :  
I'll have no more attendance here.

*Serv.* Your will, sir. [Exit.

*Enter* THEODORE.

*Theod.* You are well met here, sir.

*Archas.* How now, boy ! how dost thou ?

*Theod.* I should ask you that question : how do you, sir ?  
How do you feel yourself ?

*Archas.* Why, well, and lusty.

*Theod.* What do you here, then ?

*Archas.* Why, I am sent for,  
To supper with the duke.

*Theod.* Have you no meat at home ?  
Or do you long to feed, as hunted deer do,  
In doubt and fear ?

*Archas.* I have an excellent stomach,

And can I use it better than among my friends, boy ?  
How do the wenches ?

*Theod.* They do well enough, sir ;  
They know the worst by this time. Pray, be rul'd, sir ;  
Go home again, and, if you have a supper,  
Eat it in quiet there : this is no place for you,  
Especially at this time, take my word for 't.

*Archas.* May be, they'll drink hard : I could have drunk<sup>a</sup>  
my share, boy :  
Though I am old, I will not out<sup>b</sup>.

*Theod.* I hope you will.  
Hark in your ear ; the court's too quick of hearing. [*Whispers.*  
*Archas.* Not mean me well ! thou art abus'd and cozen'd.

Away, away !

*Theod.* To that end, sir, I tell you :  
Away, if you love yourself !

*Archas.* Who dare do these things,  
That ever heard of honesty ?

*Theod.* Old gentleman,  
Take a fool's counsel.

*Archas.* 'Tis a fool's indeed,  
A very fool's : thou hast more of these flams in thee,  
These musty doubts—Is 't fit the duke send for me,  
And honour me to eat within his presence,  
And I, like a tall<sup>c</sup> fellow, play at bo-peep with his pleasure ?

*Theod.* Take heed of po-peep with your pate, your pate, sir :  
I speak plain language now.

*Archas.* If 't were not here,  
Where reverence bids me hold, I would so swinge thee,  
Thou rude, unmanner'd knave ! Take from his bounty,  
His honour that he gives me, to beget  
Saucy and sullen fears !

*Theod.* You are not mad, sure ?  
By this fair light, I speak but what is whisper'd,  
And whisper'd for a truth.

<sup>a</sup> *drunk* } Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "drank" !

<sup>b</sup> *I will not out* } i. e. I will make one of the party : see note, vol. v. 35.

<sup>c</sup> *tall* } "Is generally, in old plays, used for *stout*, *brave* ; but here it seems to mean, ironically, great, or lubberly." WEBER.

*Archas.* A dog! drunken people,  
That in their pot see visions, and turn states<sup>d</sup>,  
Madmen and children! Prithee, do not follow me;  
I tell thee I am angry; do not follow me.

*Theod.* I am as angry as you for your heart,  
Ay, and as wilful too. Go, like a woodcock<sup>e</sup>,  
And thrust your neck i' the noose!

*Archas.* I'll kill thee,  
An thou speak'st but three words more. Do not follow me.  
[*Exit.*]

*Theod.* A strange old foolish fellow! I shall hear yet;  
And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Presence-Chamber in the same.*

*Enter two Servants, setting out a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty drinking;  
Many a wash'd pate in wine, I warrant thee.

*Sec. Serv.* I am glad the old general's come: upon my conscience,  
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, the trumpets!  
They are coming on; away!

*First Serv.* We'll have a rouse<sup>f</sup> too. [*Exeunt*<sup>g</sup>.]

<sup>d</sup> *A dog! drunken people,*  
*That in their pot see visions, and turn states*] Seward printed,  
“*A dog is 't? Drunken people,*

*That in their pot see visions, and turn statist.*”

The Editors of 1778 adopted Seward's “is 't,” but rejected his alteration in the next line. Mason proposed to read,

“*Amongst drunken people,*” &c.

Weber, protesting against any deviation from the old copies, says that “states” means here—persons of high rank.

I am strongly inclined to believe that Seward's alteration, “statists” (i. e. statesmen), is the author's word. That “states” frequently means—persons of rank, is very certain; but that meaning hardly suits the text. If “turn states” be the genuine reading, it must be equivalent to — overturn or make alterations in states.

<sup>e</sup> *like a woodcock, &c.*] See note, vol. ii. 421.

<sup>f</sup> *rouse*] i. e. bumper: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240. ed. 1813.

<sup>g</sup> *Exeunt*] This stage direction (found in both the folios, and absolutely necessary) was omitted by Weber.

*Enter Duke, ARCHAS, BURRIS, BOROSKY, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Come, seat yourselves.—Lord Archas, sit you there.

*Archas.* 'Tis far above my worth.

*Duke.* I'll have it so.—

Are all things ready?

[*Aside to BOROSKY.*

*Bor.* All the guards are set,  
The court-gates shut.

*Duke.* Then do as I prescrib'd you;  
Be sure, no further.

*Bor.* I shall well observe you.

*Duke.* Come, bring some wine.—Here's to my sister, gentlemen;  
[*Drinks.*

A health, and mirth to all!

*Archas.* Pray, fill it full, sir;  
'Tis a high health to virtue.—Here, Lord Burris,  
A maiden health: you are most fit to pledge it,  
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it:  
Passion o' me, you are sad, man.

*Duke.* How now, Burris!

Go to; no more of this.

[*Aside to him.*

*Archas.* Take the rouse freely;  
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity.—  
Your grace's pardon: when we get a cup, sir,  
We old men prate apace.

*Duke.* Mirth makes a banquet.—

As you love me, no more.

[*Aside to BURRIS.*

*Burris.* I thank your grace.—  
Give me it.—Lord Borosky!

*Bor.* I have ill brains, sir——

*Burris.* Damnable ill, I know it.

[*Aside.*

*Bor.* But I'll pledge, sir,  
This virtuous health.

*Burris.* The more unfit for thy mouth.

[*Aside.*

*Duke.* Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look  
nobly,  
Fit for my love and presence.



*Two Attendants bring in cloaks, and distribute them among the guests, giving a black one to ARCHAS.*

Begin downward.—

Off with your cloaks, take new.

*Archas.* Your grace deals truly  
Like a munificent prince with your poor subjects.  
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull coward  
Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it?—  
Begin a new health in your new adornments;  
The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I got,  
Sir<sup>h</sup>? ha! the robe of death!

*Duke.* You have deserv'd it.

*Archas.* The livery of the grave!—Do you start all from me?  
Do I smell of earth already?—Sir, look on me,  
And like a man; is this your entertainment?  
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

*Enter a Guard, who seize ARCHAS.*

A guard upon me too!—This is too foul play,  
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler,  
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites!—  
Am I serv'd in a hearse, that sav'd ye all?  
Are ye men or devils? do ye gape upon me?  
Wider! and swallow all my services:  
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;  
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,  
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till ye<sup>i</sup> burst.

*Bor.* These words are death.

*Archas.* No, those deeds that want rewards, sirrah,  
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers  
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction)  
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, time's story,  
The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,  
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompens'd,  
These that ye sit<sup>j</sup> a-brooding on like toads,

<sup>h</sup> *Sir*] I may just observe, that such is the arrangement in both the folios.

<sup>i</sup> *ye*] So the first folio.—The second has “they”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>j</sup> *sit*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print “set”!



Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,  
And render me no pay again but poisons !

*Bor.* The proud vain soldier thou hast set——

*Archas.* Thou liest !

Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,  
Maliciously, and loudly ! how I scorn thee !  
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended  
An act in person leaning to dishonour,  
As you would fain have forc'd me, witness, Heaven,  
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,  
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety,)  
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,  
His last incursions, made the city sweat,  
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,  
Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-strings ;  
Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,  
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising  
By his arm'd horses' hoofs ; had I been false then,  
Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,  
Had but one spark of villany liv'd within me,  
You had had some shadow for this black about me.  
Where was your soldiership ? why went not you out,  
And all your right-honourable valour with you ?  
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him ?  
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him ?  
Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor ?  
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder  
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,  
Why did not you so charge him ? You were sick then ;  
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,  
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had ;  
A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship.  
Blush, coward knave, and all the world hiss at thee !

*Duke.* Exceed not my command.

*Bor.* I shall observe it.

[*Exit Duke.*

*Archas.* Are you gone too ?—Come, weep not, honest Burris,  
Good loving lord, no more tears : 'tis not his malice,  
This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,  
By bold bad men crowded into his nature,

Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this fort yet ;  
I am the same, the same man, living, dying ;  
The same mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal :  
Only the juggling way that tol'd me<sup>i</sup> to it,  
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,  
And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.  
Farewell : commend me to his grace, and tell him  
The world is full of servants ; he may have many,  
(And some I wish him honest ; he's undone else,)  
But such another doting Archas never,  
So tried and touch'd a faith : farewell for ever !

*Burris.* Be strong, my lord : you must not go thus lightly.

*Archas.* Now, what's to do ? what says the law unto me ?  
Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty.

*Bor.* Laying aside a thousand petty matters,  
As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and followers,  
Which you put first fire to (and these are deadly),  
I come to one main cause, which, though it carries  
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,  
Not to be pardon'd neither : you have done a sacrilege.

*Archas.* High Heaven defend me, man ! how, how,  
Borosky ?

*Bor.* You have took from the temple those vow'd arms,  
The holy ornament you hung up there,  
No absolution of your vow, no order  
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,  
After they were purified from war, and rested  
From blood, made clean by ceremony : from the altar  
You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,  
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church too,  
And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir ;  
For which the law requires your head, you know it.

*Archas.* Those arms I fought in last ?

*Bor.* The same.

*Archas.* God-a-mercy !  
Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,  
A subtle one : I die for saving all you.

<sup>i</sup> tol'd me] i. e. drew me on by degrees.

Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,  
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in ;  
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,  
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,  
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins !  
Prithee, find out a better cause, a handsomer ;  
This will undo thee too ; people will spit at thee ;  
The devil himself would be asham'd of this cause.  
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,  
The present danger every where, must my life satisfy ?

*Bor.* It must and shall.

*Archas.* Oh, base ungrateful people !  
Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,  
But mine own nobleness ? I confess I took 'em,  
The vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with ;  
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again  
In the fierce Tartars' bloods ; for you I took 'em,  
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all ;  
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd then ;  
Took from the temple, to preserve the temple :  
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,  
The reverent shrines of saints, ador'd and honour'd,  
Had been consum'd to ashes, their own sacrifice,  
Had I been slack ; or stay'd that absolution,  
No priest had liv'd to give it. My own honour,  
Cure of my country, murder me !

*Bor.* No, no, sir ;

I shall force that from you will make this cause light too.—  
Away with him !—I shall pluck down that heart, sir.

*Archas.* Break it thou mayst ; but, if it bend for pity,  
Dogs and kites eat it !—Come ; I am honour's martyr.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another apartment in the same.**Enter DUKE and BURRIS.**Duke.* Exceed my warrant !*Burris.* You know he loves him not.*Duke.* He dares as well meet <sup>1</sup> death as do it ; eat wildfire.  
Through a few fears I mean to try his goodness,  
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.  
I know Borosky hates him, to death hates him ;  
I know he <sup>m</sup> is a serpent too, a swoln one ;  
But I have pull'd his sting out. [Noise within.]What noise is that ?*Theod.* [within] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down  
with the gates !*Soldiers.* [within] Stand, stand, stand !*Puts.* [within] Fire the palace before ye !*Burris.* Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the soldier !  
A miserable time is come.*Enter Gentleman.**Gent.* Oh, save him !Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save lord Archas !  
We are undone else.*Duke.* Dares he touch his body ?*Gent.* He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.*Duke.* Away, Burris !Take men, and take him from him ; clap him up,  
And, if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.[Exit BURRIS.]

Are the soldiers broke in ?

*Gent.* By this time, sure they are, sir ;  
They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.*Duke.* Get me a guard about me ; make sure the lodgings,  
And speak the soldiers fair.*Gent.* Pray Heaven that take, sir ! [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> meet] The second folio has, by a misprint, "eat,"—a reading which Seward preferred !

<sup>m</sup> he] "Meaning *Borosky* ; but the pronoun is used rather confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow [in the fourth speech of the Duke]." *Ed.* 1778.

SCENE VII.—*The court of the Palace.*

*Enter PUTSKY, ANCIENT, and Soldiers with torches.*

*Puts.* Give us the general ; we'll fire the court else ;  
Render him safe and well !

*Anc.* Do not fire the cellar,  
There's excellent wine in't, captain ; and though it be cold  
weather,

I do not love it mull'd.—Bring out the general !  
We'll light ye such a bonfire else ! where are ye ?  
Speak, or we'll toss your turrets ; peep out of your hives,  
We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there ?  
Put out that nose again, and, if thou darest  
But blow it before us—Now he creeps out on's burrow.

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Puts.* Give us the general !

*Gent.* Yes, gentlemen ;  
Or any thing ye can desire.

*Anc.* You musk-cat,  
Cordevan-skin !<sup>a</sup> we will not take your answer.

*Puts.* Where is the duke ? speak suddenly, and send him  
hither.

*Anc.* Or we'll so fry your buttocks !

*Gent.* Good sweet gentlemen—

*Anc.* We are neither good nor sweet ; we are soldiers,  
And you miscreants that abuse the general.—  
Give fire, my boys ! 'tis a dark evening ;  
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

*Enter THEODORE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, PETESCA, and  
Gentlewoman.*

*Hon.* Good brother, be not fierce.

*Theod.* I will not hurt her.—  
Fear not, sweet lady.

<sup>a</sup> *Cordevan-skin*] “i. e. Spanish leather hide” *Ed.* 1778.

*Olym.* You may do<sup>o</sup> what you please, sir ;  
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,  
And more contemns all danger.

*Enter Duke above.*

*Theod.* Where is the duke ?

*Duke.* He's here.—What would ye, soldiers ? wherefore  
troop ye

Like mutinous madmen thus ?

*Theod.* Give me my father !

*Puts. Anc.* Give us our general !

*Theod.* Set him here before us ;

You see the pledge we have got ; you see these torches ;

All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately !

A thousand lives for one !

*Duke.* But hear me !

*Puts.* No ;

We come not to dispute.

*Theod.* By Heaven I swear,

He's rack'd and whipt !

*Hon.* Oh, my poor father !

*Puts.* Burn, kill and burn !

*Enter ARCHAS and BURRIS.*

*Archas.* Hold, hold, I say ! hold, soldiers !

On your allegiance, hold !

*Theod.* We must not.

*Archas.* Hold !

I swear by Heaven, he is a barbarous<sup>p</sup> traitor stirs first,

A villain, and a stranger to obedience,

Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour !—

Why did you use your old man thus ? thus cruelly

Torture his poor weak body ? I ever lov'd you.

*Duke.* Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.

*Archas.* I have balm enough for all my hurts ; weep no  
more, sir ;

<sup>o</sup> *You may do*] So the first folio ('*May do*).—The second folio reads "*Nay, do*"; and so Seward.

<sup>p</sup> *barbarous*] Altered by Seward to "*base*".

A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows :  
I do believe you innocent, a good man,  
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me !—  
Why look ye wild, my friends ? why stare ye on me ?  
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,  
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,  
Let down your anger ! Is not this our sovereign ?  
The head of mercy and of law ? who dares, then,  
But rebels scorning law, appear thus violent ?  
Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires ?  
The reverence of this house dares any touch,  
But with obedient knees and pious duties ?  
Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him ?  
Has not he power to punish our offences,  
And do not we daily fall into 'em ? Assure yourselves  
I did offend, and highly, grievously ;  
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,  
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,  
And only let me feel his light rod this way :  
Ye are to thank him for your general,  
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.  
Ye are offenders, too, daily offenders ;  
Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,  
Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person :  
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,  
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye.  
For shame, put up your swords ! for honesty,  
For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,  
Be not so rude !

*Theod.* They have drawn blood from you, sir.

*Archas.* That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,  
The proud, provoking blood ; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.  
Give you example first ; draw out, and orderly ;—

*Hon.* Good brother, do.

*Archas.* Honest and high example,  
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,  
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theodore,  
My worthy son.



*Theod.* If harm come, thank yourself, sir ;  
I must obey you.

[*Exit.*

*Archas.* Captain, you know the way now :  
A good man and a valiant you were ever,  
Inclin'd to honest things.—I thank you, captain ;—  
Soldiers, I thank ye all : and love me still,  
But do not love me so you lose allegiance ;  
Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.

[*Exeunt PUTSKY, ANCIENT, and Soldiers,*

*Duke.* Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on him.—  
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,  
Where justice and obedience only build,  
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee,  
In all thy noble ways to follow thee !

*Burris.* Remember him that vex'd him, sir.

*Duke.* Remember !

When I forget that villain, and to pay him  
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me !

*Archas.* I am very sore.

*Duke.* Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen :  
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em ;  
And in my sad repentance——

*Archas.* 'Tis too much ;

I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* How does lord Archas yet ?

*Burris.* But weak, an't please you ;

Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him :

His heart's untouch'd and whole yet ; and no doubt, sir,

His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.

*Duke.* Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him ! without  
leave too !

But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for't.

He's fast, I hope ?

*Burris.* As fast as irons can keep him ;

But the most fearful wretch !——

*Duke.* He has a conscience,

A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,

A loaden one. But what news of the soldier ?

I did not like their parting ; 'twas too sullen.

*Burris.* That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap :

They are drawn out of the town, and stand in councils,

Hatching unquiet thoughts and cruel purposes.

I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,

Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs

And desperate curses, sounding these words often,

Like trumpets to their angers, " We are ruin'd,

Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs ;

Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,

Tortur'd and whipt." The colonel's eyes, like torches,

Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.

*First Gent.* Yet worse, sir ;

The news is current now, they mean to leave you,

Leave their allegiance ; and under Olin's charge,

The bloody enemy, march straight against you.

*Burris.* I have heard this too, sir.

*Duke.* This must be prevented,  
And suddenly and warily.

*Burris.* 'Tis time, sir;  
But what to minister, or how?

*Duke.* Go in with me,  
And there we'll think upon 't. Such blows as these  
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in the same.*

*Enter PETESCA and Gentlewoman.*

*Pet.* Lord, what a coil has here been with these soldiers!  
They are cruel fellows.

*Gent.* And yet methought we found 'em  
Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true; Petesca,  
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,  
And had prepar'd myself. But where's my lady?

*Pet.* In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy:  
Sure she was mad of ' this wench.

*Gent.* An she had been a man,  
She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad she is  
shifted.

*Pet.* 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;  
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

*Enter YOUNG ARCHAS in his own dress.*

What young thing's this?

*Y. Arch.* Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen:  
Pray ye, is the princess stirring yet?

*Gent.* He has her face.

*Pet.* Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him.

*Y. Arch.* I guess ye to be the princess' women.

*Pet.* Yes, we are, sir.

*Y. Arch.* Pray, is there not a gentlewoman waiting on her  
grace,  
Ye call Alinda?

*Pet.* The devil, sure, in her shape.

*Gent.* I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,  
An only brother, that she had, in travel—

*Pet.* Mass, I remember that : this may be he too.  
I would this thing would serve her !

*Gent.* So would I, wench ;  
We should love him better, sure.

*Enter OLYMPIA.*

Sir, here's the princess ;

She best can satisfy you.

*Y. Arch.* How I love that presence !  
Oh, blessèd eyes, how nobly shine your comforts ! [*Aside.*

*Olym.* What gentleman is that ?

*Gent.* We know not, madam :  
He ask'd us for your grace ; and, as we guess it,  
He is Alinda's brother.

*Olym.* Ha ! let me mark him :  
My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother !  
By Venus, he has all her sweetness upon <sup>r</sup> him !  
Two silver drops of dew were never liker. [*Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* Gracious lady——

*Olym.* That pleasant pipe he has too. [*Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* Being my happiness to pass by this way,  
And having, as I understand <sup>s</sup> by letters,  
A sister in your virtuous service, madam——

*Olym.* Oh, now my heart, my heart aches ! [*Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* All the comfort  
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me ;  
I thought it my first duty, my best service,  
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace  
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your nobleness,  
That bounteous goodness in you——

*Olym.* 'Tis he, certainly. [*Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* That spring of favour to her ; with my life,  
madam,

<sup>r</sup> upon] Altered by Seward to "on" ; and so his successors.

<sup>s</sup> understand] Weber chose to print "understood."

If any such most happy means might meet me,  
To shew my thankfulness.

*Olym.* What have I done, fool ! [*Aside.*]

*Y. Arch.* She came a stranger to your grace, no courtier,  
Nor of that curious breed befits your service ;  
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that lov'd you  
Before she saw you ; doted on your virtues ;  
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em ;  
You only had her prayers, you her wishes ;  
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.

*Olym.* I have done wickedly. [*Aside.*]

*Y. Arch.* A little beauty,  
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with her ;  
And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too.  
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,  
I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger,)  
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest :  
The daily study how to fit your services,  
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,  
So fir'd her honest soul, we thought her sainted.  
I presume she is still the same : I would fain see her ;  
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.

*Olym.* Sir, such a maid there was, I had——

*Y. Arch.* There was, madam !

*Olym.* Oh, my poor wench ! Eyes, I will ever curse ye  
For your credulity [*Aside*].—Alinda—

*Y. Arch.* That 's her name, madam.

*Olym.* Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.

*Y. Arch.* Is she dead, lady ?

*Olym.* Dead, sir, to my service :  
She is gone. Pray you, ask no further.

*Y. Arch.* I obey, madam.

Gone !—Now must I lament too. [*Aside*].—Said you “gone,”  
madam ?

*Olym.* Gone, gone for ever !

*Y. Arch.* That 's a cruel saying.  
Her honour too ?

*Olym.* Prithee, look angry on me,  
And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me :

Do something like a brother, like a friend,  
And do not only say thou lov'st her.

*Y. Arch.* You amaze me.

*Olym.* I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her ;  
Poor innocent soul, I flung her—Sweet Alinda,  
Thou virtuous maid ! my soul now calls thee virtuous.—  
Why do you not rail now at me ?

*Y. Arch.* For what, lady ?

*Olym.* Call me base treacherous woman ?

*Y. Arch.* Heaven defend me !

*Olym.* Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me ;  
Rashly and madly I betray'd her modesty ;  
Put her to wander, Heaven knows where : nay, more, sir,  
Stuck a black brand upon her.

*Y. Arch.* 'Twas not well, lady.

*Olym.* 'Twas damnable ; she loving me so dearly,  
Never poor wench lov'd so. Sir, believe me,  
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best companion ;  
When I was pleas'd, the happiest and the gladdest ;  
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her :  
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,  
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.  
Oh, what have I forsaken ! what have I lost !

*Y. Arch.* Madam, I'll take my leave ; since she is wandering,  
'Tis fit I know no rest.

*Olym.* Will you go too, sir ?

I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me—  
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,  
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,  
To read that face again—modesty keep me !  
Alinda in that shape ! [*Aside* ]—but why should you trust me ?  
'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her ;  
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.  
Appoint what penance you please ; but stay then,  
And see me perform it ; ask what honour this place  
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth :  
If following me will like <sup>t</sup> you, my care of you,  
Which for your sister's sake, for your own goodness—

*Y. Arch.* Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone, lady,  
 Not all the favour——yet, if I sought preferment,  
 Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.  
 Peace rest upon you ! one sad tear every day,  
 For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay. [Exit.]

*Olym.* A thousand, noble youth ; and when I sleep,  
 Even in my silver slumbers<sup>u</sup> still I'll weep. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another apartment in the same.*

*Enter Duke and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Have ye been with 'em ?

*First Gent.* Yes, an 't please your grace ;  
 But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise :  
 They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,  
 Upon their march to the enemy.

*Duke.* They must be stopp'd.

*First Gent.* Ay, but what force is able ? and what leader—

*Enter BURRIS.*

*Duke.* How now ! have you been with Archas ?

*Burris.* Yes, an 't please you,  
 And told him all : he frets like a chaf'd lion,  
 And calls for his arms, and all those honest courtiers  
 That dare draw swords.

*Duke.* Is he able to do any thing ?

*Burris.* His mind is well enough ; and where his charge is,  
 Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.

*Duke.* Who commands the rebels ?

*Burris.* The young colonel:  
 That makes the old man almost mad ; he swears, sir,  
 He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.

<sup>u</sup> *silver slumbers*] "Perhaps originally 'SILENT slumbers'." *Ed.* 1778. "The text is perfectly right. In *Henry IV.* part I. we have *golden sleep*, upon which Mr. Holt White observes—"The various epithets borrowed from the qualities of metals which have been bestowed on *sleep* may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us *sleep* is called *golden*, and in *King Richard III.* we have *leadens slumbers*. But in Virgil it is *ferreus somnus* ; while Homer terms *sleep brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος." *Shakspeare*, ed. 1803. XI. 262. Fletcher is perhaps singular in applying the epithet *silver* to *sleep*." WEBER.

*Duke.* Is the court in arms?

*Burris.* As fast as they can bustle.

Every man mad to go now; inspir'd strangely,  
As if they were to force the enemy.

I beseech your grace to give me leave.

*Duke.* Pray go, sir,

And look to the old man well: take up all fairly,  
And let no blood be spilt; take general pardons,  
And quench this fury with fair peace.

*Burris.* I shall, sir,

Or seal it with my service<sup>v</sup>. They are villains.

The court is up: good sir, go strengthen 'em;

Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers:

The general needs no proof.

*Duke.* Come, let's go view 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—*The open country.*

*Enter THEODORE, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, and Soldiers, with drums  
and colours.*

*Theod.* 'Tis known we are up, and marching. No submission,  
No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies;  
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour:  
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen,  
Whipt like a slave; that flesh that never trembled,  
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,  
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy  
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,  
That body's torn with lashes.

*Anc.* Let's turn head.

*Puts.* Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march on fairly,  
Unless they charge us.

*Theod.* Think still of his abuses,  
And keep your angers.

*Anc.* He was whipt like a top;

<sup>v</sup> *Or seal it with my service*] "This expression is obscure; but the following seems to be the meaning of it: 'I'll either quench this fury, or, in endeavouring so to do, put a period to my service.'"  
*J. N. Ed. 1778.*



I never saw a whore so lac'd : court school-butter,—  
Is this their diet ? I 'll dress 'em one running banquet.  
What oracle can alter us ? did not we see him ?  
See him we lov'd ?

*Theod.* And though we did obey him,  
Forc'd by his reverence for that time ; is't fit, gentlemen,  
My noble friends, is't fit we men and soldiers,  
Live to endure this, and look on too ?

*Puts.* Forward !

They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,  
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.

*Theod.* They will<sup>w</sup> make ye all fair promises.

*Anc.* We care not.

*Theod.* Use all their arts upon ye.

*Anc.* Hang all their arts !

*Puts.* And happily they 'll bring him with 'em.

*Anc.* March apace, then ;

He is old, and cannot overtake us.

*Puts.* Say he do ?

*Anc.* We 'll run away with him ; they shall never see him  
more.

The truth is, we 'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,  
Consider nothing but our way ; believe nothing,  
Not though they say their prayers ; be content with nothing  
But the knocking out their brains ; and last do nothing  
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

*Theod.* Remove, then, forwards bravely ! keep your minds  
whole,

And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—*Another part of the country.*

*Enter Duke, ARCHAS, BURRIS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

*Archas.* Peace to your grace ! take rest, sir ; they are before us.

*First Gent.* They are, sir, and upon the march.

[Exit Duke.

*Archas.* Lord Burris,



Take you those horse and coast 'em<sup>x</sup>: upon the first advantage,  
If they will not slack their march, charge 'em up roundly;  
By that time I'll come in.

*Burris.* I'll do it truly.

[*Exit.*

*First Gent.* How do you feel yourself, sir?

*Archas.* Well, I thank you;

A little weak, but anger shall supply that.—

You will all stand bravely to it?

*All.* Whilst we have lives, sir.

*Archas.* Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll make the knaves  
know,

The proudest and the strongest-hearted rebel,

They have a law to live in, and they shall have.

Beat up apace; by this time he is upon 'em;

And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever!

[*Drum within. Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.—*Another part of the country.*

*Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, and Soldiers.*

*Theod.* Stand, stand, stand close and sure; the horse will  
charge us.

*Anc.* Let 'em come on; we have provender fit for 'em.

*Puts.* Here comes lord Burris, sir, I think to parley.

*Enter BURRIS, and one or two Soldiers.*

*Theod.* You are welcome, noble sir; I hope to our part.

*Burris.* No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,

To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me.

Fie, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!

Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame with ye?

Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye

Lay down your arms again; move in that peace,

That fair obedience, you were bred in.

*Puts.* Charge us:

We come not here to argue.

<sup>x</sup> *coast 'em*] "i. e. keep along-side of them." MASON.

*Theod.* Charge up bravely,  
And hotly too ; we have hot spleens to meet ye,  
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

*Enter* ARCHAS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

*Burris.* Look behind ye :  
Do you see that old man ? do you know him, soldiers ?

*Puts.* Your father, sir, believe me.

*Burris.* You know his marches,  
You have seen his executions. Is it yet peace ?

*Theod.* We'll die here first.

*Burris.* Farewell : you'll hear on's presently.

*Archas.* Stay, Burris :

This is too poor, too beggarly a body,  
To bear the honour of a charge from me ;  
A sort<sup>y</sup> of tatter'd rebels.—Go, provide gallowses.—  
Ye are troubled with hot heads ; I'll cool ye presently.—  
These look like men that were my soldiers,  
Now I behold 'em nearly and more narrowly,  
My honest friends : where got they these fair figures ?  
Where did they steal these shapes ?

*Burris.* They are struck already.

*Archas.* Do you see that fellow there, that goodly rebel ?  
He looks as like a captain I lov'd tenderly,  
A fellow of a faith indeed :——

*Burris.* He has sham'd him.

*Archas.* And that that bears the colours there, most certain  
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,  
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,  
I am amaz'd and troubled : and, were it not  
I know the general goodness of my people,  
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,  
And am assur'd they would as soon turn devils  
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——

*Burris.* Here needs no wars.

*Puts.* I pray forgive us, sir.

*Anc.* Good general, forgive us, or use your sword ;  
Your words are double death.

*All.* Good noble general !

*Burris.* Pray, sir, be merciful.

*Archas.* Weep out your shames first ;

Ye make me fool for company. Fie, soldiers !

My soldiers too, and play these tricks ! What's he there ?

Sure I have seen his face too : yes ; most certain

I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)

Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him ;

Just of his height and making too.—You seem a leader.

*Theod.* Good sir, do not shame me more : I know your  
anger,

And less than death I look not for.

*Archas.* You shall be my charge, sir : it seems you want foes,

When you would make your friends your enemies :

A running blood you have, but I shall cure you.

*Burris.* Good sir——

*Archas.* No more, good lord.—Beat forward, soldiers :—

And you march in the rear ; you have lost your places.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Moscow. The court of the Palace.*

*Enter Duke, OLYMPIA, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

*Duke.* You shall not be thus sullen still<sup>z</sup> with me, sister ;

You do the most unnobly to be angry,

For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her ;

I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.

I must confess I lov'd her ; as who would not ?

I must confess I doted on her strangely ;

I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,

So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her :

And whilst the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,

Why would you be so jealous ?

*Olym.* Good sir, pardon me ;

I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,

And am asham'd ; that shame a thousand sorrows

Feed on continually. Would I had never seen her !

<sup>z</sup> *still*] Omitted by Weber !

Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her !  
She was too good for me ; so heavenly good, sir,  
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,  
Where I shall see her once again.

*Duke.* No more tears ;  
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.

*Enter BURRIS.*

Welcome, lord Burris ; fair news I hope.

*Burris.* Most fair, sir :  
Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,  
The soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, sir,  
And all his anger ended.

*Duke.* Where's lord Archas ?

*Burris.* Not far off, sir ; with him his valiant son,  
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner ;  
And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,  
I fear some fatal stroke. [ *Drums within.* ]

*Duke.* I hear the drums beat.

*Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Welcome, my worthy friend !

*Archas.* Stand where you are, sir ;  
Even as you love your country, move not forward,  
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,  
A justice on this villain, (none of mine now,)  
A justice on this rebel—

*Hon.* Oh, my brother !

*Archas.* This fatal firebrand !

*Duke.* Forget not, old man,  
He is thy son, of thine own blood.

*Archas.* In these veins  
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny ;  
I ne'er gave life to lewd<sup>a</sup> and headstrong rebels.

*Duke.* 'Tis his first fault.

*Archas.* Not of a thousand, sir ;  
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,  
So strong against the nature of all mercy,

<sup>a</sup> *lewd*] i. e. wicked, vile.

His mother, were she living, would not weep for him.  
He dare not say he would live.

*Theod.* I must not, sir,  
Whilst you say 'tis not fit.—Your grace's mercy,  
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir!  
The world's forgiveness, next! last, on my knees, sir,  
I humbly beg<sup>b</sup>, [Kneels.  
Do not take from me yet the name of father;  
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours!

*Archas.* He moves my heart: I must be sudden with him,  
I shall grow faint else in my execution.  
[*Aside, and then draws his sword.*

Come, come, sir, you have seen death; now meet him bravely.

*Duke.* Hold, hold, I say, a little hold! consider,  
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.

*Archas.* Yes, sir, I have another and a nobler;  
No treason shall inherit me; young Archas,  
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,  
My noble brother Brisky breeds him nobly:  
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

*Enter PUTSKY, and YOUNG ARCHAS.*

*Puts.* Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to inherit thee,  
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young Archas!  
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,  
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art!  
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heav'd up; strike, Archas,  
And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!  
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy; the duke gives it;  
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee!  
Choose quickly, and begin.

*Duke.* On your obedience,  
On your allegiance, save him!

*Archas.* Take him to ye:— [THEOD. rises: Soldiers shout.  
And, sirrah, be an honest man; you have reason.—  
I thank you, worthy brother.—Welcome, child,  
Mine own sweet child!

<sup>b</sup> *I humbly beg*] So arranged in both the folios.

*Duke.* Why was this boy conceal'd thus ?

*Puts.* Your grace's pardon :

Fearing the vow you made against my brother,  
And that your anger would not only light  
On him, but find out all his family,  
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,  
Like a young wench, hither I brought ; myself,  
In the habit of an ordinary captain  
Disguis'd, got entertainment, and serv'd here,  
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.  
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,  
But thought a girl ;—Alinda, madam.

*Olym.* Stand away,  
And let me look upon him.

*Duke.* My young mistress !—  
This is a strange metamorphosis.—Alinda !

*Y. Arch.* Your grace's humble servant.

*Duke.* Come hither, sister.—

I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How they view one  
another !— [ *Aside.*

Dost thou not love this boy well ?

*Olym.* I should lie else, trust me,  
Extremely lie, sir.<sup>a</sup>

*Duke.* Didst thou never wish, Olympia,  
It might be thus ?

*Olym.* A thousand times.

*Duke.* Here, take him ;  
Nay, do not blush ; I do not jest ; kiss sweetly :  
Boy, you kiss faintly, boy ;—Heaven give ye comfort !—  
Teach him ; he'll quickly learn.—There's two hearts eas'd  
now.

*Archas.* You do me too much honour, sir.

*Duke.* No, Archas ;  
But all I can I will.—Can you love me ? speak truly.

*Hon.* Yes, sir, dearly.

*Duke.* Come hither, Viola : can you love this man ?

*Viola.* I'll do the best I can, sir.

*Duke.* Seal it, Burris.  
We'll all to church together instantly ;

<sup>a</sup> *sir*] Weber chose to print "else" !

And then a vie<sup>a</sup> for boys ! Stay, bring Borosky :

[*Exeunt Gentlemen, who re-enter with BOROSKY.*

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,

The knave to worth ; do with him what thou wilt.

*Archas.* Then, to my sword again, you to your prayers ;

[*Draws his sword.*

Wash off your villanies ; you feel the burden.

*Bor.* Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas ! [*Kneels.*

'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.

Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,

No black and blasted infamy, hereafter——

*Archas.* Come, are you ready ?

*Bor.* Yes.

*Archas.* And truly penitent, to make your way straight ?

*Bor.* Thus I wash off my sins.

*Archas.* Stand up, and live, then, [*BOROSKY rises.*

And live an honest man ; I scorn men's ruins.—

Take him again, sir, try him ; and believe

This thing will be a perfect man.

*Duke.* I take him.

*Bor.* And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's hopes fail me !

*Duke.* You are old : no more wars, father.—Theodore,

Take you the charge ; be general.

*Theod.* All good bless you !

*Duke.* And, my good father, you dwell in my bosom ;

From you rise all my good thoughts : when I would think,

And examine time for one that's fairly noble,

And the same man through all the straits of virtue,

Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.—

Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,

To joys, and revels, sports<sup>b</sup> ! and he that can

Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> a vie] i. e. a wager.—To *vie* (a term in various games at cards) “was to hazard, to put down, a certain sum upon a hand.” See Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 106.

<sup>b</sup> revels, sports] “I should read ‘revel-sports.’” MASON.



## EPILOGUE.

---

THOUGH something well assur'd, few here repent  
Three hours of precious time, or money spent  
On our endeavours ; yet, not to rely  
Too much upon our care and industry,  
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,  
How you approve our action in the play ?  
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,  
It is your bounty, and you give us cause  
Hereafter with a general consent  
To study, as becomes us, your content.

### ADDITION TO NOTE X, P. 47.

Clapping a custard on one's head appears to have been a trick practised by pages : in *A Pleasant Commedie called Looke about you*, 1600, we find mention of "the tricks that pages passe in time of Parlament, as swearing to the pantable, *crowning with Custords*, paper whiffes to the sleepers noses," &c. Sig. C.

THE  
MAD LOVER.

*The Mad Lover.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The folio of 1679 adds, "*A Tragi-Comedy.*"

OF this tragi-comedy Fletcher was doubtless the sole author. It is ascribed to him by Sir Aston Cockaine (see Commendatory Poems, vol. i. xviii. of the present ed.), whose authority is very weighty, because elsewhere <sup>a</sup> he blames Charles Cotton and the publishers of the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works* for omitting to distinguish the compositions of the one friend from those of the other. As Burbadge acted one of the characters (probably Memnon), *The Mad Lover* must have been produced before March 1618-19, about the middle of which month that performer died <sup>b</sup>.

“The Design of Cleanthe's Suborning the Priestess to give a false Oracle in favour of her Brother Syphax, is borrowed from the Story of Mundus and Paulina, describ'd at large by Josephus, Lib. 18. cap. 4.” Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 211. “The same story is told by Bandello, (edit. Lucca, vol. III. nov. XIX.) Josephus relates, that Paulina, the beautiful and chaste wife of Saturninus, whose virtues paralleled her own, was greatly offended by the importunities of Mundus, a man of equestrian rank. When Mundus found that Paulina rejected every solicitation, and even refused two hundred thousand drachmæ, which he had offered her for one night, he resolved to famish himself to death. But a freed woman, belonging to his father, named Ide, becoming acquainted with the circumstances, undertook to put the lady in his power, requiring fifty thousand drachmæ to execute her purpose. She knew that Paulina was much addicted to the worship of Isis, and accordingly proceeded to the temple of the goddess, where she obtained a promise of assistance from several of the priests, paying them one half of the fifty thousand drachmæ immediately, and promising the other whenever the design was accomplished. One of the priests went to the house of Paulina, and informed her that the god Anubis was fallen in love with her, and had desired her to come to him. Greatly flattered at the condescension of that deity, she obtained her husband's consent, who was perfectly persuaded of her chastity. In the evening she went to

<sup>a</sup> *Poems*, &c., 1662, pp. 92, 117 [217].

<sup>b</sup> See note, vol. v. 3.

the temple, where, after having supped, and the lights being put out, she was met by Mundus, who lay with her the whole night. The morning being come, and the fictitious god having disappeared, she returned home, and boasted of her connexion with Anubis to all her acquaintance, who strongly suspected some trick of priestcraft. Three days afterwards, she met Mundus, who thanked her for having saved him the promised sum of two hundred thousand drachmæ, and, acquainting her with the deceit he had practised, went his way. Overwhelmed with grief, she discovered the trick to her husband, and conjured him not to suffer such an indignity to pass unrevenged. Saturninus accordingly made the matter known to the emperor Tiberius, who, after a full inquiry, caused the guilty priests and Ide to be crucified, the temple of Isis to be demolished, and her statue to be thrown into the river. Mundus, having acted by the impulse of love, was punished only with banishment. From this abstract, it will be seen that the poet was indebted for a slight hint only to the historian." WEBER (whose analysis of the story I have somewhat altered).

*The Mad Lover* was one of those dramas in which Betterton distinguished himself while an actor in Rhodes's company (see p. 3 of the present vol.); and it appears to have been a favourite play for some time after the Restoration.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ASTORAX, King of Paphos.

MEMNON, a general, }  
POLYDORE, } brothers.

EUMENES, }  
POLYBIUS, } captains.  
PELIUS,<sup>a</sup> }

CHILAX, a lieutenant.

SYPHAX, a soldier, brother to  
CLEANTHE.

STREMON, a soldier.

DEMAGORAS, attendant on MEMNON.

Surgeon.

Fool.

PICUS, a Page.

Boy, page to STREMON.

Boy, attendant on the Priestess.

Lords, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Servants.

CALIS, sister to ASTORAX.

CLEANTHE, sister } gentlewomen  
to SYPHAX, } attending on  
LUCIPPE, } CALIS.

Priestess of Venus.

Nun.

CLOE.

Courtesan.

VENUS.

SCENE—*Paphos*.

*The principal actors were—*

Richard Burbadge.  
Robert Benfield.  
Nathaniel Field.  
Henry Condel.

John Lowin.  
William Egglestone.  
Richard Sharpe.

Fol. 1679.

<sup>a</sup> *Polybius*, ] "Are called *First* and *Second Captain* [in the prefixes] throughout the  
*Pelius*, ] play. I have preferred designating them by their names." WEBER.

## PROLOGUE.

To please all is impossible, and to despair  
Ruins ourselves, and damps the writer's<sup>c</sup> care :  
Would we knew what to do, or say, or when  
To find the minds here equal with the men !  
But we must venture ; now to sea we go,  
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow :  
Remember ye're all venturers, and in this play  
How many twelve-pences<sup>d</sup> ye have stow'd this day ;  
Remember, for return of your delight,  
We launch, and plough through storms of fear and spite.  
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,  
And steer us right ; and, as the sailor sings,<sup>e</sup>  
Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we  
Shall make our home-bound voyage cheerfully ;  
And you, our noble merchants, for your treasure,  
Share equally the fraught<sup>f</sup> we run for,—pleasure.

<sup>c</sup> *writer's*] Is printed in both the folios "writers", which the Editors of 1778 altered to "writers' " : but see prefatory remarks to this play.

<sup>d</sup> *twelve-pences*] "A shilling seems to have been the general price of admission to the best rooms, or boxes, though, in some theatres, it was one-and-sixpence, or even half-a-crown," &c. WEBER, who refers to Malone's *History of the English Stage*. See too Mr. Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 348.

<sup>e</sup> *sailor sings*] So the second folio. The first folio "saylors sing."

<sup>f</sup> *fraught*] "i. e. freight." *Ed.* 1778.



THE  
MAD LOVER.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

---

*Flourish. Enter, on one side, ASTORAX, CALIS, CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE,<sup>e</sup> and Gentlemen; on the other, EUMENES.*

*Eum.* Health to my sovereign !

*Asto.* Eumenes, welcome ;

Welcome to Paphos, soldier, to our love !

And that fair health you wish us, through the camp

May it disperse itself, and make all happy !

How does the general, the valiant Memnon ?

And how his wars, Eumenes ?

*Eum.* The gods have given you, royal sir, a soldier,

Better ne'er sought a danger ; more approv'd

In way of war, more master of his fortunes,

Expert in leading 'em ; in doing valiant,

In following all his deeds to victories,

And holding fortune certain there.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>e</sup> *Cleanthe, Lucippe*] Both the folios have "*Cleanthe, Lucippe* Gentlewomen"; and the Editors of 1778 and Weber print, "*Cleanthe, Lucippe, and Gentlewomen*"; but "*Gentlewomen*", in the folios, means the two just mentioned.

<sup>f</sup> *more master of his fortunes,  
Expert in leading 'em ; in doing valiant,  
In following all his deeds to victories,  
And holding fortune certain there]*

" Mr. Seward reads,

<sup>f</sup> *more master of his fortunes :  
Expert in leading on ; in doing valiant ;  
In following all his deeds,' &c.*

*Asto.* Oh, soldier,  
Thou speak'st a man indeed, a general's general,<sup>g</sup>  
A soul conceiv'd a soldier !

*Eum.* Ten set battles,  
Against the strong usurper Diocles  
(Whom long experience had begot a leader,  
Ambition rais'd too mighty), hath your Memnon  
Won, and won gloriously, distress'd, and shook him,  
Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing :  
In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,  
Forc'd him to wall himself up ; there not safe,  
Shook him with warlike engines like an earthquake,  
Till, like a snail, he left his shell, and crawl'd  
By night and hideous darkness to destruction,  
Disarm'd for ever rising more : twelve castles,  
Some thought impregnable, towns twice as many,  
Countries, that, like the wind, knew no command  
But savage wildness, hath this general,  
With loss of blood and youth, through storms and tempests,  
Call'd to your fair obedience.

*Asto.* Oh, my soldier,  
That thou wert now within my arms ! [*Drums within*] What  
drums  
Are those that beat, Eumenes ?

*Eum.* His, my sovereign ;  
Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,  
An old man now, to offer up his glories  
And endless conquest at your shrine.

Surely the old reading in the text is the right reading. What can prove a man *more master of his fortunes*, than his being *expert in leading 'em* ? Besides that, Mr. Seward's pointing mars the syntax, and deprives the two last lines of the word *valiant*, that governs them :

‘ *in doing valiant,*  
*In following all his deeds to victories,*  
*And holding fortune certain there.*’

Here a repetition of *valiant* is understood, as of the word *more* in the first two lines ; ‘ Ne’er was a soldier more master of his fortunes, [more] expert in leading 'em ; valiant in doing, [valiant] in following his deeds on to victory, and in maintaining it when acquired.’” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>g</sup> *a general's general*] So the second folio ; and so Seward.—The first folio has “ a Generall General ” ; and so the Editors of 1778, who understand the words to mean “ a complete general ” ; so too Weber.

*Asto.* Go, all,  
And entertain him with all ceremony ;  
We 'll keep him now a courtier. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

*Eum.* Sir, a strange one ;  
Pray God his language bear it. By my life, sir,  
He knows no compliment, nor curious casting  
Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em :  
He can say, " Fight well, fellow, and I 'll thank thee ;  
He that must eat must sweat."<sup>a</sup>—" Bring up the rear there !"  
Or " Charge that wing of horse home !" [*Flourish within.*

*Asto.* Go to, go to :  
Valiant and wise are twins, sir.

*Re-enter Gentlemen, with MEMNON, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, CHILAX,  
and Soldiers.*

Welcome, welcome ;  
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general !  
High in thy prince's favour as in fame,  
Welcome to peace and Paphos !

*Mem.* Thank your grace ;  
And would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness  
To thank you as I should ! but pardon me ;  
My sword and I speak roughly, sir : your battles,  
I dare well say, I have fought well ; for I bring you  
That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully,  
That no more name of war is : who now thinks  
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,  
Begin 'em, if he dare, again ; I 'll thank him.  
Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,  
At length your general (as one whose merit  
Durst look upon no less), I have waded through  
Dangers would damp these soft souls but to hear of :  
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, sir.

[*Pointing to his sword.*  
Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,  
No oily language but the shock of arms,  
No dalliance but with death ; no lofty measures,<sup>b</sup>  
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,

<sup>a</sup> *sweat*] So the first folio.—The second folio " fight ;" and so the modern editors.

<sup>b</sup> *measures*] See note, vol. i. 166.

'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at ;  
 Yet I ne'er shrunk : balls of consuming wildfire,  
 That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,  
 And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles ;  
 Upon the edges of my enemies' swords  
 I have march'd like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand waiting,  
 Death at my right ; Fortune my forlorn hope,  
 When I have grappled with Destruction,  
 And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, Night, and Mischief,  
 Frighted<sup>i</sup> to see a new day break in blood :  
 And every where I conquer'd, and for you, sir ;  
 Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,  
 And blown Ambition, dangers ; those that griev'd you,  
 I have taken order for i' th' earth ; those fools  
 That shall hereafter——

*Asto.* No more wars, my soldier :  
 We must now treat of peace, sir.

[*He takes MEMNON aside, and talks with him.*]

*Cle.* How he talks,  
 How gloriously!<sup>k</sup>

*Calis.* A goodly-timber'd fellow ;  
 Valiant, no doubt.

*Cle.* If valour dwell in vaunting.  
 In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions  
 Could be set off in nothing but a noise !  
 Sure, h'as a drum in 's mouth.

*Calis.* I wonder, wenches,  
 How he would speak to us.

*Cle.* Nothing but 'larum,  
 Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,  
 And bless it for sure biting.

*Lucip.* An't like your grace,  
 I do not think he knows us, what we are,  
 Or to what end ; for I have heard his followers

<sup>i</sup> *frighted*] Weber, having mispointed the passage, explains "*frighted*" to mean "were frightened," which he says, "is a singular use of this verb": it means—they being frightened.

<sup>j</sup> *takes Memnon aside, and talks with him*] So both the folios.

<sup>k</sup> *gloriously*] i. e. vain-gloriously.

Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded  
 A sutler's wife yet, or, in execution,<sup>1</sup>  
 Old bed-rid beldames, without teeth or tongues,  
 That would not fly his fury. How he looks !

*Cle.* This way devoutly.

*Calis.* Sure, his lordship's viewing  
 Our fortifications.

*Lucip.* If he mount at me,  
 I may chance choke his battery.

*Calis.* Still his eye  
 Keeps quarter this way : Venus grant his valour  
 Be not in love !

*Cle.* If he be, presently  
 Expect a herald and a trumpet with you,  
 To bid you render ; we two perdues<sup>m</sup> pay for't else.

*Asto.* I'll leave you to my sister and these ladies,  
 To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier,  
 We must now turn your sternness into courtship.<sup>n</sup>  
 When you have done there, to your fair repose, sir ;  
 I know you need it, Memnon.—Welcome, gentlemen !

[*Exit with Gentlemen.*]

*Lucip.* Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's  
 yours ;

Keep your ground sure ; 'tis for your spurs.<sup>o</sup>

*Mem.* Oh, Venus !

[*Kneels amazed and silently before CALIS.*]

*Calis.* How he stares on me !

*Cle.* Knight him, madam, knight him ;  
 He will grow to the ground else.

<sup>1</sup> *execution*] i. e. "the sack of a town." SEWARD.

<sup>m</sup> *perdues*] See note, p. 9.

<sup>n</sup> *courtship*] i. e. courtly behaviour.

<sup>o</sup> *'tis for your spurs*] "i. e. it is your first exploit ; and, to establish your character, you must behave with spirit. It is a common phrase in the old French writers, when a young man behaved gallantly in his first action, to say, *qu'il a bien gagné ses éperons* ; that is, that he has earned his spurs well. The phrase owes its origin to the ancient method of conferring knighthood, one of the ceremonies of which was the tying on the spurs of the new-made knight ; and it was usual to defer the knighting of young soldiers until they had merited that honour by some brave exploit." MASON.

*Eum.* Speak, sir ; 'tis the princess.

*Polyb.* You shame yourself ; speak to her.

*Calis.* Rise and speak, sir.

You are welcome to the court, to me, to all, sir.

*Lucip.* Is he not deaf ?

*Calis.* The gentleman's not well.

*Eum.* Fie, noble general !

*Lucip.* Give him fresh air ; his colour goes.—How do you ?  
The princess will be glad, sir——

*Mem.* [*rising.*] Peace, and hear me.

*Cle.* Command a silence there.

*Mem.* I love thee, lady.

*Calis.* I thank your lordship heartily : proceed, sir.

*Lucip.* Lord, how it stuck in 's stomach, like a surfeit !

*Cle.* It breaks apace now from him, God be thank'd.

What a fine-spoken man he is !

*Lucip.* A choice one ;

Of singular variety in carriage.

*Cle.* Yes, and I warrant you he knows his distance.

*Mem.* With all my heart I love thee.

*Calis.* A hearty gentleman !

And I were e'en an arrant beast, my lord,

But I lov'd you again.

*Mem.* Good lady, kiss me.

*Cle.* Ay, marry, Mars, there thou can'st close up to her.

*Calis.* Kiss you at first, my lord ! 'tis no fair fashion ;  
Our lips are like rose-buds ; blown with men's breaths,  
They lose both sap and savour : there 's my hand, sir.

*Eum.* Fie, fie, my lord ! this is too rude.

*Mem.* Unhand me :

Consume me, if I hurt her !—Good sweet lady,

Let me but look upon thee.

*Calis.* Do.

*Mem.* Yet !

*Calis.* Well, sir,

Take your full view.

*Lucip.* Bless your eyes, sir.

*Calis.* Mercy !

Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier,

So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,  
 If I were given to that vanity  
 Of making sport with men for ignorance,  
 What a most precious subject had I purchas'd!—  
 Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that knows  
 What the man ails, and can speak sense.

*Cle.* Sure, madam,  
 This fellow has been a rare hare-finder :  
 See how his eyes are set !

*Calis.* Some one go with me ;  
 I'll send him something for his head : poor gentleman,  
 He's troubled with the staggers.<sup>p</sup>

*Lucip.* Keep him dark,  
 He will run March-mad else ; the fumes of battles  
 Ascend into his brains.

*Cle.* Clap to his feet  
 An old drum-head, to draw the thunder downward.

*Calis.* Look to him, gentlemen.—Farewell, lord : I am  
 sorry

We cannot kiss at this time ; but, believe it,  
 We'll find an hour for all.—God keep my children  
 From being such sweet soldiers !—Softly, wenches,  
 Lest we disturb his dream.

[*Exit with CLE. and LUCIP.*]

*Eum.* Why, this is monstrous.

*Polyb.* A strange forgetfulness ; yet still he holds it.

*Pel.* Though he ne'er saw a woman of great fashion  
 Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible  
 He might imagine what they are, and what  
 Belongs unto 'em ; mere report of others<sup>q</sup>—

*Eum.* Pish, his head had other whimsies in't.—My lord !  
 Death, I think you're struck dumb : my good lord-general !

*Polyb.* Sir !

<sup>p</sup> *the staggers*] “A kind of horses' apoplexy, is mentioned in *All's Well that Ends Well* [act ii. sc. 3]. One species of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls.” REED.

<sup>q</sup> *Belongs unto 'em ; mere report of others*—] Silently altered by Seward to—

“*Belongs to 'em, by mere report of others.*”



*Mem.* That I do love you, madam, and so love you,  
An't like your grace——

*Pel.* He has been studying this speech.

*Eum.* Who do you speak to, sir?

*Mem.* Why, where 's the lady,  
The woman, the fair woman?

*Polyb.* Who?

*Mem.* The princess;  
Give me the princess.

*Eum.* Give you counsel rather  
To use her like a princess. Fie, my lord!  
How have you borne yourself, how nakedly  
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance,  
To be a sport to all! Report and honour  
Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly,  
Without considering what or who she was,<sup>r</sup>  
Neither collecting reason nor distinction——

*Mem.* Why, what did I, my masters?

*Eum.* All that shews  
A man unhandsome, undigested dough.<sup>s</sup>

*Mem.* Did not I kneel unto her?

*Eum.* Dumb and senseless,  
As though you had been cut out for your father's tomb,  
Or stuck a land-mark: when she spoke unto you,  
Being the excellence of all our island,  
You star'd upon her as you had seen a monster.

*Mem.* Was I so foolish? I confess, Eumenes,  
I never saw before so brave an outside:  
But did I kneel so long?

*Eum.* Till they laugh'd at you:  
And, when you spoke, I am asham'd to tell you  
What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.  
Bless me! is't possible the wild noise of war,<sup>t</sup>

<sup>r</sup> *Without considering what or who she was*] So the second folio; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.—The first folio has

“*Without consideration what, or how she was,*”  
which Weber gave, except that he printed “*who*” instead of “*how*.”

<sup>s</sup> *dough*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “*done*” (a misprint for “*doe*”).

<sup>t</sup> *of war*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “*of a warre,*” which, though



And what she only teaches, should possess you ?  
 Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,  
 Being at flood still in you ; and in peace,  
 And manly conversation, smooth and civil,  
 Where gracefulness and glory twin<sup>u</sup> together,  
 Thrust yourself out an exile ? Do you know, sir,  
 What state she carries ? what<sup>v</sup> great obedience  
 Waits at her beck continually ?

*Mem.* She ne'er commanded  
 A hundred thousand men, as I have done,  
 Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her.

*Eum.* There was a dainty offer too, a rare one !

*Mem.* Why, she is a woman, is she not ?

*Eum.* She is so.

*Mem.* Why, very well ; what was she made for, then ?  
 Is she not young and handsome, bred to breed ?  
 Do not men kiss fair women ? if they do,  
 If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princess  
 Is got the same way that we get a beggar,  
 Or I am cozen'd ; and the selfsame way  
 She must be handled ere she get another.  
 That's rudeness, is it not ?

*Pel.* To her 'tis held so,  
 And rudeness in that high degree——

*Mem.* 'Tis reason :  
 But I will be more punctual<sup>w</sup>. Pray, what thought she ?

*Eum.* Her thoughts were merciful ; but she laugh'd at you,  
 Pitying the poorness of your compliment,  
 And so she left you. Good sir, shape yourself  
 To understand the place and noble persons  
 You live with now.

an improvement to the metre (when " Bless me " is made the conclusion of the preceding line, as the Editors of 1778 regulated the passage), is injurious to the sense ;—" she " in the next line, referring, of course, to " war." Seward silently printed,—

*" Bless me,*

*Is 't possible that the wild noise of war," &c.*

<sup>u</sup> *twin*] Altered, without notice, to "twine," by the Editors of 1778.

<sup>v</sup> *she carries? what*] Seward chose to print "*she carries?* and *what*" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>w</sup> *punctual*] i. e. punctilious.

*Polyb.* Let not those great deserts  
The king hath laid up of you, and the people,  
Be blasted with ill bearing<sup>v</sup>.

*Eum.* The whole name  
Of soldier then will suffer.

*Mem.* She's a sweet one.  
And, good sirs, leave your exhortations ;  
They come untimely to me ; I have brains  
That beat above your reaches : she's a princess,  
That's all ; I have kill'd a king, that's<sup>x</sup> greater.  
Come, let's to dinner ; if the wine be good,  
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.

[*Exeunt all except* CHILAX.]

*Chi.* Well, would thou wert i' the wars again, old Memnon !  
There thou wouldst talk to the purpose, and the proudest  
Of all these court camelions would be glad  
To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,  
This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness !  
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings  
Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five years  
I have serv'd my country, lost my youth and blood,  
Expos'd my life to dangers more than days ;  
Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers,—  
“The king is bound to right me ; they, good people,  
“Have but from hand to mouth.” Look to your wives,  
Your young trimwives, your high-day wives, your marchpanes<sup>y</sup> !  
For, if the soldiers find not recompense,  
(As yet there's none a-hatching, I believe,)  
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye ;  
For starve nor beg they must not. My small means  
Are gone *in fumo* ; here to raise a better—  
Unless it be with lying or dog-flattering,  
At which our nation's excellent, observing dog-days,  
When this good lady broils and would be basted  
By that good lord, or such like moral learnings—  
Is here impossible. Well, I will rub among 'em ;  
If any thing for honesty be gotten,

<sup>v</sup> *ill bearing*] “i. e. ill behaviour.”—WEBER.

<sup>x</sup> *that's*] Silently altered by Seward to “and *that is*” ; and so the Editors of 1778. *marchpanes*] See note, vol. iv. 186.

Though 't be but bread and cheese, I can be satisfied :  
 If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am  
 Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There 's an old lass  
 That shall be nameless, yet alive, my last hope,  
 Has often got me my pocket full of erowns.  
 If all fail—

*Enter Fool and PICUS.*

Jaek-daws, are you alive still ? then  
 I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can prosper.

*Pic.* Brave lieutenant !

*Fool.* Hail to the man of worship !

*Chi.* You are fine, sirs,  
 Most passing fine at all points.

*Fool.* As you see, sir,  
 Home-bred and handsome ; we cut not out our clothes, sir,  
 At half-sword, as your tailors do, and pink<sup>z</sup> 'em  
 With pikes and partizans<sup>a</sup> ; we live retir'd, sir,  
 Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.

*Chi.* Very fine Fool, and fine boy ; peace plays with you  
 As the wind plays with feathers, dances ye ;  
 You grind with all gusts<sup>b</sup>, gallants.

*Pic.* We can bounce<sup>c</sup>, sir,  
 (When you soldadoes bend i' th' hams) and frisk too.

*Fool.* When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,  
 And your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,  
 Lie<sup>d</sup> wambling in your stomachs : hemp and hobnails  
 Will bear no price now ; hangings and old harness  
 Are like to over-run us.

*Pic.* Whores and hot-houses—

*Fool.* Surgeons and syringes, ring out your sance-bells.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>z</sup> *pink*] i. e. work in cyelet-holes, pierce in small holes.

<sup>a</sup> *partizans*] i. e. halberts.

<sup>b</sup> *gusts*] “i. e. gusts of wind, the metaphor being taken from a windmill.”

WEBER.

<sup>c</sup> *bounce*] Seward printed (“from Mr. Theobald’s margin”) “bound” ; and so the Editors of 1778. A most unnecessary alteration.

<sup>d</sup> *Lie*] Sympton’s correction. The first folio has “By” (a misprint for “Ly”) ; the second reads “Be.”

<sup>e</sup> *sance-bells*] The *sance-bell* or *saunce-bell* (a corruption of *saints-bell*) was a small bell rung out when the priest came to the words of the mass, *Sancte, sancte*, &c., that those who were absent from church might, on hearing it, fall upon their knees.—Seward and the Editors of 1778 print “saints’ bells.”

*Pic.* Your jubilee, your jubilee !

*Fool.* *Proh Deum !*

How our St. Georges will bestride the dragons,  
The red and ramping dragons !

*Pic.* Advance it, Fool <sup>f</sup>.

*Fool.* But then the sting i' the tail, boy.

*Pic.* *Tanto melior ;*

For so much the more danger, the more honour.

*Chi.* You're very pleasant with our occupation, gentlemen ;  
Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,  
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,  
A mother or a sister.

*Fool.* Mine's past saddle,  
You should be sure of her else. But say, Sir Huon <sup>g</sup>,  
Now the drum's dubb's [done] <sup>h</sup>, and the sticks turn'd bed-  
staves,

All the old foxes <sup>i</sup> hunted to their holes,  
The iron age return'd to Erebus,  
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* <sup>j</sup>  
Thrust out o' the kingdom by the head and shoulders,  
What trade do you mean to follow ?

*Chi.* That's a question.

*Fool.* Yes, and a learnèd question, if you mark it.  
Consider, and say on.

<sup>f</sup> *Advance it, Fool* ] *i. e.* Go on with the joke, keep it up. Mason compares "Fool up, sirrah" in act v. sc. 4 of the present play, and "I'll fool up" in Fletcher and Shirley's *Night-Walker, or The Little Thief*, act v. sc. 2.—Seward printed, "Well advanc'd, Fool"; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>g</sup> *Sir Huon* ] "An allusion to the very popular romance of *Sir Huon de Bourdeaux*, which was translated by Lord Berners in the sixteenth century, and abridged by Tressan in his *Corps des Extraits des Romans*, &c. It is the original of Wieland's celebrated *Oberon*." WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *Now the drum's dubb's [done]* ] A word has dropt out from the folios. Seward printed "*Now the drum dumb is*", conjecturing also in a note "*Now the drum's dubb's o'er*" (given by the Editors of 1778), and "*Now the drum's dubb's done*" (adopted by Weber, who observes, "it is not unlikely that the alliteration was intended, and where three words beginning with the same letter stand together, one of them might easily be overlooked by the compositor").

<sup>i</sup> *foxes* ] "*Fox* is the old name for a broad sword. To that the Fool alludes [with a quibble]." MASON.

<sup>j</sup> *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* ] "This word often occurs as the longest in existence. It is found in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, and in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*." WEBER (from the notes on the first mentioned play, act v. sc. 1).

*Chi.* Fooling, as thou dost ;  
That 's the best trade, I take it.

*Fool.* Take it straight, then,  
For fear your fellows be before you : hark you, lieutenant,  
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings ;  
When all 's done, you must fool, sir.

*Chi.* Well, I must, then.

*Fool.* But do you know what fooling is ? true fooling ?  
The circumstances that belong unto it ?  
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,  
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,  
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,  
Is not a fool at first dash ; you shall find, sir,  
Strange turnings in this trade ; to fool is nothing,  
As fooling has been ; but to fool the fair way,  
The new way, as the best men fool their friends ;  
For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,  
Desert does nothing ; valiant, wise, virtuous,  
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.

*Chi.* I partly credit that.

*Fool.* Fine wits, fine wits, sir !  
There 's the young boy, he does well in his way too,  
He could not live else in his master's absence ;  
He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily !  
Say his hand slip, but say so.

*Chi.* Why, let it slip, then.

*Fool.* 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,  
And he that works deserves his wages.

*Chi.* That 's true.

*Fool.* He riddles finely to a waiting-gentlewoman,  
Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himself too,  
And wishes all dreams true ; they cry amen,  
And there 's a memorandum : he can sing, too,  
Bawdy enough to please old ladies : he lies rarely,  
Pawns you a suit of clothes at all points fully ;  
Can pick a pocket, if you please, or casket ;  
Lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,  
And calls his hostess mother ; these are things now,

If a man mean to live : [not] to fight and swagger<sup>k</sup>,  
 Beaten about the ears with bawling sheepskins,  
 Cut to the soul for summer<sup>l</sup>; here an arm lost,  
 And there a leg ; his honourable head  
 Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a packet,  
 And so sent over to an hospital ;  
 Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore there, dead there ;  
 And all this sport for cheese and chines of dog-flesh,  
 And money when two Wednesdays meet together,  
 Where to be lousy is a gentleman,  
 And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on.

*Chi.* I'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling.

*Fool.* You cannot choose but like it : fight you one day,  
 I'll fool another ; when your surgeon's paid,  
 And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops<sup>m</sup> are heaviest ;  
 I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,  
 When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.<sup>n</sup>

*Pic.* Come, learn of us, lieutenant ; hang your iron up ;  
 We'll find you cooler wars.

*Chi.* Come, let's together ;  
 I'll see your tricks, and, as I like 'em——<sup>o</sup> [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>k</sup> *If a man mean to live : [not] to fight and swagger, &c.* Seward printed,

“ *If a man mean to live ; not fight and swagger,*” &c.

supposing that “ *to* ” was a misprint for “ *not* ” ; and so the Editors of 1778 ; but I agree with Weber in thinking it more likely that the negative was omitted by mistake.

<sup>l</sup> *Cut to the soul for summer*] “The *summer* being the season of war, I don't discard this, though it is a little obscure, and Mr. Theobald conjectures that it might be *honour*, which would certainly much improve it.” SEWARD. “Theobald's proposed emendation is a very plausible one, and I should be inclined to place it in the text with Mr. Mason, if I did not suspect an allusion to the superstitious practice of cutting the worm under the tongues of dogs, to prevent them from becoming mad in the dog-days.” WEBER. Though I have retained these notes, I must confess that I think them nothing to the purpose.

<sup>m</sup> *slops*] “i. e. large loose breeches, or trowsers.” WEBER.

<sup>n</sup> *When you shall have two sergeants for a counter*] “A quibble on the word *counter*, as applied to a *prison* and a *false piece of money* ; and the meaning of the passage, ‘I shall have a shilling for a can of wine, you only a *counter*, and will be in custody of *two sergeants*, i. e. officers belonging to the *Counter*.’” REED.

<sup>o</sup> *like 'em—*] As the first folio has a full point as well as a break at the end of this speech, it probably concluded with some word which the compositor was unable to decipher.



SCENE II.—*Park belonging to the Palace.*

*Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS.*

*Mem.* Why were<sup>p</sup> there not such women in the camp, then,  
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

*Eum.* 'Twas no place, sir.

*Polyb.* Why should they live in tumults? they are creatures  
Soft, and of sober natures.

*Mem.* Could not your wives,  
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent for  
To exercise upon?

*Eum.* We thank your lordship.

*Pel.* But do you mean——

*Mem.* I do mean——

*Pel.* What, sir?

*Mem.* To see her,  
And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,  
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye from me!  
Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,  
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,  
(Better have ballads in't,) your courtly worships;—  
How to put off my hat<sup>q</sup>; you, how to turn me;  
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discreetly.  
Let me alone; for I will love her, see her,  
Talk to her, and mine own way.

*Eum.* She's the princess.

*Mem.* Why, let her be the devil! I have spoke  
When thunder durst not check me. I must love;  
I know she was a thing kept for me.

*Eum.* And I know, sir,

<sup>p</sup> were] Both the folios "was".

<sup>q</sup> Your courtly worships;—

*How to put off my hat, &c.*] "Theobald supposes a whole line lost here, and Seward reads, 'your courtly worship' [and so the Editors of 1778]; but there can be no occasion of amendment, as Memnon is evidently addressing more persons than one." WEBER,—the latter part of his note being borrowed from Mason. If "courtly worships" be the right reading, it must mean—modes of behaviour suited to the court,—three of which Memnon proceeds to specify.

Though she were born yours, yet your strange behaviour,  
And want——

*Mem.* Thou liest !

*Eum.* I do not.

*Mem.* Ha !

*Eum.* I do not lie, sir :

I say you want fair language ; nay, 'tis certain  
You cannot say good morrow.

*Mem.* Ye dog-whelps,  
The proudest of your prating tongues——

[*Putting his hand to his sword.*]

*Eum.* Do, kill us,  
Kill us for telling truth : for my part, general,  
I would not live to see men make a May-game  
Of him I have made a master : kill us quickly ;  
Then you may——

*Mem.* What ?

*Eum.* Do what you list, draw your sword childishly  
Upon your servants that are bound to tell you.  
I am weary of my life.

*Polyb.* And I.

*Pel.* And all, sir.

*Eum.* Go to the princess, make her sport, cry to her,  
“ I am the glorious man of war ! ”

*Mem.* Pray ye, leave me :

I am sorry I was angry ; I'll think better :  
Pray, no more words.

*Eum.* Good sir——

*Mem.* Nay, then——

*Pel.* We are gone, sir.

[*Exeunt EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS.*]

*Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, and CLEANTHE.*

*Calis.* How came he hither ? see, for Heaven's sake, wenches,  
[*MEMNON walks aside, with strange gestures.*]

What faces and what postures he puts on !

I do not think he is perfect<sup>r</sup>.

*Cle.* If your love

<sup>r</sup> perfect] “ i. e. in his senses. So Lear,

‘ I think I am not in my perfect mind. ’ ” *Ed.* 1778.



Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough ;  
As well as he will be.

*Calis.* Mark how he muses !

*Lucip.* H'as a battalia now in's brains : he draws out now ;  
Have at ye, harpies<sup>s</sup> !

*Cle.* See, see, there the fire falls<sup>t</sup> !

*Lucip.* Look what an alphabet of faces he runs through !

*Cle.* Oh, love, love, how amorously thou look'st  
In an old rusty armour !

*Calis.* I'll away,  
For, by my troth, I fear him.

*Lucip.* Fear the gods, madam,  
And never care what man can do : this fellow,  
With all his frights about him, and his furies,  
His 'larums and his lances, swords and targets,  
Nay, case him up in armour cap-a-pie,  
Yet durst I undertake, within two hours,  
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,  
Should shake his valour off, and make his shanks to ache<sup>u</sup>.

*Cle.* For shame ! no more.

*Calis.* He muses still.

*Cle.* The 'devil !

Why should this old dried timber, chopt with thunder——

*Calis.* Old wood burns quickest.

*Lucip.* Out, you would say, madam :  
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,  
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and sees you.

*Cle.* There's no avoiding now ; have at you !

[MEMNON comes up to CALIS.

\* *harpies*] Both the folios have "harpers"; and so the modern editors,—Weber citing the following line from the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (last scene of act ii.), to shew that *harpers* "was either corrupted from *harpies*, or else that it was sometimes confounded with that word"—

"And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

Weber found the line in a note on *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1., by Steevens, who seems not to have been aware that in the 8vo ed. of *Tamburlaine*, 1592, it stands thus,

"And like a *Harpye* tires on my life."

<sup>t</sup> *falls*] Seward's correction.—The folios have "failes" and "fails."

<sup>u</sup> *shanks to ache*] So the second folio.—The first has "*shankes* too" (a word being omitted).—Seward printed "*shanks ake*" (rightly, perhaps).

*Mem.* Lady,

The more I look upon you——

[*Stays her* <sup>v</sup>.

*Cle.* The more you may, sir.

*Calis.* Let him alone.

*Mem.* I would desire your patience.

The more, I say, I look, the more——

[*Stays her*.

*Lucip.* My fortune.

'Tis very apt, sir.

*Mem.* Women, let my fortune

And me alone, I wish ye.—Pray, come this way :——

And stand you still there.—Lady——

*Calis.* Leave the words, sir,

And leap into the meaning.

*Mem.* Then again

I tell you, I do love you.

*Calis.* Why <sup>w</sup>?

*Mem.* No questions ;

Pray, no more questions. I do love you infinitely.

Why do you smile? am I ridiculous?

*Calis.* I am monstrous fearful [*Aside*].—No, I joy you love me.

*Mem.* Joy on, then, and be proud on 't ; I do love you :——

Stand still ; do not trouble me, you women—

He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd

Princes to beg their freedoms ; he whose valour

Has over-run whole kingdoms.

*Calis.* That makes me doubt, sir,

'Twill over-run me too.

*Mem.* He whose sword——

*Cle.* Talk not so big, sir ; you will fright the princess.

*Mem.* Ha !

*Lucip.* No, forsooth.

*Calis.* I know you have done wonders.

*Mem.* I have, and will do more and greater, braver ;

And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that kingdom,

And take your choice——

<sup>v</sup> *Stays her*] So both the folios.

<sup>w</sup> *Calis. Why ?*] “Mr. Seward, we think injudiciously, gives this interrogatory to *Cleanthe*”. *Ed.* 1778.

*Calis.* Sir, I am not ambitious.

*Mem.* You shall be; 'tis the child of glory. She that I  
love,

Whom my desires shall magnify, time story<sup>s</sup>,  
And all the empires of the earth——

*Cle.* I would fain ask him——

*Lucip.* Prithee, be quiet; he will beat us both else.

*Cle.* What will you make me, then, sir?

*Mem.* I will make thee

Stand still and hold thy peace!—I have a heart, lady——

*Calis.* You were a monster else.

*Mem.* A loving heart,

A truly loving heart.

*Calis.* Alas, how came it?

*Mem.* I would you had it in your hand, sweet lady,  
To see the truth it bears you!

*Calis.* Do you give it——

*Lucip.* That was well thought upon.

*Cle.* 'Twill put him to 't, wench.

*Calis.* And you shall see I dare accept it, sir,  
Take 't in my hand and view it: if I find it  
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,  
I am bound, I am——

*Mem.* No more; I'll send it to you;  
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.

*Cle.* Handsomely done, sir; and perfum'd, by all means,  
The weather's warm, sir.

*Mem.* With all circumstance.

*Lucip.* A napkin wrought most curiously——

*Mem.* Divinely.

*Cle.* Put in a goblet of pure gold.

<sup>s</sup> *time story*] Both the folios have "*time stories*"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.—"We should read, '*time story*'; *shall*, the sign of the future tense, referring to '*story*' as well as to '*magnify*'; and the meaning is this, '*She whom I love, whom my desires shall magnify, and both time and all the earth shall celebrate*.'" MASON,—whose conjecture I have (with Weber) adopted. I suspect, however, that the true reading is, "*time's story*": compare a passage in the preceding play (p. 90), "*these honour'd wounds, time's story*." Weber, in opposition to the old eds., put a full stop at the end of the speech.

*Mem.* Yes, in jacinth,  
That she may see the spirit<sup>x</sup> through.

*Lucip.* You have greas'd him  
For chewing love again in haste<sup>y</sup>.

*Cle.* If he should do it?

*Calis.* If Heaven should fall, we should have larks: he  
do it!

*Cle.* See how he thinks upon't!

*Calis.* He will think these three years,  
Ere he prove such an ass. I lik'd his offer:  
There was no other way to put him off else.

*Mem.* I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.

*Calis.* I do, sir.

*Mem.* Love it; for 'tis a heart that<sup>z</sup>——and so I leave  
you. [Exit.]

*Cle.* Either he is stark mad,  
Or else, I think, he means it.

*Calis.* He must be stark mad,  
Or he will never do it: 'tis vain-glory  
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;  
Sleep and society cures all. His heart!  
No, no, good gentleman; there's more belongs to't:  
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,  
And there examine him a little better:  
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow.  
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't. [Exeunt.]

<sup>x</sup> *spirit*] So the second folio; and so Seward.—The first folio “spirits”; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>y</sup> *You have greas'd him*

*For chewing love again in haste*] “This alludes to the alledged trick of hostlers greasing the teeth and gums of horses, to prevent them from eating their hay or corn.” WEBER.

<sup>z</sup> *for 'tis a heart that*] “These words are not to be found in the first folio, but were added in the second, probably from an authentic source.” WEBER.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of MEMNON.*

---

*Enter MEMNON.*

*Mem.* 'Tis but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with dabbling,  
Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep 'em.  
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?  
For in the other world she is bound to have me;  
Her princely word is past: my great desert too  
Will draw her to come after presently;  
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.  
Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there  
Can hinder us; all languages are alike too;  
There love is ever lasting, ever young,  
Free from diseases, agues<sup>a</sup>, jealousies,  
Bawds, beldames, painters<sup>b</sup>, purgers. Die! 'tis nothing:  
Men drown themselves for joy to draw in juleps,  
When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it;  
And many a handsome wench, that loves the sport well,  
Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom.  
But I must be incis'd first, cut and open'd,  
My heart, and handsomely, ta'en from me:—stay there:—  
Dead once—stay; let me think again: who do I know there?—  
For else to wander up and down unwaited on,  
And unregarded in my place and project,  
Is for a sowter's<sup>c</sup> soul, not an old soldier's.  
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—  
That have been kill'd before me—right—

<sup>a</sup> *agues*] Mason's correction, and obviously necessary.—Both the folios have "ages"; and so Seward (who observes in a note that Theobald and Sympson would read "aches"); so too the Editors of 1778.

<sup>b</sup> *painters*] i. e. women with painted faces.—Altered by Seward to "pandars"; and so the Editors of 1778!

<sup>c</sup> *sowter's*] "i. e. cobbler's." WEBER.

*Enter CHILAX.*

*Chi.* He 's here,  
And I must trouble him.

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* Then those I have conquer'd,  
To make my train full——

*Chi.* Sir——

*Mem.* My captains then——

*Chi.* Sir, I beseech you——

*Mem.* For to meet her there,  
Being a princess and a king's sole sister,  
With great accommodation, must be ear'd for.

*Chi.* Weigh but the soldiers' poverty.

*Mem.* Mine own troop first,—  
For they shall die——

*Chi.* How! what 's this?

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* Next——

*Chi.* Shall I speak louder [*Aside*] ?—Sir——

*Mem.* A square battalia——

*Chi.* You do not think of us.

*Mem.* Their armours gilded——

*Chi.* Good noble sir——

*Mem.* And round about such engines  
Shall make hell shake.

*Chi.* You do not mock me?

*Mem.* For, sir,

I will be strong as brave<sup>d</sup>——

*Chi.* You may consider;

You know we have serv'd you long enough.

*Mem.* No soldier

That ever landed on the blest Elysium  
Did or shall march as I will——

*Chi.* Would you would march, sir,  
Up to the king, and get us——

*Mem.* King nor keisar<sup>e</sup>  
Shall equal me in that world.

<sup>d</sup> *I will be strong as brave*] “i. e. I will be strong, as well as fine and glorious”. MASON. So the second folio.—The first folio has “strange”.

<sup>e</sup> *keisar*] i. e. emperor. Seward, not being acquainted with this very common word (a corruption of *Cæsar*), altered it to “Cæsar.”

*Chi.* What a devil ails he ?

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* Next, the rare beauties of those towns I fir'd—

*Chi.* I speak of money, sir.

*Mem.* Ten thousand coaches——

*Chi.* Oh, pounds, sir, pounds ! I beseech your lordship,  
Let coaches run out of your remembrance.

*Mem.* In which the wanton Cupids, and the Graces,  
Drawn with the Western Winds, kindling desires ;—  
And then our poets——

*Chi.* Then our pay.

*Mem.* For, Chilax, when the triumph comes, the princess  
then ;—

For I will have a heaven made——

*Chi.* Bless your lordship<sup>f</sup> !

*Mem.* Stand still, sir.

*Chi.* So I do.

*Mem.* And in it——

*Chi.* Death, sir,

You talk you know not what !

*Mem.* Such rare devices !

Make me, I say, a heaven.

*Chi.* I say so too, sir.

*Mem.* For here shall run a constellation——

*Chi.* And there a pissing-conduit<sup>g</sup>.

*Mem.* Ha !

*Chi.* With wine, sir.

*Mem.* A sun there in his height, there such a planet !

*Chi.* But where 's our money ? where runs that ?

*Mem.* Ha !

*Chi.* Money,

Money, an 't like your lordship.

<sup>f</sup> *Chi.* Bless your lordship, &c.] Both the folios thus ;

“*Chi.* Blesse your Lordship!

*Stand still Sir.*

*Mem.* So I doe and in it.”

The alteration was made by Seward, and no doubt rightly. In the preceding scene, Memnon thrice uses the words “stand still.”

<sup>g</sup> a pissing-conduit] Seems (as *Nares* observes, *Gloss.* in v.) to have been a general term for a small conduit. One so named stood near the Royal Exchange.



*Mem.* Why, all the carriage  
Shall come behind ; the stuff, rich hangings, treasure ;  
Or, say we have none—

*Chi.* I may say so truly,  
For hang me, if I have a groat. I have serv'd well,  
And like an honest man : I see no reason——

*Mem.* Thou must needs die, good Chilax.

*Chi.* Very well, sir.

*Mem.* I will have honest, valiant souls about me ;  
I cannot miss thee <sup>h</sup>.

*Chi.* Die !

*Mem.* Yes, die ; and Pelius,  
Eumenes, and Polybius : I shall think  
Of more within these two hours.

*Chi.* Die, sir !

*Mem.* Ay, sir ;  
And you shall die.

*Chi.* When, I beseech your lordship ?

*Mem.* To-morrow see you do die.

*Chi.* A short warning :  
Troth, sir, I am ill prepar'd.

*Mem.* I die myself then ;  
Beside, there 's reason——

*Chi.* Oh !

*Mem.* I pray thee, tell me,  
For thou art a great dreamer——

*Chi.* I can dream, sir,  
If I eat well and sleep well.

*Mem.* Was it never  
By dream or apparition open'd to thee——

*Chi.* He 's mad.

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* What the other world was, or Elysium ?  
Didst never travel in thy sleep ?

*Chi.* To taverns,  
When I was drunk o'er night ; or to a wench ;  
There 's an Elysium for you, a young lady  
Wrapt round about you like a snake ! is that it ?

<sup>h</sup> *miss thee*] i. e. want thee, do without thee.

Or if that strange Elysium that you talk of  
Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,  
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him :  
He trots the dagger out o' the sheath.<sup>1</sup>

*Mem.* Elysium,  
The blessèd fields, man.

*Chi.* I know no fields blessèd,  
But those I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I have been  
In heaven too.

*Mem.* There, handle that place ; that's Elysium.

*Chi.* Brave singing, and brave dancing, and rare things.

*Mem.* All full of flowers.

*Chi.* And pot-herbs.

*Mem.* Bowers for lovers,  
And everlasting ages of delight.

*Chi.* I slept not so far.

*Mem.* Meet me on those banks  
Some two days hence.

*Chi.* In dream, sir ?

*Mem.* No ; in death, sir :  
And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.  
Away ! no more, no more.

*Chi.* God keep your lordship !  
This is fine dancing for us.

*Enter SYPHAX.*

*Syph.* Where's the general ?

*Chi.* There's the old sign of Memnon ; where the soul is  
You may go look, as I have.

*Syph.* What's the matter ?

<sup>1</sup> *I have had him by the horns, and rid him :*

*He trots the dagger out o' the sheath*] "*Chilax seems to allude to the Vice in the Ancient Moralities, who was a comic character, or rather the fool or clown of the drama, and who, to the great amusement of the spectators, used to bestride the devil, and belabour his back with a dagger of lath. From the text it would, however, appear either that the devil was furnished with a similar weapon for his defence, or that the poet inadvertently confounded the two characters.*" WEBER. A truly nonsensical note ! *Chilax* means—that, in his dream, the devil trotted under him so violently as to make his (*Chilax's*) dagger start out of its sheath.

*Chi.* Why, question him and see : he talks of devils,  
Hells, heavens, princes, powers, and potentates.  
You must to the pot too.

*Syph.* How !

*Chi.* Do you know Elysium ?  
A tale he talks the wild-geese-chase of.

*Syph.* Elysium !  
I have read of such a place.

*Chi.* Then get you to him,  
Ye are as fine company as can be fitted ;  
Your worship 's fairly met.<sup>j</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Syph.* Mercy upon us,  
What ails this gentleman ?

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* Incision<sup>k</sup>——

*Syph.* How his head works !

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* Between two ribs :  
If he cut short, or mangle me, I 'll take him  
And twirl his neck about.

*Syph.* Now gods defend us !

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* In a pure cup transparent, with a writing  
To signify——

*Syph.* I never knew him thus :  
Sure, he 's bewitch'd or poison'd.

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* Who 's there ?

*Syph.* I, sir.

*Mem.* Come hither. Syphax ?

*Syph.* Yes ; how does your lordship ?

*Mem.* Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very well :  
But, prithee, tell me——  
*Syph.* Any thing I can, sir.

<sup>j</sup> *Ye are as fine company as can be fitted ;*

*Your worship 's fairly met*] “i. e. your worship is well suited with a companion. These words certainly belong to Chilax.” MASON. “The Editors of 1778 wished to give the last line to Syphax.” WEBER.

<sup>k</sup> *Incision*] Seward's correction, and obviously necessary.—Both the folios have “Provision.”—Earlier in this scene (p. 141) Memnon says,

“But I must be *incis'd* first, cut and open'd.”

And again in act iii. sc. 2.,

“You can *incise*  
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?”

*Mem.* What durst thou do to gain the rarest beauty  
The world has ?

*Syph.* That the world has ! 'tis worth doing.

*Mem.* Is it so ? but what doing bears it ?

*Syph.* Why, any thing ; all dangers it appears to.

*Mem.* Name some of those things ; do.

*Syph.* I would undertake, sir,  
A voyage round about the world.

*Mem.* Short, Syphax ;  
A merchant does it to spice pots of ale.

*Syph.* I would swim in armour.

*Mem.* Short still ; a poor jade  
Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strongly,  
To leap a mare.

*Syph.* The plague I durst.

*Mem.* Still shorter ;  
I'll cure it with an onion.

*Syph.* Surfeits.

*Mem.* Short still ;  
They are often physicks for our healths, and help us.

*Syph.* I would stand a breach.

*Mem.* Thine honour bids thee, soldier ;  
'Tis shame to find a second cause.

*Syph.* I durst, sir,  
Fight with the fellest monster.

*Mem.* That's the poorest ;  
Man was ordain'd their master. Durst you die, sir ?

*Syph.* How ! die, my lord !

*Mem.* Die, Syphax ; take thy sword,  
And come by that door to her ? There's a price  
To buy a lusty love at.

*Syph.* I am well content, sir,  
To prove no purchaser.

*Mem.* Away, thou world-worm !  
Thou win a matchless beauty !

*Syph.* 'Tis to lose 't, sir ;  
For, being dead, where's the reward I reach at ?  
The love I labour for ?

*Mem.* There it begins, fool.

Thou art merely<sup>1</sup> cozen'd ; for the loves we now know  
 Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated<sup>m</sup> ;  
 Desires stirr'd up by Nature to increase her ;  
 Licking of one another to a lust ;  
 Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,  
 And heirs of idleness and blood : pure love,  
 That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase  
 While she is loaden with our flesh, that love, sir,  
 Which is the price of honour, dwells not here ;  
 Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue ;  
 That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over,  
 Nor scents the sweets of ambers : below, Syphax,  
 Below us in the other world, Elysium,  
 Where 's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,  
 Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,  
 There, Syphax, there, where loves are ever living !

*Syph.* Why do we love in this world, then ?

*Mem.* To preserve it,  
 The Maker lost his work else : but mark, Syphax,  
 What issues that love bears.

*Syph.* Why, children, sir.——  
 I never heard him talk thus, thus divinely  
 And sensible before.

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* It does so, Syphax ;  
 Things, like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented,  
 Bubbles and breaths of air<sup>n</sup> ; got with an itching  
 As blisters are, and, bred, as much corruption  
 Flows from their lives ; sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,

<sup>1</sup> *merely*] i. e. absolutely, wholly.

<sup>m</sup> *hated*] i. e. hated by us, when that half hour is past.—In the folios there is no stop at the end of this line.—Seward (with the concurrence of Sympson) printed,

“heated

*Desires stirr'd up,” &c.*

The Editors of 1778 gave, with the folios,

“hated

*Desires stirr'd up,” &c.*

and so Weber, who (after sneering at Mason's proposal to throw the word “hated” out of the text) observes ; “*hated* stands for *hateful* ; and no further elucidation, much less any alteration, is required.”

<sup>n</sup> *breaths of air*] So the second folio.—The first folio “breath of ayres.”

And oftentimes the deaths of those we love most :  
The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em ;  
Crying they creep amongst us like young cats ;  
Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,  
They make time old to tend them, and experience  
An ass, they alter so : they grow, and goodly ;  
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,  
They fall into the main, are known no more :  
This is the love of this world. I must tell thee,  
For thou art understanding——

*Syph.* What you please, sir.

*Mem.* And as a faithful man—nay, I dare trust thee—  
I love the princess.

*Syph.* There 'tis, that has fir'd him ;  
I knew he had some inspiration. — [*Aside.*  
But does she know it, sir ?

*Mem.* Yes, marry, does she ;  
I have given my heart unto her.

*Syph.* If you love her.

*Mem.* Nay, understand me ; my heart taken from me,  
Out of my body, man, and so brought to her.  
How lik'st thou that brave offer ? There 's the love  
I told thee of, and after death the living<sup>o</sup> :  
She must in justice come, boy, ha ?

*Syph.* Your heart, sir !

*Mem.* Ay, so, by all means, Syphax.

*Syph.* He loves roast well, [*Aside.*  
That eats the spit.

*Mem.* And since thou art come thus fitly,  
I 'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it ;  
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it :  
And I conjure thee, Syphax, by thy gentry,  
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,

<sup>o</sup> *living*] “The old reading [which Seward proposed altering to ‘loving’] is right, and the whole clause, taken together, agrees exactly with what has gone before ;

‘*There's the love*

*I told thee of, and after death the living*’.

These words are little else than repeating,

‘*There, Syphax, there, where loves are ever living*.’” *Ed.* 1778.

By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses,  
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——

*Syph.* But one thing, first, sir. If she pleas'd to grant it,  
Could you not love her here, and live? consider.

*Mem.* Ha! yes, I think I could.

*Syph.* 'Twould be far nearer;  
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last love,  
And link it in.

*Mem.* Thou say'st right: but our ranks here  
And bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,  
As I perceive she does.

*Syph.* Desert and duty  
Makes even all, sir.

*Mem.* Then the king, though I  
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,  
So many princes covetous of her<sup>p</sup> beauty.  
I would with all my heart—but 'tis impossible.

*Syph.* Why, say she marry after?

*Mem.* No, she dares not;  
The gods dare not do ill. Come.

*Syph.* Do you mean it?

*Mem.* Lend me thy knife, and help me off<sup>a</sup>.

*Syph.* For Heaven sake,  
Be not so stupid mad, dear general!

*Mem.* Despatch, I say.

*Syph.* As you love that you look for,  
Heaven and the blessèd life——

*Mem.* Hell take thee, coxcomb!  
Why dost thou keep me from it? thy knife, I say!

*Syph.* Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,—

[*Kneeling.*

Stay but two hours till I return again;  
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,  
Your most unvalu'd<sup>r</sup> love, and last your danger.  
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,  
Happy, and high in favour; if she frown——

<sup>p</sup> her] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio.

<sup>a</sup> help me off] "i. e. help me off with my clothes." MASON.

<sup>r</sup> unvalu'd] i. e. invaluable, inestimable.



*Mem.* Shall I be sure to know it?

*Syph.* As I live, sir,

My quick return shall either bring you fortune,  
Or leave you to your own fate.

*Mem.* Two hours?

*Syph.* Yes, sir.

*Mem.* Let it be kept. Away! I will expect it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.—*The court of the Palace.*

*Enter CHILAX, Fool, and PICUS.*

*Chi.* You dainty wits! two of<sup>s</sup> ye to a cater<sup>t</sup>,  
To cheat him of a dinner!

*Pic.* Ten at court, sir,  
Are few enough; they are as wise as we are.

*Chi.* Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where;  
I never make that part of want. Preach to me  
What ye can do, and when ye list.

*Fool.* Your patience;  
'Tis a hard day at court, a fish-day.

*Chi.* So it seems, sir;  
The fins grow out of thy face.

*Fool.* And to purchase  
This day the company of one dear custard,  
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas<sup>u</sup>, needs a main wit:  
Beef we can bear before us, lin'd with brewis<sup>v</sup>,

<sup>s</sup> of] So the second folio.—The first folio “an” [a misprint for “on” i. e. of].

<sup>t</sup> cater] “i. e. caterer.” WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> a mess of Rice ap Thomas] “The last editors suppose that *Rice ap Thomas* was the name of some dish well known at that time; but that is not the case. The Fool means only a mess of rice; but as *Rice* is the name of one of the great Welch families, he ludicrously adds to it the words *ap Thomas*.”

‘Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,

\* \* \* \* \*

And *Rice ap Thomas* with a valiant crew,’ &c.

*Richard the Third*, act iv. [sc. 5].” MASON.

Weber “strongly suspects that the appellation was a cant term for a mess of rice.”

<sup>v</sup> brewis] “i. e. broth, soup, generally the liquor in which the meat is boiled.”  
WEBER. See note, vol. v. 17.

And tubs of pork, vociferating veals,  
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.

*Chi.* Line thy mouth with 'em ;  
Thou hast need.

*Fool.* And great need ; for these finny fish-days <sup>w</sup>  
The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,  
They cannot apprehend us.

*Chi.* That's great pity ;  
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended <sup>x</sup>,  
The whip to boot.—Boy, what do you so near me ?  
I dare not trust your touch, boy.

*Pic.* As I am virtuous !  
What, thieves among ourselves !

*Enter STREMON and Boy <sup>y</sup>.*

*Chi.* Stremon !

*Stre.* Lieutenant !

*Chi.* Welcome ashore, ashore !

*Fool.* What, Monsieur Music !

*Stre.* My fine fool !

*Pic.* Fellow crack<sup>z</sup> ! why, what a consort<sup>a</sup>  
Are we now bless'd withal !

*Fool.* Fooling and fiddling—  
Nay, an we live not now, boys !—What new songs, sirrah ?

*Stre.* A thousand, man, a thousand.

*Fool.* Itching airs,  
Alluding to the old sport ?

<sup>w</sup> *Chi.* Line thy mouth with 'em ;  
Thou hast need.

*Fool.* And great need ; for these finny fish-days, &c.] In both the folios thus ;  
<sup>x</sup> *Chi.* Line thy mouth with 'em.

*Fool.* Thou hast need, and great need,  
For these finny fish-days," &c.

and so the modern editors, Weber printing "*Thou hadst need*," &c.—I have here made an alteration proposed by Heath. (*M.S. Notes*).

<sup>x</sup> and, being apprehended, &c.] "The reader need not be told that a most miserable pun is put into the mouth of Chilax," &c. WEBER.

<sup>y</sup> *Enter Stremon and Boy*] "The first folio reads—'Enter Stremon and his Boy *Ed. Hor.*,' probably the abbreviated name of the boy who acted the part."  
WEBER.

<sup>z</sup> crack] A term (very common in early plays) for an arch, lively boy.

<sup>a</sup> consort] i. e. company or band of musicians.

*Stre.* Of all sizes.

*Fool.* And how does small Tim Treble here, the heart on 't?

*Boy.* To do you service.

*Fool.* Oh, Tim, the times! the times, Tim!

*Stre.* How does the general?

And next, what money's stirring?

*Chi.* For the general,

He's here; but such a general! the time's chang'd, Stremon;

He was the liberal general, and the loving,

The feeder of a soldier, and the father;

But now become the stupidest.

*Stre.* Why, what ails he?

*Chi.* Nay, if a horse knew,—and his head's big enough,—

I'll hang for 't. Didst thou ever see a dog

Run mad o' the tooth-ache? such another toy

Is he now; so he gloats<sup>b</sup>, and grins, and bites.

*Fool.* Why, hang him quickly,

And then he cannot hurt folks.

*Chi.* One hour raving,

Another smiling, not a word the third hour.

I tell thee, Stremon, h'as a stirring soul:

Whatever it attempts, or labours at,

Would wear out twenty bodies in another.

*Fool.* I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but buckram;

He would bounce that out in two hours.

*Chi.* Then he talks

The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,

Or any thing you offer. Stand thou there;

I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,

The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of.—

Stremon!

*Stre.* My lord?

*Chi.* Go presently, and find me

A black horse with a blue tail; bid the blank cornet

Charge through the sea, and sink the navy—softly!

Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us

With 'larums and loud bawlings; for in Elysium,

Stillness and quietness and sweetness—sirrah,

<sup>b</sup> gloats] i. e. stares.

I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,  
 Such a strong reputation<sup>c</sup> for my welcome  
 As all the world shall say—for, in the forefront,  
 So many on white unicorns, next them  
 My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,  
 Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks, to take hold  
 Of all occasions; for Friday cannot fish out  
 The end I aim at. Tell me of Diocles,  
 And what he dares do! dare he meet me naked?  
 Thunder in this hand, in this<sup>d</sup> left—Fool!

*Fool.* Yes, sir.

*Chi.* Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air, fly swiftly  
 To that place where the sun sets, there deliver—

*Fool.* Deliver! what, sir?

*Chi.* This, sir, this, you slave, sir!—[*All laugh*<sup>e</sup>.  
 Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabs<sup>f</sup>! [Seizes the Fool.

*Fool.* Hold, for Heaven's sake,  
 Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant!

*Chi.* I have done, sir.

*Pic.* You have wrung his neck off.

*Chi.* No, boy; 'tis the nature  
 Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale people  
 Along by the hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.

*Fool.* Do you call this acting? was your part to beat me?

*Chi.* Yes, I must act all that he does.

*Fool.* Plague act you!

I'll act no more.

*Stre.* 'Tis but to shew, man.

*Fool.* Then, man,  
 He should have shew'd it only, and not done it;  
 I am sure he beat me beyond action<sup>g</sup>.—  
 Gouts o' your heavy fist!

*Chi.* I'll have thee to him;

<sup>c</sup> reputation] Was altered by Seward (at Sympson's suggestion) to "preparation,"—very unnecessarily, as the later editors saw.

<sup>d</sup> this] Obviously the right reading, was proposed by Weber in a note.—Both the folios "his"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>e</sup> All laugh] So both the folios.

<sup>f</sup> scarabs] "i. e. beetles." WEBER.

<sup>g</sup> beyond action] "i. e. beyond fictitious representation." MASON.

Thou hast a fine wit, fine Fool, and canst play rarely :  
He'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee.

*Fool.* I'll to the stocks first,  
Ere I be strok'd thus.

*Stre.* But how came he, Chilax ?

*Chi.* I know not that.

*Stre.* I'll to him.

*Chi.* He loves thee well,  
And much delights to hear thee sing ; much taken  
He has been with thy battle-songs.

*Stre.* If music  
Can find his madness, I'll so fiddle him,  
That out it shall by the shoulders.

*Chi.* My fine fiddler,  
He'll fir<sup>k</sup> you, an you take not heed too : 'twill be rare  
sport

To see his own trade triumph over him ;  
His lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges<sup>i</sup> ;  
For money, there's none stirring [*Aside*].—Try, good Stremon,  
Now what your silver sound<sup>j</sup> can do ; our voices  
Are but vain echoes.

*Stre.* Something shall be done  
Shall make him understand all. Let's to the tavern ;  
I have some few crowns left yet : my whistle wet once,  
I'll pipe him such a paven<sup>k</sup>——

*Chi.* Hold thy head up ;  
I'll cure it with a quart of wine ; come, coxcomb<sup>l</sup> :—  
Come, boy ; take heed of napkins<sup>m</sup>.

*Fool.* You'd no more acting ?

*Chi.* No more, chicken.

*Fool.* Go, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>k</sup> *firk*] See note, vol. iv. 216.

<sup>i</sup> *for creeping hedges*] “i. e. to prevent his creeping hedges,—a common mode of expression in these plays.” MASON. See Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *For*.

<sup>j</sup> *silver sound*] See note, vol. v. 88.

<sup>k</sup> *paven*] Variousl<sup>y</sup> written, *pavan*, *pavin*, *pavian*,—means properly—a grave, majestic dance (generally supposed to have been invented in Spain, and often mentioned by our early writers) : but here it is used merely for—dance.

<sup>l</sup> *coxcomb*] “Must not be understood here in its modern sense. It refers to the cock's head, with which the cap of a [licensed] fool was frequently surmounted.” WEBER.

<sup>m</sup> *take heed of napkins*] “i. e. take care not to steal napkins.” WEBER.

SCENE III.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SYPHAX on one side, and a Gentleman on the other.*

*Syph.* God save you, sir ! pray, how might I see the princess ?

*Gent.* Why, very fitly, sir ; she's even now ready To walk out this way into the park : stand there, You cannot miss her sight, sir.

*Syph.* I much thank you. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, and CLEANTHE.*

*Calis.* Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye, wenches, I would not meet him willingly again ; For, though I do not fear him, yet his fashion I would not be acquainted much with.

*Cle.* Gentle lady,  
You need not fear ; the walks are view'd, and empty : But methinks, madam, this kind heart of his——

*Lucip.* Is slow a-coming.

*Syph.* Keep me, ye blest angels !  
What killing power is this ! [*Aside.*]

*Calis.* Why, dost thou look for 't ?  
Dost think he spoke in earnest ?

*Lucip.* Methinks, madam,  
A gentleman should keep his word, and to a lady,  
A lady of your excellencies.

*Calis.* Out, fool !  
Send me his heart ! what should we do wi't ? dance it ?

*Lucip.* Dry it, and drink it for the worms.

*Calis.* Who's that ?  
What man stands there ?

*Cle.* Where ?

*Calis.* There.

*Cle.* A gentleman,  
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,  
As know him for your servant's brother.

*Calis.* Syphax ?

*Cle.* The same, an't please your grace.—What does he here ?  
Upon what business ? and I ignorant ? [*Aside.*]

*Calis.* He's grown a handsome gentleman.—Good Syphax,  
You're welcome from the wars : would you with us, sir ?  
Pray, speak your will.—He blushes.—Be not fearful ;  
I can assure you, for your sister's sake, sir—  
There's my hand on it.

*Cle.* Do you hear, sir ?

*Calis.* Sure, these soldiers  
Are all grown senseless.

*Cle.* Do you know where you are, sir ?

*Calis.* Tongue-tied ;  
He looks not well too ; by my life, I think——

*Cle.* Speak, for shame, speak.

*Lucip.* A man would speak.

*Calis.* These soldiers  
Are all dumb saints<sup>n</sup>.—Consider, and take time, sir.—  
Let's forward, wenches, come ; his palate's down<sup>o</sup>.

*Lucip.* Dare these men charge i' the face of fire and bullets,  
And hang their heads down at a handsome woman ?  
Good Master Mars, that's a foul fault.

[*Exeunt CALIS and LUCIPPE.*]

*Cle.* Fie, beast !  
No more my brother !

*Syph.* Sister, honour'd sister !

*Cle.* Dishonour'd fool !

*Syph.* I do confess——

*Cle.* Fie on thee !

*Syph.* But stay till I deliver——

*Cle.* Let me go ;  
I am asham'd to own thee.

*Syph.* Fare you well, then :  
You must ne'er see me more.

*Cle.* Why, stay, dear Syphax :  
My anger's past ; I will hear you speak.

<sup>n</sup> *dumb saints*] Seward, having followed here the 8vo. of 1711, which gives "dull saints", mentions in a note that "Sympson doubts whether we should not read 'dull sots'" !

<sup>o</sup> *his palate's down*] "This seems to be the same as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar." Ed. 1778. The expression has occurred before, see p. 59, l. 19.



*Syph.* Oh, sister !

*Cle.* Out with it, man !

*Syph.* Oh, I have drunk my mischief !

*Cle.* Ha ! what ?

*Syph.* My destruction ;

In at mine eyes I have drunk it. Oh, the princess,

The rare sweet princess !

*Cle.* How, fool ! the rare princess !

Was it the princess that thou saidst ?

*Syph.* The princess.

*Cle.* Thou dost not love her, sure ? thou dar'st not.

*Syph.* Yes,

By Heaven.

*Cle.* Yes, by Heaven ! I know thou dar'st not :

The princess ! 'tis thy life, the knowledge of it<sup>p</sup> ;

Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,

And leave 'em slaves and succourless : the princess !

Why, she's a sacred thing, to see and worship,

Fix'd from us as the sun is, high and glorious,

To be ador'd, not doted on. Desire things possible,

Thou foolish young man ; nourish not a hope

Will hale thy heart out.

*Syph.* 'Tis my destiny,

And I know both disgrace and death will quit<sup>q</sup> it,

If it be known.

*Cle.* Pursue it not, then, Syphax :

Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee ;

Go home and pray.

*Syph.* I cannot.

*Cle.* Sleep, then, Syphax,

And dream away thy doting.

*Syph.* I must have her,

Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe ;

Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, wench.

*Cle.* Die, then ; I dare forget. Farewell.

<sup>p</sup> 'tis thy life, the knowledge of it] "i. e. thy life would be forfeited, if it was known." WEBER.

<sup>q</sup> quit] "i. e. requite." WEBER.

*Syph.* Farewell, sister ;  
Farewell for ever ! see me buried.

*Cle.* Stay ;  
Pray, stay.—He 's all my brothers [*Aside*].—No way, Syphax ?  
No other woman ?

*Syph.* None, none ; she, or sinking.

*Cle.* Go, and hope well ; my life I 'll venture for thee,  
And all my art ; a woman may work miracles.  
No more. Pray heartily against misfortunes\*,  
For much I fear a main one.

*Syph.* I shall do it. [*Exeunt severally.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*A grove near the Temple of Venus.*

*Enter Priestess and Boy.*

*Priest.* Find him by any means ; and, good child, tell him  
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this ; [*Giving a ring.*  
And say, this night, without excuse or business,  
As ever he may find a friend, come to me ;  
He knows the way, and how. Be gone.

*Boy.* I gallop. [*Exit.*

*Enter CLEANTHE.*

*Cle.* I have been looking you\*.

*Priest.* The fair Cleanthe !  
What may your business be ?

*Cle.* Oh, holy mother,  
Such business, of such strange weight ! now or never,  
As you have lov'd me, as you do or may do,  
When I shall find a fit time——

\* *misfortunes*] The correction of the Editors of 1778, and obviously necessary.  
—Both the folios “my fortunes” ; and so Seward.

\* *looking you*] “i. e. looking for you, searching you out. So again in the fourth act [sc. 2.],

‘ I’ the wars he would have *look’d me.*’ ” WEBER.  
We have had this expression several times before.

*Priest.* If by my means  
Your business may be fitted—you know me,  
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,  
To build your best hopes.

*Cle.* Oh, but 'tis a strange one ;  
Stuck with as many dangers——

*Priest.* There's the working ;  
Small things perform themselves, and give no pleasures :  
Be confident, through death I'll serve [you].

*Cle.* Here.

[*Offers a purse.*]

*Priest.* Fie ! no corruption.

*Cle.* Take it ; 'tis yours ;  
Be not so spicèd<sup>t</sup> ; 'tis good gold,  
And goodness is no gall to the conscience :  
I know you have ways to vent it ; you may hold it.

*Priest.* I'll keep it for you. When ?

*Cle.* To-morrow morning  
I'll visit you again ; and, when occasion  
Offers itself——

*Priest.* Instruct me, and have at you !

*Cle.* Farewell till then. Be sure.

*Priest.* As your own thoughts, lady.

*Cle.* 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.

*Priest.* Fools only  
Make their effects" seem fearful. Farewell, daughter.

[*Exit CLEANTHE.*]

<sup>t</sup> *spiced*] "i. e.," says Tyrwhitt, citing the present passage,—“nice, scrupulous.” *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales* in v. *Spiced*: he had previously remarked in a note on the first of the following passages that he did not understand the meaning of the word ;

“He waited after no pompe ne reverence,  
Ne maked him no *spiced* conscience,” &c.

*Prologue to Cant. Tales*, v. 527.

“Ye shulden be al patient and meke,  
And han a swete *spiced* conscience,  
Sith ye so preche of Jobes patience.”

*The Wif of Bathes Prologue*, v. 6016.

Something has dropt out of this line : Seward added “I'm sure.”

<sup>u</sup> *effects*] i. e. intents. So (as Weber observes) Shakespeare ;

“My stern *effects*.”

*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

In the present passage, Seward doubted whether “*effects*” should not be “affects” ; and Mason was inclined to make the same alteration.

This gold was well got for my old tough soldier ;  
Now I shall be his sweet again. What business  
Is this she has a-foot ? some lusty lover  
Beyond her line ; the young wench would fain piddle ;  
A little to revive her must be thought of ;  
'Tis even so, she must have it. But how by my means,  
A devil, can she drive it ? I that wait still  
Before the goddess, giving oracle,  
How can I profit her ? 'Tis her own project,  
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it. [ *Exit.*

---

SCENE II.—*An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.*

*Enter* POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, and STREMON.

*Polyd.* Why, this is utter madness.

*Eum.* Thus it is, sir.

*Polyd.* Only the princess' sight ?

*Polyb.* All we can judge at.

*Polyd.* This must be look'd to timely.

*Eum.* Yes, and wisely.

*Polyd.* He does not offer at his life ?

*Eum.* Not yet, sir,  
That we can hear of.

*Polyd.* Noble gentlemen,  
Let me entreat your watches over him ;  
Ye cannot do a worthier work.

*Pel.* We came, sir,  
Provided for that service.

*Polyd.* Where is Chilax ?

*Stre.* A little busy, sir.

*Polyd.* Is the Fool and boy here ?

*Stre.* They are, sir.

*Polyd.* Let 'em be still so ; and, as they find his humours——

*Enter* MEMNON.

*Eum.* Now you may behold him.

*Polyd.* Stand close, and make <sup>w</sup> no noise.

By his eyes, now, gentlemen,

I guess him full of anger.

*Eum.* Be not seen there.

[*They retire.*]

*Mem.* The hour's past long ago ; he's false and fearful,—

Coward go with thy caitiff soul, thou cur-dog !

Thou cold clod, wildfire warm thee !—monstrous fearful ;

I know the slave shakes but to think on't.

*Polyd.* Who's that ?

*Eum.* I know not, sir.

*Mem.* But I shall catch you, rascal ;

Your mangy soul is not immortal here, sir ;

You must die, and we must meet ; we must, maggot,

Be sure we must ; for not a nook of hell,

Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee ;

The devil's tail shall not hide thee <sup>x</sup>, but I'll have thee ;

And how I'll use thee ! whips and firebrands,

Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,

And basting it with brimstone, shall be nothing,

Nothing at all : I'll teach you to be treacherous !

Was never slave so swinge'd since hell was hell,

As I will swinge thy slave's soul ; and be sure on't.

*Polyd.* Is this imagination, or some circumstance ?

For 'tis extreme strange.

*Eum.* So is all he does, sir.

*Mem.* Till then I'll leave you.—Who's there ? where's the surgeon ?

Demagoras !

*Enter DEMAGORAS.*

*Dem.* My lord ?

*Mem.* Bring the surgeon<sup>y</sup> ;

And wait you too. [*Exit DEM., and re-enters with Surgeon.*]

*Polyd.* What would he<sup>z</sup> with a surgeon ?

<sup>w</sup> *make*] So the second folio ; and so Seward.—The first folio “worke” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>x</sup> *shall not hide thee*] The first folio has “*shall hide thee.*” The second reads “*shan't hide thee*” ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

<sup>y</sup> *Bring the surgeon*] Silently altered by Seward to “*Bring me the surgeon*” ; and so his successors.

<sup>z</sup> *he*] So the second folio.—The first has “ye.”

*Eum.* Things mustering in his head : pray, mark.

*Mem.* Come hither.

Have you brought your instruments ?

*Sur.* They are within, sir.

*Mem.* Put to the doors a while there.—You can incise  
To a hair's breadth, without defacing ?

*Sur.* Yes, sir.

*Mem.* And take out fairly from the flesh ?

*Sur.* The least thing.

*Mem.* Well, come hither, then. Take off my doublet ;  
For, look you, surgeon, I must have you cut  
My heart out here, and handsomely. Nay, stare not,  
Nor do not start ; I'll cut your throat else, surgeon :  
Come, swear to do it.

*Sur.* Good sir——

*Mem.* Sirrah, hold him ; [To DEMAGORAS.]  
I'll have but one blow at his head.

*Sur.* I'll do it.

Why, what should we do living after you, sir ?  
We'll die before, if you please<sup>a</sup>.

*Mem.* No, no.

*Sur.* Living ! hang living !—Is there ne'er a cat-hole  
Where I may creep through ? would I were in the Indies !  
[Aside.]

*Mem.* Swear, then, and after my death presently,  
To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,  
As ye have faiths, and loves to me.

*Dem.* We'll do it.

*Eum.* [To POLYDOR] Pray, do not stir yet ; we are near  
enough  
To run between all dangers.

*Mem.* Here I am, sir.

Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly ;  
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake, sirrah,  
Or any way deface my heart i' the cutting,

<sup>a</sup> *before, if you please*] So both the folios.—Silently altered by Seward to  
“ *before you, if ye please* ” ; so the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber who (in a  
note on an earlier line) states, most incorrectly, that such is the reading of the  
second folio.

Make the least scratch upon it ; but draw it whole,  
 Excellent fair, shewing at all points, surgeon,  
 The honour and the valour of the owner,  
 Mix'd with the most immaculate love I send it,  
 (Look to 't) I 'll slice thee to the soul.

*Sur.* Ne'er fear, sir,

I 'll do it daintily.—Would I were out once ! [*Aside.*

*Mem.* I will not have you smile, sirrah, when you do it,  
 As though you cut a lady's corn ; 'tis scurvy :  
 Do me it, as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.

*Sur.* I 'll do it in a dunt, sir.

*Mem.* In a dog, sir !

I 'll have no dumps, nor dumplings. Fetch your tools,  
 And then I 'll tell you more.

*Sur.* If I return

To hear more, I 'll be hang'd for 't. [*Aside.*

*Mem.* Quick, quick !

*Dem.* Yes, sir ;

With all the heels we have. [*Exeunt Surgeon and DEMAGORAS.*

*Eum.* Yet stand.

*Polyd.* He 'll do it.

*Eum.* He cannot, and we here.

*Mem.* Why, when<sup>b</sup>, ye rascals,

Ye dull slaves ? will you come, sir ? surgeon, syringe,  
 Dog-leech<sup>c</sup>, shall I come fetch you ?

*Polyd.* Now I 'll to him.—

God save you, honour'd brother !

*Mem.* My dear Polydore,

Welcome from travel, welcome ! and how do you ?

*Polyd.* Well, sir : would you were so !

*Mem.* I am, I thank you.

You are a better'd man much ; I the same still,  
 An old rude soldier, sir.

*Polyd.* Pray, be plain, brother,  
 And tell me but the meaning of this vision,  
 For to me it appears no more ; so far  
 From common course and reason.

<sup>b</sup> *Why, when*] See note, vol. v. 425.

<sup>c</sup> *Dog-leech*] “ i. e. dog-doctor.” WEBER.



*Mem.* Thank thee, Fortune !

At length I have found the man, the man must do it,  
The man in honour bound.

*Polyd.* To do what ?

*Mem.* Hark ;

For I will bless you with the circumstance  
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

*Polyd.* Speak on, sir.

*Mem.* It is no story for all ears.

[ *Walks with him, and whispers to him.*

*Polyd.* The princess !

*Mem.* Peace, and hear all.

*Polyd.* How<sup>d</sup> !

*Eum.* Sure, 'tis dangerous,

He starts so at it.

*Polyd.* Your heart ! do you know, sir,—

*Mem.* Yes ; pray thee, be softer.

*Polyd.* Me to do it !

*Mem.* Only reserv'd and dedicat<sup>e</sup>.

*Polyd.* For shame, brother !

Know what you are,—a man.

*Mem.* None of your Athens,

Good sweet sir, no philosophy : thou feel'st not

The honourable end, fool.

*Polyd.* I am sure I feel

The shame and scorn that follows. Have you serv'd thus long,

The glory of your country in your conquests,

The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,

Rul'd armies of your own, given laws to nations,

Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,

Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,

To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it ?

Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously,

To fling away your fortune ? Where 's your wisdom ?

Where 's that you govern'd others by, discretion ?

<sup>d</sup> *How*] "This exclamation forms part of Memnon's speech in the first folio, but was judiciously restored to Polydore in the second." WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *dedicated*] i. e. devoted to, designed to execute it.

Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself?

Fie, brother!

How are you faln! get up into your honour,

The top-branch of your bravery, and from thence

Look and lament<sup>f</sup> how little Memnon seems now.

*Mem.* Hum:—'tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young scholar,

The tongues of angels from my happiness

Could turn the end I aim at<sup>g</sup>? No, they cannot.

This is no book-case, brother. Will you do it?

Use no more art: I am resolv'd.

*Polyd.* You may, sir,

Command me to do any thing that 's honest,

And for your noble end: but this, it carries——

*Mem.* You shall not be so honour'd; live an ass still,  
And learn to spell for profit: go, go study.

*Eum.* [*Aside to POLYDOR.*] You must not hold him up so;  
he is lost then.

*Mem.* Get thee to school again, and talk of turnips<sup>h</sup>,

And find the natural cause out why a dog

Turns thrice about ere he lie down: there 's learning.

*Polyd.* Come; I will do it now: 'tis brave; I find it,  
And now allow the reason.

*Mem.* Oh, do you so, sir?

Do you find it current?

*Polyd.* Yes, yes; excellent.

*Mem.* I told you.

*Polyd.* I was foolish. I have here too  
The rarest way to find the truth out: hark you;  
You shall be rul'd by me.

*Mem.* I will be; but——

*Polyd.* I reach it:

<sup>f</sup> lament] So the first folio.—The second “behold”; and so Seward.

<sup>g</sup> Could turn the end I aim at] Seward, to make the meaning “quite clear,” printed,

“Th' end I aim at, could turn me”!

<sup>h</sup> turnips] Seward in a note proposed to read “turnspits,”—“which,” he says, “is as low a subject in the science of meehanism, as the reason of a dog's turning round thrice is in another part of natural philosophy”; and Weber adopted his conjecture.

If the worst fall, have at the worst ! we'll both go.  
But two days, and 'tis thus. [*Whispers.*] Ha ?

*Mem.* 'Twill do well so.

*Polyd.* Then is 't not excellent ? do you conceive it ?

*Mem.* 'Twill work for certain.

*Polyd.* Oh, 'twill tickle her !

And you shall know then by a line.

*Mem.* I like it ;

But let me not be fool'd again.

*Polyd.* Doubt nothing ;

You do me wrong then. Get you in there private,  
As I have taught you : basta<sup>i</sup>.

*Mem.* Work.

*Polyd.* I will do.

[*Erit* MEMNON.]

*Eum.* Have you found the cause ?

*Polyd.* Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,  
That e'er I heard of ; anon I'll tell ye.—Stremon,  
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,  
And keep his thoughts off : let the Fool and boy  
Stay him<sup>j</sup> ; they may do some pleasure too.—Eumenes,  
What if he had a wench, a handsome whore brought,  
Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it<sup>k</sup> ?

*Eum.* Well, sir ?

*Polyd.* His cause is merely heat :—and made believe  
It were the princess, mad for him ?

*Eum.* I think

'Twere not amiss.

*Polyb.* And let him kiss her ?

*Polyd.* What else ?

*Pel.* I'll be his bawd, an't please you ; young and whole-  
some,

I can assure you, he shall have.

*Eum.* Faith, let him.

*Polyd.* He shall : I hope 'twill help him. Walk a little ;  
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project,

<sup>i</sup> *basta*] i. e. enough. (See before, note, vol. iii. 526). Seward chose to give this word to Memnon.

<sup>j</sup> *Stay him*] “i. e. Stay for him, wait upon him.” WEBER.

<sup>k</sup> *to state it*] i. e. to assume dignity.

In which you must be mourners ; but, by all means,  
Stir not you from him, Stremon.

*Stre.* On our lives, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the house of the Priestess.*

*Enter Priestess and CHILAX.*

*Priest.* Oh, you're a precious man<sup>1</sup> ! two days in town,  
And never see your old friend !

*Chi.* Prithee, pardon me.

*Priest.* And, in my conscience, if I had not sent—

*Chi.* No more ; I would ha' come ; I must.

*Priest.* I find you ;

God-a-mercy, Want ! you never care for me,  
But when your slops<sup>m</sup> are empty.

*Chi.* Ne'er fear that, wench ;

'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the old house ?

*Priest.* Have you forgot it ?

*Chi.* And the door still standing  
That goes into the temple ?

*Priest.* Still.

*Chi.* The robes, too,  
That I was wont to shift in here ?

*Priest.* All here still.

*Chi.* Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted  
through !

What fears and frights ! every poor mouse a monster  
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on  
A sharp sting to my conscience.

*Priest.* 'Las, poor conscience !

*Chi.* And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.

*Priest.* Out, beast !

<sup>1</sup> *Priest.* Oh, you're a precious man, &c.] Qy. had Foote an eye to the present scene when he wrote—

“*Mrs. Cole.* - - - What, you have been in town these two days ?

*Sir Geo.* Since Wednesday.

*Mrs. Cole.* And never once called upon old Cole.”

*The Minor, Act i. sc. 1.*

<sup>m</sup> slops] See note, p. 134.

*Chi.* To new-careen thy carcass ; that's the truth on 't.  
How does thy keel ? does it need nailing ? a tither"<sup>n</sup>  
When all thy linen's up, and a more yare"<sup>o</sup>——

*Priest.* Fie, fie, sir !

*Chi.* Ne'er stemm'd the straits.

*Priest.* How you talk !

*Chi.* I am old, wench,

And talking to an old man is like a stomacher ;  
It keeps his blood warm.

*Priest.* But, pray, tell me——

*Chi.* Any thing.

*Priest.* Where did the boy meet with you ? at a wench, sure ?  
At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure ?

*Chi.* Thou know'st I am too honest.

*Priest.* That's your fault ;  
And that the surgeon knows.

*Chi.* Then, farewell :

I will not fail you soon.

*Priest.* You shall stay supper ;  
I have sworn you shall ; by this, you shall. [ *Kisses him.*

*Chi.* I will, wench ;

But, after supper, for an hour, my business——

*Priest.* And but an hour ?

*Chi.* No, by this kiss ; that ended,  
I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench——

*Priest.* No more ; I<sup>p</sup> take your meaning. Come, 'tis supper  
time. [ *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*A hall in the Palace.*

*Enter CALIS, CLEANTHE, and LUCIPPE.*

*Calis.* Thou art not well.

*Cle.* Your grace sees more a great deal  
Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother ! [ *Aside.*

<sup>n</sup> *a tither*] i. e. a more tight : see note, p. 65.—The first folio, in which alone this and the two next speeches are found, has "*a tother.*"—Seward followed the second folio.—The Editors of 1778 printed "*tether.*"

<sup>o</sup> *yare*] i. e. ready, nimble.

<sup>p</sup> *I*] Both the folios "*I'll.*"

*Calis.* Mark her ;

Is not the quickness of her eye consum'd, wench ?  
The lively red and white ?

*Lucip.* Nay, she is much alter'd,  
That, on my understanding ; all her sleeps, lady,  
Which were as sound and sweet ——

*Cle.* Pray, do not force me,  
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill ;  
Conceit<sup>9</sup>'s a double sickness : on my faith, your highness  
Is mere<sup>r</sup> mistaken in me.

*Calis.* I am glad on 't :  
Yet this I have ever noted, when thou wast thus,  
It still fore-run some strange event ; my sister  
Died when thou wast thus last—Hark, hark, ho !

[*A dead march within of drums and sackbuts.*]

What mournful noise is this comes creeping forward ?  
Still it grows nearer, nearer ; do ye hear it ?

*Lucip.* It seems some soldier's funeral : see, it enters.

*Enter* POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS, *in mourning.*

*Calis.* What may it mean ?

*Polyd.* The gods keep you, fair *Calis* !

*Calis.* This man can speak, and well. He stands and views  
us ;

Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon ! how humbly  
His eyes are cast now to the earth ! pray, mark him,  
And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles :  
See, now he weeps ; they all weep ; a sweeter sorrow  
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver  
Became his grief.—Your will with us ?

*Polyd.* Great lady,  
Excellent beauty——

*Calis.* He speaks handsomely :  
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays !  
That stop was admirable.

*Polyd.* See, see, thou princess,  
[*Takes out a cup from under his cloak.*]  
Thou great commander of all hearts——

<sup>9</sup> *Conceit*] i. e. fancy.

<sup>r</sup> *mere*] i. e. absolutely, wholly.

*Calis.* I have found it :  
Oh, how my soul shakes !

*Polyd.* See, see the noble heart  
Of him that was the noblest ! see, and glory,  
Like the proud god himself, in what thou hast purchas'd ;  
Behold the heart of Memnon ! Does it start you ?

*Calis.* Good gods, what has his wildness done ?

*Polyd.* Look boldly ;  
You boldly said you durst : look, wretched woman !  
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now ;  
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to death here :  
Take it ; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,  
Of cruel love a cruel legacy :  
What was the will that wrought it, then ? Can you weep ?  
Embalm it in your truest tears, if women  
Can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet  
Into the soul of your sex ; for 'tis a jewel  
The world's worth cannot weigh down. Take it, lady ;  
And with it all—I dare not curse—my sorrows,  
And may they turn to serpents !

*Eum.* How she looks  
Still upon him ! see, now a tear steals from her.

*Pel.* But still she keeps her eye firm.

*Polyd.* Next, read this : [Offers a paper.]  
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,  
I'll do it for you.

*Pel.* Still she eyes him mainly.

*Polyd.* [reads].

*Go, happy heart ! for thou shalt lie  
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,  
Example of her cruelty.*

*Tell her, if she chance to chide  
Me for slowness, in her pride,  
That it was for her I died.*

*If a tear escape her eye,  
'Tis not for my memory,  
But thy rites of obsequy.*



*The altar was my loving breast,  
My heart the sacrificèd beast,  
And I was myself the priest.*

*Your body was the sacred shrine,  
Your cruel mind the power divine,  
Pleasèd with hearts of men, not kine.*

*Eum.* Now it pours down.

*Polyd.* I like it rarely.—Lady—

*Eum.* How greedily she swallows up his language !

*Pel.* Her eye inhabits on him.

*Polyd.* Cruel lady,

Great as your beauty scornful<sup>a</sup> ! had your power  
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perish'd ;  
But Cupid has more shafts than one, more flames too ;  
And now he must be open-ey'd, 'tis justice :  
Live to enjoy your longing ; live and laugh at  
The losses and the miseries we suffer ;  
Live to be spoken, when your cruelty  
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,  
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service——

*Calis.* I swear his anger's excellent.

*Polyd.* Truth and most tried love  
Into disdain and downfall ;—

*Calis.* Still more pleasing.

*Polyd.* Live then, I say, famous for civil slaughters,  
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories ;  
Live and be spoken, “ This is she, this lady,  
This goodly lady, yet most killing beauty ;  
This with the two-edg'd eyes, the heart for hardness  
Outdoing rocks, and coldness, rocks of crystal ;  
This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship  
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him ” ;  
Live till the mothers find you, read your story,  
And sow their barren curses on your beauty ;

<sup>a</sup> *Great as your beauty scornful*] “ This expression is obscure, but means,  
'As remarkable for your scorn and cruelty, as for your beauty.' ” J. N.  
Ed. 1778.

Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise you,  
 Till virgins pray against you, old age find<sup>t</sup> you,  
 And, even as wasted coals glow in their dying,  
 So may the gods reward you in your ashes !  
 But, you 're the sister of my king ; more prophecies  
 Else I should utter of you : true loves and loyal  
 Bless themselves ever from you ! So I leave you. [Going.

*Calis.* Prithee, be angry still, young man : good fair sir,  
 Chide me again.—What would this man do pleas'd,  
 That in his passion<sup>u</sup> can bewitch souls !—Stay.

*Eum.* Upon my life, she loves him.

*Calis.* Pray, stay.

*Polyd.* No.

*Calis.* I do command you.

*Polyd.* No, you cannot, lady ;

I have a spell against you, faith and reason ;  
 You are too weak to reach me : I have a heart too,  
 But not for hawk's meat, lady.

*Calis.* Even for charity,  
 Leave me not thus afflicted : you can teach me—

*Polyd.* How can you preach that charity to others,  
 That in your own soul are an atheist,  
 Believing neither power nor fear ? I trouble you.  
 The gods be good unto you !

[Going, with EUM., POLYB., and PEL.

*Calis.* Amen ! [Swoons.

*Lucip.* Lady—

*Cle.* Oh, royal madam——Gentlemen, for Heaven sake !

[They return.

*Polyd.* Give her fresh air.—She comes again : away, sirs,  
 And here stand close till we perceive the working.

[They retire.

*Eum.* You have undone all.

*Polyd.* So I fear.

*Pel.* She loves you.

<sup>t</sup> find] Altered by Seward to "fire", which Mason calls "an happy amendment" !—The meaning of the passage is—May you live to be old, and then burn with unrequited love.

<sup>u</sup> passion] So the second folio.—The first folio "passions."

*Eum.* And then all hope 's lost this way.

*Polyd.* Peace : she rises.

*Cle.* Now for my purpose, Fortune !

[*Aside.*

*Calis.* Where 's the gentleman ?

*Lucip.* Gone, madam.

*Calis.* Why gone ?

*Lucip.* H 'as despatch'd his business.

*Calis.* He came to speak with me ".

*Cle.* He did.

*Calis.* He did not ;

For I had many questions.

*Lucip.* On my faith, madam,  
He talk'd a great while to you.

*Calis.* Thou conceiv'st not ;  
He talk'd not as he should do.—Oh my heart !

Away with that sad sight ! [Pointing to the cup.

Didst thou e'er love me ?

*Lucip.* Why do you make that question ?

*Calis.* If thou didst,  
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou stirr'st !

*Lucip.* Whither ?

*Calis.* If 'twere for any thing to please thyself,  
Thou wouldst run to the devil : but I am grown—

*Cle.* Fie, lady !

*Calis.* I ask none of your fortunes nor your loves,  
None of your bent desires I slack ; ye are not  
In love with all men, are ye ? one, for shame,  
You will leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye stare so ?  
What is that v ye see about me ? tell me.—  
Lord, what am I become ! I am not wild, sure ;

" *Calis.* *He came to speak with me, &c*]. In both the folios thus ;

*Cal.* A [*sec. fol.* *He*] *came to speake with me.*

A [*sec. fol.* *He*] *did.*

*Clean.* A [*sec. fol.* *He*] *did not.*

*Cal.* *For I had many questions."*

"The directions *Cle.* and *Cal.* were accidentally removed a line too low. Seward saw the necessity of the alteration, but gave Cleanthe's speech unnecessarily to Lucippe." WEBER.

v *is that*] Seward printed "*is it that.*"

Heaven keep that from me ! Oh, Cleanthe, help me,  
Or I am sunk to death !

*Cle.* You have offended,  
And mightily ; Love is incens'd against you,  
And therefore take my counsel : to the temple,  
For that 's the speediest physic ; before the goddess  
Give your repentant prayers ; ask her will,  
And from the oracle attend your sentence :  
She is mild and merciful.

*Calis.* I will.—Oh, Venus !  
Even as thou lov'st thyself——

*Cle.* Now for my fortune. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt* CALIS, CLEANTHE, and LUCIPPE.

*Polyd.* What shall I do ?

*Polyb.<sup>w</sup>* Why, make yourself.

*Polyd.* I dare not ;

No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,  
Though her bright beauty would entice an angel.  
I will to the king, my last hope.—Get him a woman,  
As we before concluded ; and, as ye pass,  
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible ;  
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,  
And sent to you ; some posts too to the general ;  
And let me work. Be near him still.

*Eum.* We will, sir.

*Polyd.* Farewell, and pray for all : whate'er I will ye,  
Do it, and hope a fair end.

*Eum.* The gods speed you ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.*

*Enter* STREMON, Fool, PICUS, and Servants.

*First Serv.* He lies quiet.

*Stre.* Let him lie ; and, as I told ye,  
Make ready for this show. H 'as divers times  
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,  
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus ;

<sup>w</sup> *Polyb.*] Both the folios have " 1 Cap. [i. e. Polybius]" : yet the Editors of 1778 gave " 2 Capt.," and Weber "*Pel.*"

And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees  
 I would have you shap'd, and enter; thou a dog, Fool,—  
 I have sent about your suits,—the boy a bush <sup>w</sup>,  
 An ass you,—you a lion.

*Fool.* I a dog!

I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!

*Stre.* 'Tis excellent.

Steal in, and make no noise.

*Fool.* Bow wow!

*Stre.* Away, rogue!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A room in the house of the Priestess.*

*Enter Priestess and CHILAX.*

*Priest.* Good sweet friend, be not long.

*Chi.* Thou think'st each hour ten

Till I be ferreting.

*Priest.* You know I love you.

*Chi.* I will not be above an hour: let thy robe be ready,  
 And the door be kept. [*Knocking within.*]

*Priest.* Who knocks there?—Yet more business!

*Chi.* Have you more pensioners?

*Enter CLEANTHE.*

The princess' woman!

Nay, then, I'll stay a little: what game's a-foot now?

[*Aside, and then retires.*]

*Cle.* Now is the time. [*Whispers to the Priestess.*]

*Chi.* A rank bawd, by this hand, too;

She grinds o' both sides: hey, boys! [*Aside.*]

*Priest.* How! your brother Syphax!

Loves he the princess?

*Cle.* Deadly; and you know

He is a gentleman descended nobly.

<sup>w</sup> *thou a dog, Fool,—*

- - - *the boy a bush*] "An allusion to the popular superstition of the man in the moon. Perhaps the poets were thinking of the admirable burlesque play in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*." WEBER,—who, when he wrote this exquisitely absurd note, had evidently not yet read the first scene of the following act.

*Chi.* But a rank knave as ever piss'd. [Aside.

*Cle.* Hold, mother,

Here's more gold and some jewels. [*Gives money and jewels.*

*Chi.* Here's no villany<sup>x</sup>!

I am glad I came to th' hearing. [Aside.

*Priest.* Alas, daughter,

What would you have me do?

*Chi.* Hold off, you old whore!

There's more gold coming; all's mine, all. [Aside.

*Cle.* Do you shrink now?

Did you not promise faithfully, and told me,

Through any danger——

*Priest.* Any I can wade through.

*Cle.* You shall and easily; the sin not seen neither.

Here's for a better stole and a new veil, mother: [*Gives money.*

Come, you shall be my friend. If all hit——

*Chi.* Hang me! [Aside.

*Cle.* I'll make you richer than the goddess<sup>y</sup>.

*Priest.* Say, then—

I am yours—what must I do?

*Cle.* I' the morning,

But very early, will the princess visit

The temple of the goddess, being troubled

With strange things that distract her: from the oracle

(Being strongly too in love) she will demand

The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.

That oracle you give: describe my brother;

You know him perfectly.

<sup>x</sup> *Here's no villany*] Equivalent to—Here's abundance of villany: see notes, vol. iv. 281, vol. v. 179.—Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "*Here's more villany!*"

<sup>y</sup> *Come, you shall be my friend. If all hit—*

*Chi.* Hang me! [Aside.

*Cle.* *I'll make you richer than the goddess*] The first folio reads;

"*Come ye shall be my friend: if all hit*

*Chi.* Hang me

*I'll make ye richer then the Goddesses."*

The second folio has;

"*Come, ye shall be my friend.*

*Chi.* *If all hit, hang me,*

*I'll make ye richer than the Goddess."*

*Priest.* I have seen him often.

*Cle.* And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,  
When she comes out ;—you understand me ?—

*Priest.* Well.

*Cle.* Which shall be he attending. This is all,  
And easily without suspicion ended ;  
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,  
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it ?  
The venture is most easy.

*Priest.* I will do it.

*Cle.* As you shall prosper ?

*Priest.* As I shall prosper !

*Cle.* Take this too [*Gives money*], and farewell : but, first,  
hark hither. [*Whispers.*]

*Chi.* What a young whore's this to betray her mistress !  
A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be  
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.  
I'll put a spoke among your wheels. [*Aside.*]

*Cle.* Be constant.

*Priest.* 'Tis done.

*Chi.* I'll do no more at drop-shot, then. [*Aside, and then exit.*]

*Priest.* Farewell, wench. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.*

*Enter a Servant and STREMON, and remain at the side of the stage<sup>2</sup>.*

*Serv.* He stirs, he stirs.

*Stre.* Let him ; I am ready for him ;  
He shall not this day perish, if his passions  
May be fed with music. Are they ready ?

*Serv.* All, all. See where he comes.

*Stre.* I'll be straight for him. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Enter a Servant and STREMON, and remain at the side of the stage*] The first folio has—' *Enter a Servant and R. Bax, and Stremon at the doore.*'  
*R. Bax.* was, of course, the actor's name.



*Enter MEMNON.*

*Serv.* How sad he looks, and sullen! Here are the captains;  
My fear's past now. *[Aside.*

*Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS, and remain at the side of  
the stage.*

*Mem.* Put ease, i' th' other world  
She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain—

*Eum.* His spirit is a little quieter.

*Mem.* My blood lost, and my limbs stiff; my embraces,  
Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless;  
My words worse: my fame only, and achievements,  
(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion,)  
Must woo her, win her, wed her;—that's but wind,  
And women are not brought to bed with shadows.  
I do her wrong, much wrong; she is young and blessèd,  
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,  
And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung  
With hails and frosty icicles: are the souls so too,  
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?  
No, sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death  
Follow our flesh no more; and that fore'd opinion  
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not:  
There must be love, there is love.

*Re-enter STREMON, dressed as Orpheus.*

What art thou?

SONG by STREMON.

Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,  
To thee, fond <sup>a</sup> man, the plagues of love to shew.  
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell  
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:  
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast lov'd, ever  
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joys never.  
Hark, how they groan that died despairing!  
Oh, take heed, then!  
Hark how they howl for over-daring!  
All these were men.  
They that be fools, and die for fame,  
They lose their name;

<sup>a</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

And they that bleed,  
Hark how they speed !

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires  
They sit, and curse their lost desires :  
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,  
Till women waft them over in their tears.

*Mem.* How ! should I know<sup>b</sup> my passage is denied me,  
Or which of all the devils dare——

*Eum.* This song  
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG.

STREMON.

Charon, oh, Charon,  
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane !

*Enter STREMON'S Boy,<sup>c</sup> dressed as Charon.*

Boy.

Who calls the ferryman of hell ?

STREMON.

Come near,  
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Boy.

Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow ;  
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.

STREMON.

Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow  
That kill themselves for love ?

Boy.

Oh, no, no, [no] !  
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near ;  
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.

STREMON.

What lovers pass, and in Elysium reign ?

Boy.

Those gentle loves that are belov'd again.

<sup>b</sup> *How ! should I know, &c.*] The folios have no point after "How".—Seward, at Simpson's suggestion, printed "*How should he know*", &c.—"The meaning is, 'What is it you tell me ? If I should know my passage was denied, or which of the devils durst——oppose my entrance to Elysium,' &c." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>c</sup> *Enter Stremon's Boy, &c.*] The folios do not indicate who represents Charon : but Weber was probably right in assigning the part to Stremon's Boy, whose musical proficiency is alluded to in an earlier scene ; see pp. 152, 3.

STREMON.

This soldier loves, and fain would die to win ;  
Shall he go on ?

BOY.

No, 'tis too foul a sin :  
He must not come aboard ; I dare not row ;  
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

STREMON.

Shall time release him, say ?

BOY.

No, no, no, no.  
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer :  
My boat is destiny<sup>c</sup> ; and who, then, dare,  
But those appointed, come aboard ! Live still,  
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.

STREMON.

And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes——

BOY.

Then come aboard, and pass.

STREMON.

Till when, be wise.

BOY.

Till when, be wise.

*Eum.* How still he sits ! I hope this song has settled him.

*Polyb.* He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery<sup>d</sup> eyes yet :

I fear, for all this——

*Pel.* Stremon, still apply to him.

*Stre.* Give me more room, then.—Sweetly strike, divinely,  
Such strains as old earth moves at !—

*The power<sup>e</sup> I have over both beast and plant,*

*Thou, man, alone feel'st miserable want.*

*Strike, you<sup>f</sup> rare spirits that attend my will,*

*And lose your savage wildness by my skill.*

<sup>c</sup> *destiny*] Seward gave Sympson's conjecture,—“Destiny's.”

<sup>d</sup> *fiery*] So the second folio.—The first folio “fierce” (a misprint, I believe, for “firie”).

<sup>e</sup> *The power*] “Mr. Seward reads, o' th' *power* ; but his alteration is hard, and the old reading (with the usual licence of construction) conveys the same sense.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>f</sup> *you*] So the second folio.—The first folio “your.”

*Music.* Enter the Fool, PICUS, and Servants, disguised as beasts, birds, and trees<sup>f</sup>; and dance.

*This lion was a man of war that died,  
As thou wouldst do, to gild his<sup>g</sup> lady's pride;  
This dog, a fool that hung himself for love;  
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,  
Forgot to eat, and died; this goodly tree,<sup>h</sup>  
An usher that still grew before his lady,  
Wither'd at root; this, for he could not woo,  
A grumbling lawyer; this pied<sup>i</sup> bird, a page  
That melted out because he wanted age:  
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,  
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more!*

[Exit MEMNON.]

*Eum.* He steals off silently, as though he would sleep.  
No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy,  
Good Stremon, still: this may lock up his folly;  
Yet, Heaven knows, I much<sup>j</sup> fear him. Away, softly!

[Exeunt POLYB. and PEL.]

*Fool.* Did I not do most doggedly?

*Stre.* Most rarely.

*Fool.* He's a brave man. When shall we dog again?

*Pic.* Untie me first, for God's sake.

*Fool.* Help the boy;

He's in a wood, poor child.—Good honey Stremon,  
Let's have a bear-baiting; you shall see me play  
The rarest for a single dog, at head all;

<sup>f</sup> trees] Though Stremon proceeds to mention only one tree, several are intended to make their appearance here: see p. 176, l. 1.

<sup>g</sup> his] So the second folio.—The first folio "her."

<sup>h</sup> this goodly tree, &c.] On this passage, which certainly appears to be corrupted, Coleridge has the following ingenious remarks: "There must have been omitted a line rhyming to 'tree'; and the words of the next line have been transposed:—

—'this goodly tree,

Which leafless and obscur'd with moss you see,

An usher thus that 'fore his lady grew,

Wither'd at root: this, for he could not woo,' &c." *Remains*, ii. 303.

<sup>i</sup> pied] i. e. variegated. <sup>j</sup> much] So the second folio.—The first "must."

And, if I do not win immortal glory,  
Play dog, play devil!

*Stre.* Peace for this time.

*Fool.* Prithee,

Let's sing him a black *santis*<sup>k</sup>; then let's all howl  
In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.  
Untie there.—Bow, wow, wow!

*Stre.* Away, you ass, away!

*Fool.* Why, let us do something  
To satisfy the gentleman; he's mad,—  
A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,—  
And must have men as mad about him.

*Stre.* Peace,

And come in quickly; 'tis ten to one else  
He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words;  
I'll get ye all employment. Soft, soft! in, all! [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—*A street.*

*Enter CHILAX and CLOE.*

*Chi.* When cam'st thou over, wench?

*Cloe.* But now this evening,  
And have been ever since looking out Syphax;  
If the wars he would have look'd me: sure, h'as gotten  
Some other mistress?

*Chi.* A thousand, wench, a thousand;  
They are as common here as caterpillars  
Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.

*Cloe.* Are they so hungry? yet, by their leave, Chilax,  
I'll have a snatch too.

*Chi.* Dost thou love him still, wench?

<sup>k</sup> *black santis*] A corruption of *black Sanctus*, which was a burlesque hymn, set probably to some loud and discordant tune,—“in ridicule, I fear” (says Nares, *Gloss.* in v.), “of the *Sanctus*, or Holy, Holy, Holy, of the Romish Missal.” This parody, which seems to have been very popular, was in all probability as old as the Reformation. Gifford observes that “Sir John Harington, who printed it entire [see Prologue to his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*], calls it ‘the Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan.’” Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, viii. 12. But *qy.* was *that* hymn (as Nares suspects) Sir John's own composition?

*Cloe.* Why should I not? he had my maidenhead  
And all my youth.

*Chi.* Thou art come the happiest,  
In the most blessèd time, sweet wench, the fittest,  
If thou dar'st make thy fortune: by this light, Cloe—  
And so I'll kiss thee; and, if thou wilt but let me—  
For 'tis well worth a kindness——

*Cloe.* What should I let you?

*Chi.* Enjoy thy minikin.

*Cloe.* Thou art still old Chilax.

*Chi.* Still, still, and ever shall be. If, I say,  
Thou wo't strike the stroke—I cannot do much harm, wench—

*Cloe.* Nor much good.

*Chi.* Syphax shall be thy husband,  
Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,  
Or what thou wilt make him.

*Cloe.* I am overjoy'd!<sup>1</sup>  
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune! Kiss me,  
Or I shall lose myself. My husband, said you?

*Chi.* Said I! and will say, Cloe; nay, and do it,  
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him  
As birds are with a pin<sup>m</sup> to one another:  
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st clothes too,  
And he'll be hang'd, unless he marry thee,  
Ere he maintain thee: now he has ladies, courtiers,  
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;  
We are taken up for threshers. Will you bite?

*Cloe.* Yes.

*Chi.* And let me——

*Cloe.* Yes, and let you——

*Chi.* What?

*Cloe.* Why, that you wot of.

*Chi.* The turn, the good turn?

<sup>1</sup> *I am overjoy'd, &c.*] “These words, to the end of the speech [as far as ‘lose myself’], have hitherto been given to *Chilax*. We have no doubt of their belonging to *Cloe*.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>m</sup> *As birds are with a pin*] “The editors of 1750 read, ‘As boards are with a pin.’ If they had ever gone to market, or to a poulterer’s, they would not have made such an absurd variation.” WEBER.

*Cloe.* Any turn, the roach turn.

*Chi.* That's the right turn ; for that turns up the belly <sup>u</sup>.

I cannot stay ; take your instructions,

And something toward household [*Gives money*] : come ;  
whatever

I shall advise you, follow it exactly,

And keep your times I 'point you ; for, I 'll tell you,

A strange way you must wade through.

*Cloe.* Fear not me, sir.

*Chi.* Come, then, and let's despatch this modicum,

For I have but an hour to stay, a short one ;

Besides, more water for another mill,

An old weak over-shot, I must provide for.

There's an old nunnery at hand.

*Cloe.* What's that ?

*Chi.* A bawdy-house.

*Cloe.* A pox consume it !

*Chi.* If the stones 'tis built on

Were but as brickle <sup>o</sup> as the flesh lives in it,

Your curse came handsomely. Fear not ; there's ladies,

And other good sad <sup>p</sup> people, your pink'd citizens <sup>q</sup>,

That think no shame to shake a sheet <sup>r</sup> there. Come, wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEANTHE and SYPHAX.*

*Cle.* A soldier, and so fearful !

*Syph.* Can you blame me,

When such a weight lies on me ?

<sup>u</sup> *Chi.* *The turn* - - -

- - - - -

- - - - - turns up the belly] Omitted in the second folio ;

and by Seward.

<sup>o</sup> *brickle*] i. e. brittle (see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.).—So the first folio.—The second folio "brittle" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> *sad*] i. e. grave.

<sup>q</sup> *pink'd citizens*] i. e. citizens who wear *pinked* dresses : see note, p. 131 (their doublets being probably alluded to : see note, vol. iv. 246).

<sup>r</sup> *shake a sheet*] Alluding to the name of a dance : see note, vol. v. 36.



*Cle.* Fie upon you !

I tell you you shall have her, have her safely,  
And for your wife, with her own will.

*Syph.* Good sister——

*Cle.* What a distrustful man are you ! to-morrow,  
To-morrow morning——

*Syph.* Is it possible ?

Can there be such a happiness ?

*Cle.* Why, hang me

If then you be not married ! if to-morrow night  
You do not——

*Syph.* Oh, dear sister——

*Cle.* What you would do,

What you desire to do—lie with her : devil !

What a dull man are you !

*Syph.* Nay, I believe now :

And shall she love me ?

*Cle.* As her life, and stroke you.

*Syph.* Oh, I will be her servant !

*Cle.* 'Tis your duty.

*Syph.* And she shall have her whole will.

*Cle.* Yes, 'tis reason ;

She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.

*Syph.* What would you be ? for I would have you, sister,  
Choose some great place about us : as her woman,  
Is not so fit.

*Cle.* No, no, I shall find places.

*Syph.* And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,  
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,  
Believe it, shall be look'd out.

*Cle.* You may ; a duchess,

Or such a toy ; a small thing pleases me, sir.

*Syph.* What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,  
When we shall come to reign——

*Cle.* We shall think on 't.

Be ready at the time, and in that place too,  
And let me work the rest : within this half-hour  
The princess will be going ; 'tis almost morning.  
Away, and mind your business.

*Syph.* Fortune bless us !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the Palace.*

*Enter ASTORAX, POLYDORE, and Lords.*

*Polyd.* I do beseech your grace to banish me !

*Asto.* Why, gentleman, is she not worthy marriage ?

*Polyd.* Most worthy, sir, where worth again shall meet her ;  
But I, like thick clouds, sailing slow<sup>s</sup> and heavy,  
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.  
I dare not be a traitor ; and 'tis treason  
But to imagine—As you love your honour——

*Asto.* 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if cross'd,  
I know it kills her.

*First Lord.* How knows your grace she loves him ?

*Asto.* Her woman told me all, (beside his story,)  
Her maid Lucippe ; on what reason too ;  
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

*Polyd.* Sir,  
Even by your wisdom, by that great discretion  
You owe to rule and order——

*Sec. Lord.* This man 's mad, sure,  
To plead against his fortune.

*First Lord.* And the king, too,  
Willing to have it so.

*Polyd.* By those dead princes,  
From whose descents you stand a star admir'd at,  
Lay not so base allay upon your virtues !  
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed ! The bramble  
No wise man ever planted by the rose,  
It cankers all her beauty ; nor the vine,  
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any  
Choke up with wanton ivy.—Good my lords,  
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,  
And the main body brick ?

*Sec. Lord.* You wrong your worth ;  
You are a gentleman descended nobly.

*First Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.

*Asto.* Say you were not,  
My will can make you so.

<sup>s</sup> *slow*] Sympon proposed to read " low " ; which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.

*Polyd.* No, never, never :

'Tis not descent nor will of princes does it ;  
'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance ;  
Man, honest man. Is 't fit your majesty  
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother ?  
Or such a blessèd maid my breach of faith  
(For I am most lascivious), and fell angers  
(In which I am also mischievous) her husband ?  
Oh, gods preserve her ! I am wild as winter,  
Ambitious as the devil : out upon me !  
I hate myself, sir. If you dare bestow her  
Upon a subject, you have one deserves her.

*Asto.* But him she does not love : I know your meaning.—  
This young man's love unto his noble brother  
Appears a mirror [*Aside*].—What must now be done, lords ?  
For I am gravell'd : if she have not him,  
She dies for certain ; if his brother miss her,  
Farewell to him, and all our honours !

*First Lord.* He is dead, sir,—  
Your grace has heard of that ?—and strangely.

*Asto.* No,  
I can assure you, no ; there was a trick in 't :  
Read that, and then know all. [*Gives a paper.*]—What ails  
the gentleman ?

[*POLYDORE suddenly appears to become faint.*  
Hold him.—How do you, sir ?

*Polyd.* Sick o' the sudden,  
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.

*Asto.* Where did it take you ?

*Polyd.* Here in my head, sir, and my heart. For Heaven  
sake——

*Asto.* Conduct him to his chamber presently,  
And bid my doctors——

*Polyd.* No, I shall be well, sir.  
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods' sake,  
Remember my poor brother ! I shall pray, then—

*Asto.* Away ! he grows more weaker<sup>t</sup> still.—I will do it,  
Or Heaven forget me ever ! [*POLYDORE is led out.*

<sup>t</sup> *more weaker*] Silently altered by Seward to "*more weak*"; and so the Editors of 1778.

Now your counsels,

For I am at my wit's end.

*Enter Messenger.*

What with you, sir?

*Mess.* Letters from warlike Pelius. [ *Gives letters.*

*Asto.* Yet more troubles?— [ *Reads.*

The Spartans are in arms<sup>u</sup>, and like to win all;

Supplies are sent for, and the general.—

This is more cross than t' other. Come, let's to him;

For he must have her ('tis necessity),

Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,

(For more than all is needful,) shew all reason,

If love can hear o' that side: if she yield,

We have fought best, and won the noblest field. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.*

*Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, and STREMON.*

*Pel.<sup>v</sup>* I have brought the wench; a lusty wench, and somewhat

Like the princess.

*Eum.* 'Tis the better; let's see her. [ *Exit PELIUS.*

And go you in, and tell him that her grace

Is come to visit him: how sleeps he, Stremon?

*Stre.* He cannot; only thinks, and calls on Polydore;

Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,

And sometimes sits and muses. [ *Exit STREMON.*

*Eum.* He's past all help, sure.

*Re-enter PELIUS, with Courtesan<sup>w</sup>.*

How do you like her?

<sup>u</sup> *The Spartans are in arms, &c.*] Perhaps, as Seward observed in a note, this and the next line should be marked as a portion of the letter read by the king.

<sup>v</sup> *Pel.*] Both the folios "1 Cap. [i. e. Polybius]."—See p. 167, where Pelius says, "I'll be his bawd."

<sup>w</sup> *Re-enter Pelius, with Courtesan*] Both the folios have here "*Enter Whoore, Capitaine;*" but afterwards, when the Courtesan goes out, "*Ex. Cloe*"

*Polyb.*<sup>x</sup> By the mass, a good round virgin ;  
And, at first sight, resembling : she is well cloth'd too.

*Eum.* But is she sound ?

*Pel.* Of wind and limb, I warrant her.

*Eum.* You are instructed, lady ?

*Court.* Yes ; and know, sir,  
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.

*Eum.* Polybius,  
Where did he get this vermin ?

*Polyb.* Hang him, badger !  
There's not a hole free from him ; whores and whores' mates  
Do all pay him obedience.

*Eum.* Indeed, i' the war  
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,  
And lin'd with whore. Beshrew me, 'tis a fair whore.

*Polyb.* She has smock'd away her blood ; but fair or foul,  
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,  
Comes not amiss to him ; he rides like a nightmare,  
All ages, all religions.

*Eum.* Can you state it<sup>y</sup> ?

*Court.* I'll make a shift.

*Eum.* He must lie with you, lady.

*Court.* Let him ; he's not the first man I have lain with,  
Nor shall not be the last.

*Pel.* He comes ; no more words ;  
She has her lesson thoroughly.

*Enter MEMNON.*

How he views her !

*Eum.* Go forward now ; so, bravely ; stand.

*Mem.* Great lady,  
How humbly I am bound—— [*Kneels.*

*Court.* [*raising him*] You shall not kneel, sir :

(the parts of the Courtesan and Cloe having been perhaps acted by the same boy). Seward gave here, "*Enter Cloe and Captain*" ; which called forth from the Editors of 1778 a very long note to prove (what is sufficiently plain) that the Courtesan and Cloe are distinct persons.

\* *Polyb.*] Both the folios "2 Capt. [i.e. Pelius]."

<sup>y</sup> *state it*] See note, p. 167.

Come, I have done you wrong,—stand up, my soldier,—  
And thus I make amends. [Kisses him.]

*Eum.* A plague confound you !

Is this your state ?

*Pel.* 'Tis well enough.

*Mem.* Oh, lady,

Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest beauty,  
Is more than I must purchase ! here, divine one,  
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha !

*Polyb.* A damn'd foul one.

*Eum.* The lees of bawdy prunes<sup>z</sup>, mourning gloves.  
All spoil'd, by Heaven !

*Mem.* Ha ! who art thou ?

*Polyb*<sup>a</sup>. A shame on you,  
You clawing scabby whore !

*Mem.* I say, who art thou ?

*Eum.* Why, 'tis the princess, sir.

*Mem.* The devil, sir !

'Tis some rogue thing.

*Court.* If this abuse be love, sir,  
Or I, that laid aside my modesty——

*Eum.* So far thou 't<sup>b</sup> never find it.

*Mem.* Do not weep ;

For, if you be the princess, I will love you,  
Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you :  
Come, wipe your eyes.—By Heaven, she stinks—Who  
art 'a ?—

Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging—  
Woman, who art 'a ?—like a rotten cabbage !

*Pel.* You're much to blame, sir ; 'tis the princess.

<sup>z</sup> *bawdy prunes*] Silently altered by Seward to "*bawdy brewis*" !—Stewed prunes (see note, vol. iii. 524) were a common dish in brothels.—Here, in ed. 1778, Reed cites a preposterously long note by Steevens on a passage of Shakespeare's *Henry IV. (Part First)*, act iii. se. 3.—Weber gave the spelling "*pruins*,"—for the metre, I suppose : but the folios have "*prewnes*" and "*prewns*."

<sup>a</sup> *Polyb.*] Both the folios "2 Capt."

<sup>b</sup> *thou't*] The modern editors print "thou'lt" : but see note, vol. iii. 190.

*Mem.* How !

She the princess !

*Eum.* And the loving princess.

*Polyb.* Indeed, the doting princess.

*Mem.* Come hither once more :

The princess smells like morning's breath, pure amber,  
Beyond the courted Indies<sup>c</sup> in her spices.—

Still a dead rat, by Heaven !—Thou a princess<sup>d</sup> !

*Eum.* What a dull whore is this !

*Mem.* I 'll tell ye presently ;

For, if she be a princess, as she may be,  
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.

Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over :

If she be sprung from royal blood<sup>e</sup>,—the lion,

He 'll do you reverence ; else——

*Court.* I beseech your lordship——

*Eum.*<sup>f</sup> He 'll tear her all to pieces.

*Court.* I am no princess, sir.

*Mem.* Who brought thee hither ?

*Pel.* If you confess, we 'll hang you.

*Court.* Good my lord——

*Mem.* Who art thou, then ?

*Court.* A poor retaining whore, sir,  
To one of your lordship's captains.

*Mem.* Alas, poor whore !

Go ; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exit* Courtesan.

What fools are these, and coxcombs !

[*Exit*.

*Eum.* I am right glad yet,

He takes it with such lightness.

<sup>c</sup> *Indies*] "The editors of 1750 and 1778 choose to read 'India'." WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> *Thou a princess*] So the second folio ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.—The first folio "*Thou art a princesse*" ; and so Weber (interrogatively).

<sup>e</sup> *If she be sprung from royal blood, &c.*] "This refers to the well-known fable of the respect in which royal blood is held by the king of beasts, which was a favourite fiction among writers of romance. So in *Octavian Imperator* (*Met. Romances*, Edin. 1810, vol. iii. v. 481),

'A chyld that ys of kynges blood,

A lyoun ne struys hyt for no good.' " WEBER.

<sup>f</sup> *Eum.*] Altered by Seward to "*Mem.*"



*Polyb.* Methinks his face, too,  
Is not so clouded as it was : how he looks !

*Eum.* Where 's your dead rat ?

*Pel.* The devil dine upon her !  
Lions ! why, what a medicine had he gotten  
To try a whore !

*Re-enter STREMON.*

*Stre.* Here 's one from Polydore stays to speak with ye.

*Eum.* With whom ?

*Stre.* With all. Where has the general been ?  
He 's laughing to himself extremely.

*Eum.* Come,  
I 'll tell thee how ; I am glad yet he 's so merry. [*Exeunt.*

---

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Venus. The Oracle in the background. A recess, with a curtain before it, on one side.*

*Enter CHILAX and Priestess.*

*Chi.* What lights are those that enter there ? still nearer !—  
Plague o' your rotten itch ! do you draw me hither  
Into the temple, to betray me ? was there no place  
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me !  
Still they come forward.

*Priest.* Peace, you fool : I have found it ;  
'Tis the young princess Calis.

*Chi.* 'Tis the devil,  
To claw us for our caterwauling.

*Priest.* Retire softly.—  
I did not look for you these two hours, lady ;  
Beshrew your haste !—That way. [*To CHILAX.*

*Chi.* That goes to the altar,  
You old blind beast.

*Priest.* I know not ; any way.

Still they come nearer. I'll in to the oracle.

*Chi.* That's well remember'd ; I'll in with you.

*Priest.* Do. [*They go in to the Oracle.*]

*Enter* CALIS, CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, and Attendants, with lights,  
*singing,*

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,  
Soft and gentle as thy doves,  
Humble-ey'd, and ever ruing  
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing !  
Oh, thou mother of delights,  
Crown'er of all happy nights,  
Star of dear content and pleasure,  
Of mutual loves the endless treasure !  
Accept this sacrifice we bring,  
Thou continual youth and spring ;  
Grant this lady her desires,  
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

*Enter a Nun.*

*Nun.* You about her, all retire,  
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.

[*Exeunt* CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, and Attendants.]

When your devotions ended be,  
To the oracle I will attend ye.

[*CALIS enters the recess : Nun draws the curtain  
close to her<sup>c</sup>, and then exit.*]

## SCENE II.—*A street.*

*Enter* STREMON and EUMENES.

*Stre.* He will abroad.

*Eum.* How does his humour hold him ?

*Stre.* He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,  
Talks of his brother to himself, starts strangely.

*Eum.* Does he not curse ?

*Stre.* No.

<sup>c</sup> *draws the curtain close to her*] See note, vol. ii. 104.

*Eum.* Nor break out in fury,  
Offering some new attempt?

*Stre.* Neither. "To the temple,"  
Is all we hear of now : what there he will do——

*Eum.* I hope, repent his folly : let's be near him.

*Stre.* Where are the rest?

*Eum.* About a business  
Concerns him mainly : if Heaven cure this madness,  
He's man for ever, Stremon.

*Stre.* Does the king know it?

*Eum.* Yes, and much troubled with it : he's now gone  
To seek his sister out.

*Stre.* Come, let's away, then. [Exeunt.

---

SCENE III.—*The Temple, as before. The Priestess, and*  
*CHILAX who has put on her robe, in the Oracle. CALIS in the*  
*recess.*

*Enter Nun, who opens the curtain to CALIS.*

*Nun.* Peace to your prayers, lady ! will it please you  
To pass on to the oracle ?

*Calis.* Most humbly.

*Chi.* Do you hear that ?

*Priest.* Yes ; lie close.

*Chi.* A wildfire take you !  
What shall become of me ? I shall be hang'd now :  
Is this a time to shake ? a halter shake you !  
Come, up and juggle, come.

*Priest.* I am monstrous fearful.

*Chi.* Up, you old gaping oyster, up and answer :  
A mouldy mangle upon your chops ! you told me  
I was safe here till the bell rung.

*Priest.* I was prevented<sup>d</sup>,  
And did not look these three hours for the princess.

*Chi.* Shall we be taken ?

*Priest.* Speak, for love's sake, Chilax :  
I can not, nor I dare not.

<sup>d</sup> prevented] i. e. anticipated.

*Chi.* I'll speak treason,  
For I had as lieve be hang'd for that——

*Priest.* Good Chilax——

*Chi.* Must it be sung or said? what shall I tell 'em?  
They are here; here now, preparing.

*Priest.* Oh, my conscience!

*Chi.* Plague o' your spur-gall'd conscience! does it tire  
now,

Now when it should be toughest? I could make thee——

*Priest.* Save us: we are both undone else.

*Chi.* Down, you dog, then;

Be quiet, and be staunch too; no inundations.

*Nun.* Here kneel again; and Venus grant your wishes!

*Calis.* Oh, divine[st] star of heaven,

Thou, in power above the seven;

Thou sweet kindler of desires,

Till they grow to mutual fires;

Thou, oh gentle queen, that art

Curer of each wounded heart;

Thou, the fuel and the flame;

Thou, in heaven and here the same;

Thou, the wooer and the woo'd;

Thou, the hunger and the food;

Thou, the prayer and the pray'd;

Thou, what is or shall be said;

Thou, still young and golden-tressed,

Make me by thy answer blessed!

*Chi.* When?

*Priest.* Now speak handsomely, and small by all means;  
I have told you what.

*Chi.* But I'll tell you a new tale.—

Now for my neck-verse<sup>d</sup>.—I have heard thy prayers,  
And mark me well. [*In a disguised voice.—Loud thunder.*]

*Nun.* The goddess is displeas'd much;  
The temple shakes and totters: she appears.—

*Music.* VENUS descends.

Bow, lady, bow!

[*CALIS kneels.*]

<sup>d</sup> neck-verse] See note (on *Com. Poems*), vol. i. xvi.

*Venus.* Purge me the temple round,  
And live by this example henceforth sound.—  
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,  
Heard thy wishes and thy fears ;  
Thy holy incense flew above :  
Hark, therefore, thy doom in love.  
Had thy heart been soft at first,  
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst ;  
Had thy stubborn will but bended,  
All thy sorrows here had ended ;  
Therefore, to be just in love,  
A strange fortune thou must prove ;  
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,  
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

*Calis.* Oh, gentle goddess !

*Venus.* Rise, thy doom is said ;  
And fear not ; I shall please thee with the dead.     [*Ascends.*

*Nun.* Go up into the temple, and there end  
Your holy rites ; the goddess smiles upon you.  
[*Exeunt CALIS and Nun.*

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SCENE IV.—*The area before the Temple.*

*Enter CHILAX, in the robe of the Priestess.*

*Chi.* I'll no more oracles nor miracles,  
Nor no more church-work ; I'll be drawn and hang'd first.  
Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder ?  
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet :  
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang :  
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-whips.  
Be quiet henceforth, now you feel the end on 't,  
I would advise you, my old friend<sup>e</sup> : the good gentlewoman  
Is stricken dumb, and there her grace sits mumping,  
Like an old ape eating a brawn : sure, the good goddess  
Knew my intent was honest, to save the princess,  
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedness

<sup>e</sup> *friend*] Mason's correction.—Both the folios "friends"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

By these lewd women ; I had paid for 't else too.  
 I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful :  
 Oh, 'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance !  
 Would I were well at home ! The best is, 'tis not day.

*Enter SYPHAX, walks softly over the stage, and exit.*

Who 's that ? ha ! Syphax ! I'll be with you anon, sir :  
 You shall be oracled, I warrant you,  
 And thunder'd too, as well as I ; your lordship  
 Must needs enjoy the princess ? yes—Ha ! torches !  
 And Memnon coming this way ! He's dog-mad,  
 And, ten to one, appearing thus unto him,  
 He worries me : I must go by him.

*Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, STREMON, and two Servants carrying torches.*

*Eum.* Sir—

*Mem.* Ask me no further questions.—What art thou ?  
 How, dost thou stare ? stand off. Nay, look upon me ;  
 I do not shake, nor fear thee. [*Draws his sword.*]

*Chi.* He will kill me :  
 This is for church-work. [*Aside.*]

*Mem.* Why dost thou appear now ?  
 Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,  
 And know thine envy to mine honour : but——

*Chi.* Stay, Memnon ;  
 I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

*Eum.* This is the voice of Chilax.

*Stre.* What makes he thus ?

*Chi.* 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but foully,  
 By multitudes, not manhood : therefore, mark me ;  
 I do appear again to quit<sup>f</sup> mine honour,  
 And on thee single.

*Mem.* I accept the challenge.  
 Where ?

*Chi.* On the Stygian banks.

*Mem.* When ?

<sup>f</sup> *quit*] i. e. clear, vindicate.

*Chi.* Four days hence.

*Mem.* Go, noble ghost ; I will attend.

*Chi.* I thank you.

*Stre.* You have sav'd your throat, and handsomely : fare-  
well, sir. [*Exit* CHILAX.]

*Mem.* Sing me the battle of Pelusium,  
In which this worthy died.

*Eum.* This will spoil all,  
And make him worse than e'er he was.—Sit down, sir,  
And give yourself to rest.

SONG by STREMON.

Arm, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in :  
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.  
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;  
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears !  
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;  
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring !  
The van-guard marches bravely : hark, the drums,  
Dub, dub !

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :

See how the arrows fly,

That darken all the sky !

Hark how the trumpets sound,

Hark how the hills rebound,

Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara !

Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys, boys, in !

The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :

Oh, how they cry !

Oh, how they die !

Room for the valiant Memnon, arm'd with thunder !

See how he breaks the ranks asunder !

They fly, they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,

And brave Polybius makes good his place.

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !

Hark how the soldiers hollow,

Hey, hey !

Brave Diocles is dead,

And all his soldiers fled ;

The battle's won, and lost,

That many a life hath cost.

*Mem.* Now forward to the temple.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* CHILAX.

*Chi.* Are you gone ?



How have I scap'd this morning? by what miracle?  
Sure, I am ordain'd for some brave end.

*Enter CLOE, disguised as CALIS.*

*Cloe.* How is it?

*Chi.* Come; 'tis as well as can be.

*Cloe.* But is it possible

This should be true you tell me?

*Chi.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cloe.* Such a gross ass to love the princess?

*Chi.* Peace:

Pull your robe close about you. You are perfect

In all I taught you?

*Cloe.* Sure.

*Chi.* Gods give thee good luck!

'Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery,  
For all these dangers; but they are needful mischiefs,  
And such are<sup>f</sup> nuts to me, and I must do 'em.

You will remember me?

*Cloe.* By this kiss, Chilax.

*Chi.* No more of that; I fear another thunder.

*Cloe.* We are not i' the temple, man.

*Chi.* Peace; here he comes.

Now to our business handsomely.

[CHILAX kneels. CLOE looks round her.

Away now!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter SYPHAX.*

*Syph.* 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd unto her,  
And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle  
Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.  
Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so adore thee!

*Re-enter CHILAX and CLOE, on the other side.*

She is here again; looks round about again too;  
'Tis done, I know 'tis done. 'Tis Chilax with her,  
And I shall know of him. [*Aside*].—Who's that?

*Chi.* Speak softly:

The princess from the oracle.

<sup>f</sup> such are] Weber chose to print "such as are."

*Syph.* She views me ;  
By Heaven, she beckons me !

*Chi.* Come near, she would have you.

*Syph.* Oh, royal lady ! [Kisses her hand.

*Chi.* She wills you read that ; for, belike, she's bound to  
silence

For such a time : she is wondrous gracious to you.

[Gives a paper to SYPHAX.]

*Syph.* Heaven make me thankful !

*Chi.* She would have you read it.

*Syph.* [reads] *Syphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee  
To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd :*

*Use me with honour ; I shall love thee dearly,  
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter. .*

*Convey me to a secret ceremony,  
That both our hearts and loves may be united ;  
And use no language, till before my brother  
We both appear, where I will shew the oracle ;  
For till that time I am bound, I must not answer.*

Oh, happy I !

*Chi.* You are a made man.

*Syph.* But, Chilax,  
Where are her women ?

*Chi.* None but your grace's sister—  
Because she would have it private to the world yet—  
Knows of this business.

*Syph.* I shall thank thee, Chilax ;  
Thou art a careful man.

*Chi.* Your grace's servant.

*Syph.* I'll find a fit place for thee.

*Chi.* If you will not,  
There's a good lady will. She points you forward :  
Away, and take your fortune ! not a word, sir.—

So ; you are greas'd<sup>s</sup>, I hope.—

[Aside.]

[Exeunt SYPHAX and CLOE.]

<sup>s</sup> greas'd] "This verb, when used metaphorically, generally means *bribed* ; but, in the present instance, some other allusion seems to be intended, perhaps derived from the term *grease* in horsemanship." WEBER. Surely, it means here—smoothed up (by being called "your grace" &c) to execute the project.

*Enter* STREMON, Fool, and PICUS.

Stremon, Fool, Picus !

Where have you left your lord ?

*Stre.* I' the temple, Chilax.

*Chi.* Why are ye from him ?

*Stre.* Why, the king is with him,  
And all the lords.

*Chi.* Is not the princess there too ?

*Stre.* Yes ;

And the strangest coil amongst 'em : she weeps bitterly ;  
The king entreats, and frowns ; my lord, like autumn,  
Drops off his hopes by handfuls ; all the temple  
Sweats with this agony.

*Chi.* Where 's young Polydore ?

*Stre.* Dead, as they said, o' the sudden.

*Chi.* Dead !

*Stre.* For certain ;  
But not yet known abroad.

*Chi.* There 's a new trouble.

A brave young man he was ; but we must all die.

*Stre.* Did not the general meet you this morning  
Like a tall stallion-nun ?

*Chi.* No more o' that, boy.

*Stre.* You had been ferreting.

*Chi.* That 's all one.—Fool,

My master Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,  
What has your wisdom done ? how have you profited ?  
Out with your audit ; come, you are not empty :  
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence<sup>h</sup>, do you, shaker<sup>i</sup> ?  
What think you of this shaking ? [*Takes out his purse, and  
shakes it.*] here's wit, coxcomb !  
Ha, boys ! ha, my fine rascals ! here's a ring ;  
How right they go !

<sup>h</sup> *Put out mine eye with twelve-pence*] Chilax alludes here to what the Fool  
had previously said (p. 134),

“ I'll have a *shilling* for a can of wine,  
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.”

<sup>i</sup> *do you, shaker*] Altered by Seward to—

*do you shake ? Here,*

*What think you,*” &c.

The Editors of 1778 and Weber point “ *do, you shaker.*”

*Fool.* Oh, let me ring the fore-bell !

*Chi.* And here are thumpers, chequins, golden rogues :  
Wit, wit, ye rascals !

*Fool.* I have a sty here, Chilax.

*Chi.* I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,  
Not one cross<sup>j</sup>, cavalier : we are dull soldiers,  
Gross heavy-headed fellows ; fight for victuals !

*Fool.* Why, ye are the spirits of the time.

*Chi.* By no means.

*Fool.* The valiant, fiery<sup>k</sup>.

*Chi.* Fie, fie ! no.

*Fool.* Belee me<sup>l</sup>, sir.

*Chi.* I would I could, sir !

*Fool.* I will satisfy you.

*Chi.* But I will not content you.—Alas, poor boy,

[*To PICUS.*

Thou shew'st an honest nature, weep'st for thy master !

There's a red rogue, to buy thee handkerchers.

[*Gives him a piece of gold.*

*Fool.* He was an honest gentleman : I have lost too—

*Chi.* You have indeed, your labour, Fool.—But, Stremon,  
Dost thou want money too ? no virtue living ?

No firking<sup>m</sup> out at fingers' ends ?

*Stre.* It seems so.

*Chi.* Will ye all serve me ?

*Stre.* Yes, when you are lord-general ;  
For less I will not go<sup>n</sup>.

*Chi.* There's gold for thee, then ;  
Thou hast a soldier's mind.—Fool !

*Fool.* Here, your first man.

<sup>j</sup> *Not one cross*] Equivalent to—not one farthing : see note, vol. iii. 17.

<sup>k</sup> *fiery*] Altered by Seward to “frie,”—which Mason thinks right !!

<sup>l</sup> *Belee me*] A corruption of *Believe me* (which Weber conjectured it might be, after having informed us that *Be-lee* is “a term of navigation, used in *Othello*”!!).

<sup>m</sup> *firking*] See note, vol. iv. 216. “Here *firking*,” says Weber, “evidently signifies—stealing, picking pockets.” Chilax, I believe, means—have people no liberality ? do they give you nothing ?

<sup>n</sup> *less I will not go*] An expression borrowed from gaming : see notes, vol. ii. 486, vol. iii. 442, vol. iv. 395.

*Chi.* I will give thee for thy wit (for 'tis a fine wit, A dainty diving wit)—hold up—just nothing. Go, graze i' the commons : yet I am merciful ; There 's sixpence ; buy a saucer<sup>o</sup>, steal an old gown, And beg i' the temple for a prophet.—Come away, boys ; Let 's see how things are carried.—Fool up, sirrah<sup>p</sup> ; You may chance get a dinner.—Boy, your preferment I'll undertake ; for your brave master's sake, You shall not perish.

*Fool.* Chilax—

*Chi.* Please me well, Fool,  
And you shall light my pipes. Away to the temple !  
But stay ; the king is here : sport upon sport, boys.

*Enter ASTORAX, Lords, SYPHAX, and CLOE veiled. SYPHAX kneels.*

*Asto.* What would you have, captain ?  
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busy.

*Syph.* A pardon, royal sir.

*Asto.* For what ?

*Syph.* For that,  
Which was Heaven's will, should not be mine alone, sir,—  
My marrying with this lady.

*Asto.* It needs no pardon,  
For marriage is no sin.

*Syph.* Not in itself, sir ;  
But in presuming too much : yet, Heaven knows,  
So does the oracle that cast it on me,  
And—the princess, royal sir.

*Asto.* What princess ?

*Syph.* Oh, be not angry, my dread king ! your sister.

*Asto.* My sister ! she 's i' the temple, man.

*Syph.* She is here, sir.

*First Lord.* The captain 's mad : she 's kneeling at the altar.

*Asto.* I know she is.—With all my heart, good captain,  
I do forgive ye both.—Be unveil'd, lady.—

[*CLOE puts off her veil.*

<sup>o</sup> a saucer] To receive alms in.

<sup>p</sup> Fool up, sirrah] See note, p. 132.

Will you have more forgiveness?—The man 's frantic.  
Come, let 's go bring her out.—God give you joy, sir!

[*Exeunt ASTORAX and Lords.*

*Syph.* How! Cloe! my old Cloe!

*Cloe.* Even the same, sir.

*Chi.* Gods give your manhood much content!

*Stre.* The princess

Looks something musty since her coming over.

*Fool.* 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

*Syph.* Fools and fiddlers

Make sport at my abuse too!

*Fool.* Oh, 'tis the nature

Of us fools to make bold with one another;

But you are wise, brave sir.

*Chi.* Cheer up your princess.

Believe it, sir, the king will not be angry;

Or, say he were, why, 'twas the oracle,

The oracle, an't like your grace, the oracle.

*Stre.* And who, most mighty Syphax——

*Syph.* With mine own whore!

*Cloe.* With whom else should you marry? speak your conscience;

Will you transgress the law of arms, that ever  
Rewards the soldier with his own sins?

*Syph.* Devils!

*Cloe.* You had my maidenhead, my youth, my sweetness;

Is it not justice, then?

*Syph.* I see it must be;

But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.

*Cloe.* You shall not need; my honesty shall do it.

*Syph.* If there be wars in all the world——

*Cloe.* I'll with you;

For you know I have been a soldier.

Come, curse on.

*Syph.* When I need another oracle——

<sup>a</sup> *sir*] Both the folios "sirs."

<sup>r</sup> *When I need another oracle*] Is given by mistake in both the folios to *Cloe*, thus,

"Come, curse on: when I need another oracle——"

the whole of which Seward assigned to Syphax.

*Chi.* Send for me, Syphax ; I 'll fit you with a princess :  
And so, to both your honours !

*Fool.* And your graces !

*Syph.* The devil grace ye all !

*Cloe.* God-a-mercy, Chilax !

*Chi.* Shall we laugh half an hour now ?

*Stre.* No ; the king comes,  
And all the train.

*Chi.* Away, then ! our act 's ended. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter ASTORAX, with CALIS, MEMNON, CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE,  
and Lords<sup>s</sup>.*

*Asto.* You know he does deserve you, loves you dearly ;  
You know what bloody violence h 'ad us 'd  
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it ;  
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him,  
And covet to take birth : look on him, lady ;  
The wars have not so far consum'd him yet,  
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,  
To be abhorr'd : look on his honour, sister ;  
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it ;  
No sad demolishment nor death can reach it :  
Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken  
To view the wonders of the ' glorious Maker,  
And not the weakness : look with your virtuous eyes ;  
And then, clad royally<sup>u</sup> in all his conquests,  
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,  
Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune ;  
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues ;——  
He shall appear a miracle : look on our dangers,  
Look on the public ruin.

*Calis.* Oh, dear brother !

\* *Re-enter Astorax, with Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe, Lucippe, and Lords*] The first folio has "*Enter King, Calis, Memnon, and Cleanthe, Curtisan, Lords*" ; and so Weber, though the Courtesan has evidently no business here. The second folio gives "*Enter King, Calis, Memnon, and Cleanthe, Lords.*"

<sup>t</sup> *the*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*my.*"

<sup>u</sup> *royally*] Mason's correction, and obvious enough.—Both the folios "*royaltie*" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 ("*royalty*") !



*Asto.* Fie ! let us not, like proud and greedy waters,  
Gain to give off again : this is our sea,  
And you, his Cynthia, govern him ; take heed :  
His floods have been as high and full as any,  
And gloriously now he is got up to girdle  
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd<sup>v</sup> : noble sister,  
Take not your virtue from him ; oh, take heed  
We ebb not now to nothing ; take heed, Calis !

*Calis.* The will of Heaven (not mine) which must not alter,  
And my eternal doom, for aught I know,  
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing ;  
Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd with !  
The gentle vine climbs up the oak, and clips<sup>w</sup> him,  
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.  
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him !  
Oh, noble sir !

*Mem.* Those tears are some reward yet :  
Pray, let me wed your sorrows.

*Calis.* Take 'em, soldier ;  
They are fruitful ones ; lay but a sigh upon 'em,  
And straight they will conceive to infinites :  
I told you what you would find 'em.

*Attendant.* [*within*] Room before there<sup>x</sup> !

*Enter Attendants bearing a hearse<sup>y</sup>, upon which POLYDOR is laid,  
covered ; EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS, following.*

*Asto.* How now ! what 's this ? more drops to th' ocean !  
Whose body 's this ?

<sup>v</sup> *And gloriously now he is got up to girdle  
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd*] Both the folios have,  
“ *And gloriously now is got up to the girdle,  
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd.*”

Seward rightly threw out “the” and the comma at the end of the line (making also the unnecessary alteration,—

*And gloriously he 's now got up,” &c.*

and so the Editors of 1778).

<sup>w</sup> *clips*] i. e. embraces.

<sup>x</sup> *Room before there*] These words are found only in the first folio, where they form a portion of the preceding speech.

<sup>y</sup> *Enter Attendants bearing a hearse, &c.*] Here both the folios give only, “*Enter Funerall, Capitaines following, and Eumenes;*” but earlier (opposite the first speech of Astorax) they have, “*The Hearse ready, Polydor, Eumenes and Captains.*”

*Eum.* The noble Polydore :

This speaks his death.

[*Shewing a letter.*]

*Mem.* My brother dead !

*Calis.* Oh, goddess !

Oh, cruel, cruel Venus ! here 's my fortune !

*Asto.* Read, captain.

*Mem.* Read aloud.—Farewell, my follies !

*Eum.*<sup>y</sup> [*reads.*] *To the excellent princess Calis.*

*Be wise as you are beauteous ; love with judgment,*

*And look with clear eyes on my noble brother ;*

*Value desert and virtue ; they are jewels*

*Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady ;*

*The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.*

*Remember me no more ; or, if you must,*

*Seek me in noble Memnon's love ; I dwell there.*

*I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him.*

*I can no more ; make me eternal happy.*

*With looking down upon your loves. Farewell.*

*Mem.* And didst thou die for me ?—

*Asto.* Excellent virtue !—

What will you now do ?

*Calis.* Dwell for ever here, sir. [*Goes up to the hearse.*]

*Mem.* For me, dear Polydore ? oh, worthy young man !

Oh, love, love, love ! love above recompense !

Infinite love, infinite honesty !—

Good lady, leave ; you must have no share here ;

Take home your sorrows : here 's enough to store me,

Brave glorious griefs. Was ever such a brother ?

Turn all the stories over in the world yet,

And search through all the memories<sup>z</sup> of mankind,

And find me such a friend ! h'as outdone all,

Outstripp'd 'em sheerly ; all, all : thou hast, Polydore !

To die for me ! why, as I hope for happiness,

'Twas one of the rarest-thought-on things, the bravest,

And carried beyond compass of our actions !

I wonder how he hit it ; a young man too,

In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,

In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,

<sup>y</sup> *Eum.*] So the second folio.—The first folio has " 1. Cap." (but previously a stage-direction, "*Eumen. reads*").—Weber printed "*Polyb.*"

<sup>z</sup> *memories*] " i. e. memorials." MASON.

Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven !  
 It starts me extremely<sup>a</sup>. Thou blest ashes,  
 Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship  
 Shall, while the world is, work new miracles !

*Calis.* Oh, let me speak too !

*Mem.* No, not yet.—Thou man,  
 (For we are but man's shadows,) only man——  
 I have not words to utter him.—Speak, lady ;  
 I'll think a while.

*Calis.* The goddess grants me this yet,  
 I shall enjoy thee<sup>b</sup> dead : no tomb shall hold thee  
 But these two arms, no trickments<sup>c</sup> but my tears ;  
 Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,  
 Shall hang for ever ; on the toughest marble  
 Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph ;  
 Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken,  
 Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.  
 Oh, sweet young man !

*Asto.* Now I begin to melt too.

*Mem.* Have you enough yet, lady ? room for a gamester !  
 To my fond<sup>d</sup> love, and all those idle fancies,  
 A long farewell ! Thou diedst for me, dear Polydore ;  
 To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory !—  
 I stay and talk here :—I will kiss thee first ; [*Kisses* POLYD.  
 And now I'll follow thee. [*Offers to kill himself.*

*Polyd.* [*rising*] Hold, for Heaven's sake !

*Mem.* Ha ! does he live ?—Dost thou deceive me ?

*Polyd.* Thus far ;  
 Yet for your good and honour.

*Asto.* Now, dear sister——

*Calis.* The oracle is ended ; noble sir,  
 Dispose me now as you please.

<sup>a</sup> *It starts me extremely*] Altered by Seward to "*It startles me extremely*" ; so his successors ;—and, doubtless, to the improvement of the metre : but we have already had in this play, "*Does it start you ?*" (p. 171) : and compare *Macbeth*,—

"Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
 Cannot once *start* me." act v, sc. 5.

<sup>b</sup> *thee*] Both the folios "*the*" ; and so Seward.

<sup>c</sup> *trickments*] i. e. decorations.

<sup>d</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

*Polyd.* You are mine, then ?

*Calis.* With all the joys that may be.

*Polyd.* Your consent, sir !

*Asto.* You have it freely.

*Polyd.* Walk along with me, then,

And, as you love me, love my will. [*Leads her to MEMNON.*]

*Calis.* I will so.

*Polyd.* Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous princess ;  
You have deserv'd her nobly ; she will love you :  
And when my life shall bring you peace, as she does,  
Command it, you shall have it.

*Mem.* Sir, I thank you.

*Asto.* I never found such goodness in such years.

*Mem.* Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for 't.  
Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother !  
You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,  
Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar :  
What may I give you back again ?

*Polyd.* Your love, sir.

*Mem.* And you shall have it, even my dearest love,  
My first, my noblest love : take her again, sir ;  
She is yours, your honesty has over-run me :  
She loves you ; lov'st her not ?—Excellent princess,  
Enjoy thy wish :—and now, get generals.

*Polyd.* As you love Heaven, love him !—She is only yours,  
sir.

*Mem.* As you love Heaven, love him !—She is only yours,  
sir.—

My lord the king——

*Polyd.* He will undo himself, sir,  
And must without her perish : who shall fight, then ?  
Who shall protect your kingdom ?

*Mem.* Give me hearing,  
And, after that, belief. Were she my soul  
(As I do love her equal), all my victories,  
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,  
And loving him, that good, that virtuous good<sup>e</sup> man,

<sup>e</sup> good] Silently omitted by Seward and the Editors of 1778.

That only worthy of the name of brother,  
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love  
To me, all marriage-rites, the joy of issues,  
To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful.

*Asto.* This is the noblest difference !—Take your choice,  
sister.

*Calis.* I see they are so brave and noble both,  
I know not which to look on.

*Polyd.* Choose discreetly,  
And Virtue guide you ! There all the world, in one man,  
Stands at the mark.

*Mem.* There all man's honesty,  
The sweetness of all youth.

*Calis.* Oh, gods !

*Mem.* My armour !—  
By all the gods, she 's yours !—my arms, I say !—  
And, I beseech your grace, give me employment :  
That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship.

*Asto.* You shall have any thing.

*Mem.* Virtuous lady,  
Remember me, your servant<sup>f</sup> now.—Young man,  
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.—  
Oh, Love ! how sweet thou look'st now, and how gentle !  
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty.—  
Your hand, your hand, sir !

*Asto.* Take her, and Heaven bless her !

*Mem.* So.

*Polyd.* 'Tis your will, sir, nothing of my merit ;  
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

*Calis.* And I from Heaven this gentleman.—

Thanks, goddess !

*Mem.* So, you are pleas'd now, lady ?

*Calis.* Now or never.

*Mem.* My cold stiff carcass would have frozen you.—  
Wars, wars !

*Asto.* You shall have wars.

*Mem.* My next brave battle

<sup>f</sup> *servant*] See note, vol. v. 391.

I dedicate to your bright honour, sister :  
 Give me a favour, that the world may know  
 I am your soldier.

*Calis.* This, and all fair fortunes !      [*Gives him a scarf.*]

*Mem.* And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.

[*CLEANTHE kneels to CALIS.*]

*Calis.* [*raising her*] I do forgive thee : be honest : no more,  
 wench.

*Asto.* Come, now to revels : this blest day shall prove  
 The happy crown of noble faith and love.      [*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now ; let our plays be good,  
 Our own care sailing equal in this flood,  
 Our preparations new, new our attire,  
 Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' the mire,  
 Here we stick fast. Is there no way to clear  
 This passage of your judgment, and our fear ?  
 No mitigation of that law ? Brave friends,  
 Consider we are yours, made for your ends ;  
 And every thing preserves itself ; each will,  
 If not perverse and crookèd, utters still  
 The best of that it ventures in<sup>h</sup>. Have care,  
 Even for your pleasure's sake, of what we are,  
 And do not ruin all ; you may frown still,  
 But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

<sup>g</sup> *Gives him a scarf*] Added by Weber.

<sup>h</sup>                      *each will,*

*If not perverse and crooked, utters still*

*The best of that it ventures in*] "i. e. it is the inclination of all fair dealers to sell their customers the best of their wares." *Ed.* 1778.—Mason, not knowing that "utter" is found only in the second folio, calls it "the old and true reading", and understands "'will'" as merely the sign of the future tense", &c.

THE  
FALSE ONE.



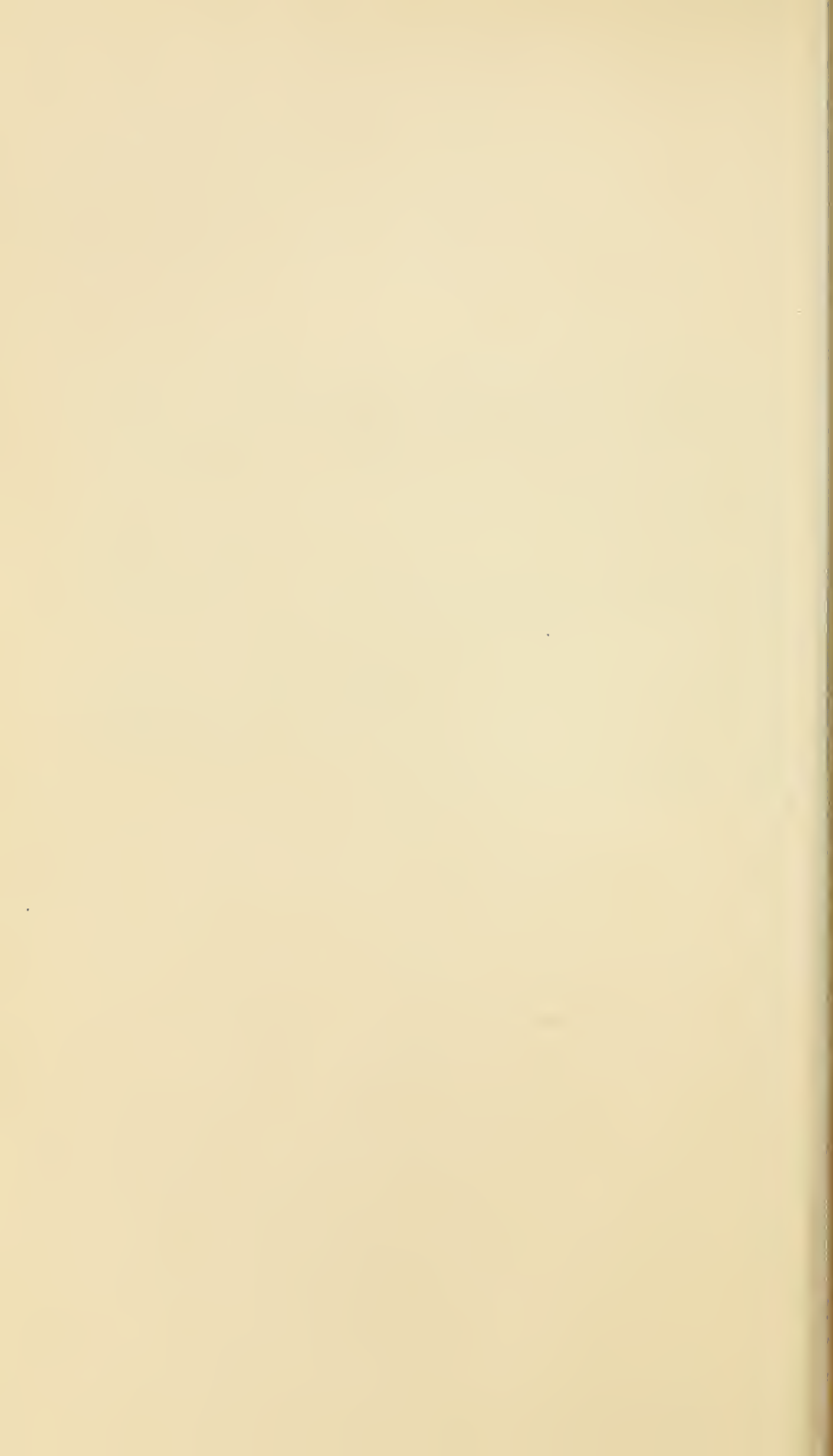
*The False One. A Tragedy.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

THAT *The False One* was composed by more than a single author, both the Prologue and the Epilogue attest. Malone observes, that "perhaps" it should be considered as the joint-production of Beaumont and Fletcher. Note on Dryden's *Prose Works*, Vol. I. Part ii. p. 101. Gifford cites it as written by "Beaumont and Fletcher". Note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 126. Weber thinks that, from the absence of Burbadge's name in the list of the principal actors, we may, with some probability conclude that it was brought upon the stage after that performer's death, which took place about the middle of March 1618-19;<sup>a</sup> and that Massinger was the poet associated with Fletcher in its composition.

For the plot of *The False One* Langbaine refers to "Suetonius Plutarch, Dion, Appian, Florus, Eutropius, Orosius, &c." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 209. Several passages of the play are either imitated, from, or suggested by, the *Pharsalia* of Lucan.

<sup>a</sup> See note, vol. v. 3.



## PROLOGUE.

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,  
The subject being old ; and 'tis as true,  
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd  
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd  
With glory on the stage : what borrows he  
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,  
That writes his love to Hecuba ? sure, to tell  
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell  
In the Capitol <sup>b</sup>, can never be the same  
To the judicious : nor will such blame  
Those that penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find  
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind  
Express'd to the height, with us a maid, and free,  
And how he rated her virginity ;  
We treat not of what boldness she did die <sup>c</sup>,  
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.  
What we present and offer to your view,  
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew :  
Let reason, then, first to your wills give laws,  
And after judge of them and of their cause.

<sup>b</sup>

*how he fell*

*I' the Capitol*] An allusion to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

<sup>c</sup>

*what boldness she did die, &c.*] An allusion to Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY,  
DOLABELLA, } Roman captains.  
SCÆVA, }

LABIENUS, a Roman officer, a deserter  
from CÆSAR to POMPEY.

PTOLEMY, king of Egypt, brother to  
CLEOPATRA.

PHOTINUS<sup>d</sup>, an eunuch, his chief  
minister.

ACHOREUS, priest of Isis.

ACHILLAS, captain of PTOLEMY's guard.

SEPTIMIUS, a Roman who has fled  
from POMPEY to the service of  
PTOLEMY.

APOLLODORUS, guardian to CLEOPATRA.

Boy, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants.

CLEOPATRA, }  
ARSINOË, . } sisters to PTOLEMY.

EROS, waiting-woman to CLEOPATRA.

ISIS,  
NILUS, and his Heads, } in the  
Three Labourers, } masque.

SCENE—*Alexandria.*

*The principal actors were—*

John Lowin.	Joseph Taylor.
John Underwood.	Nicholas Toolie.
Robert Benfield.	John Rice.
Richard Sharpe.	George Birch.

Fol. 1679.

<sup>d</sup> *Photinus*] The proper spelling of the name is *Pothinus*: see the notes of Grotius and Oudendorp on Lucan, viii. 483.

THE  
FALSE ONE.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A hall in the Palace.*

---

*Enter* ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS.

*Achor.* I love the king, nor do dispute his power,  
For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd<sup>a</sup>  
By me, that am his subject; yet allow me  
The liberty of a man, that still would be  
A friend to justice, to demand the motives  
That did induce young Ptolemy, or Photinus  
(To whose directions he gives up himself,  
And I hope wisely), to commit his sister,  
The princess Cleopatra—if I said  
The queen, Achilles, 'twere, I hope, no treason,  
She being by her father's testament  
(Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir  
In all he stood possess'd of.

*Achil.* 'Tis confess'd,  
My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms  
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,  
But claim a privilege equal to the male;  
But how much such divisions have ta'en from  
The majesty of Egypt, and what factions  
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin  
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,  
We have too many and too sad examples:

<sup>a</sup> *censur'd*] i. e. judged.

Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent  
The murders and the massacres that attend  
On disunited government, and to shew  
The king, without a partner, in full splendour,  
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra  
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)  
Should be committed to safe custody,  
In which she is attended like her birth,  
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,  
Hath found her out a husband.

*Achor.* How this may  
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not ;  
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence  
With the rites of Egypt or the laws of nature.  
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down  
With this disgrace, though insupportable,  
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,  
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,  
This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,  
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian  
As well as Ptolemy's, will e'er approve  
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,  
That should authorize it ?

*Achil.* The civil war,  
In which the Roman empire is embark'd  
On a rough sea of danger, does exact  
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives them  
No vacant time to think of what we do,  
Which hardly can concern them.

*Achor.* What's your opinion  
Of the success ? I have heard, in multitudes  
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,  
Pompey is much superior.

*Achil.* I could give you  
A catalogue of all the several nations  
From whence he drew his powers ; but that were tedious.  
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,  
Which makes them think the day already won ;  
And Pompey being master of the sea,



Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,  
As if the place, on which they are entrench'd,  
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,  
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd  
To make a public feast. They at Dyrrachium  
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of  
Fortune's fair offer: so much, I have heard,  
Cæsar himself confess'd<sup>a</sup>.

*Achor.* Where are they now?

*Achil.* In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;  
Where Cæsar with a handful of his men  
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops  
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,  
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,  
Inur'd to his command, and only know  
To fight and overcome: and though that famine  
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste  
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man  
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,  
As in derision of his delicates),  
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;  
They still besiege him, being ambitious only  
To come to blows, and let their swords determine  
Who hath the better cause.

*Achor.* May victory  
Attend on't, where it is!

*Achil.* We every hour  
Expect to hear the issue.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS.*

*Sept.* Save my good lords!  
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,  
And the four hundred gods and goddesses  
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' servant.

*Achor.* Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.

*Achil.* You are cruel;

<sup>a</sup> *confess'd*] The first folio has "confesse"; the second, "confess".—"This reading supposes Achilles to have been in Greece, and in Cæsar's presence. The correction is very obvious." SEWARD.

If you deny him swearing, you take from him  
Three full parts of his language.

*Sept.* Your honour's bitter.

Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,  
But I must swear't : yet such is my ill fortune,  
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;  
I think (and I can find no other reason),  
Because I am a Roman.

*Achor.* No, Septimius ;  
To be a Roman were an honour to you,  
Did not your manners and your life take from it,  
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing  
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,  
But no seed of her virtues.

*Sept.* With your reverence,  
I am too old to learn.

*Achor.* Any thing honest ;  
That I believe without an oath.

*Sept.* I fear  
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that  
Invites this sad<sup>b</sup> discourse : 'twill make you old  
Before your time : [pox] o' these<sup>c</sup> virtuous morals,  
And old religious principles, that fool us !  
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,  
Though you were at your prayers.

*Achor.* What is the subject<sup>d</sup> ?  
Be free, Septimius.

*Sept.* 'Tis a catalogue  
Of all the gamesters<sup>e</sup> of the court and city,

<sup>b</sup> *sad*] i. e. grave, serious.

<sup>c</sup> [*pox*] o' *these*] The first folio has "—— o' *these*". The second folio "—— O *these*"; and so Seward, and (without the break) the Editors of 1778.

<sup>d</sup> *What is the subject? &c.*] Assigned by Seward to Achillas. "The mistake", he says, "of giving this to Achoreus makes him speak much out of character. It is perfectly consonant to that of Achillas, to desire to hear Septimius's ribaldry." The Editors of 1778 justly remark, "This speech is as proper for Achoreus as the two next ; and all three imply a contempt for Septimius, not 'a desire to hear his ribaldry'".

<sup>e</sup> *gamesters*] i. e. dissolute persons of both sexes (In act ii. sc. 3, we have *gamester* in the sense of prostitute).

Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant  
Sports with that merchant's wife ; and does relate  
Who sells her honour for a diamond,  
Who for a tissue robe ; whose husband's jealous,  
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,  
Will make the match himself : harmless conceits,  
Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it,  
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.

*Achor.* How ! as a fiddler ?

*Sept.* No, sir, as a guest,  
A welcome guest too ; and it was approv'd of  
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in 't ;  
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,  
When we have laid by foolish modesty  
(As not a man of fashion will wear it),  
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it ;  
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,  
And heightens crest-faln appetite.

*Achor.* New doctrine !

*Achil.* Was 't of your own composing ?

*Sept.* No, I bought it  
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolemies ;  
But the hints were mine own : the wretch was fearful ;  
But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,  
That I will own it.

*Achor.* And be punish'd for it :—  
Take heed ; for you may so long exercise  
Your scurrilous wit against authority,  
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests  
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)  
Against religion, that your great maintainers,  
Unless they would be thought copartners with you,  
Will leave you to the law ; and then, Septimius,  
Remember there are whips.

*Sept.* For whores, I grant you,  
When <sup>f</sup> they are out of date ; till then, [they] are safe too,  
Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs :

And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this ;  
 I'll be admitted, for a wanton tale,  
 To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,  
 Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,  
 Shall wait without unnoted. So I leave you  
 To your pious thoughts.

[*Exit.*]

*Achil.* 'Tis a strange impudence  
 This fellow does put on.

*Achor.* The wonder great,  
 He is accepted of<sup>g</sup>.

*Achil.* Vices, for him,  
 Make as free way as virtues do for others :  
 'Tis the times' fault ; yet great ones still have grac'd,  
 To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,  
 Observers<sup>h</sup> of all kinds.

*Achor.* No more of him,  
 He is not worth our thoughts ; a fugitive  
 From Pompey's army, and now, in a danger  
 When he should use his service<sup>i</sup>.

*Enter PHOTINUS with SEPTIMIUS.*

*Achil.* See how he hangs  
 On great Photinus' ear !

*Sept.* Hell, and the Furies,  
 And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,  
 You are my god on earth ! and let me have  
 Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter !

*Pho.* Thou art believ'd : dost thou want money ?

*Sept.* No, sir.

<sup>g</sup> *accepted of*] "i. e. received or admitted." WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *Observers*] i. e. obsequious attendants, parasites.

<sup>i</sup> *and now, in a danger*

*When he should use his service*] "Mr. Sympson thinks this dark ; it may therefore be proper to explain it, as it seems to me a very beautiful sentiment. 'Septimius was not only a fugitive from Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged in a war with Cæsar.' One need not add how infamous such a desertion is held among soldiers." SEWARD. Mason, after observing that Seward has rightly explained the passage, says, "but the construction, as it now stands, is so very confused, that it cannot be right ; I should therefore amend it by leaving out the word *and*"—a most unnecessary alteration.

*Pho.* Or hast thou any suit? these ever follow  
Thy vehement protestations.

*Sept.* You much wrong me:

How can I want, when your beams shine upon me?  
Unless employment to express my zeal  
To do your greatness service. Do but think  
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,  
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all  
The powers above, and those below, against me;  
Command me, I will on.

*Pho.* When I have use,  
I'll put you to the test.

*Sept.* May it be speedy,  
And something worth my danger! You are cold,  
And know not your own powers: this brow was fashion'd  
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment  
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern  
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,  
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment  
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?

*Pho.* When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,  
Thou saidst as much to him.

*Sept.* All my love to him,  
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost  
In the ocean of your bounties: I have no friend,  
Project, design, or country, but your favour,  
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

*Pho.* No more.  
When I call on you, fall not off; perhaps,  
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you:  
So, leave me for a while.

*Sept.* Ever your creature! [Exit.

*Pho.* Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend, Achilles,  
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour  
Of the great Roman action?

*Achil.* That we are  
To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care  
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,  
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

*Pho.* I'll not boast  
 What my intelligence costs me ; but ere long  
 You shall know more.—The king, with him a Roman.

*Enter* PTOLEMY, LABIENUS wounded, and Guard.

*Achor.* The scarlet livery of unfortunate war  
 Dy'd deeply on his face.

*Achil.* 'Tis Labienus,  
 Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,  
 And fortunate in all his undertakings :  
 But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,  
 And, though he follow'd the better cause,  
 Not with the like success.

*Pho.* Such as are wise  
 Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise :  
 But more of that hereafter.

*Lab.* In a word, sir,  
 These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,  
 Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,  
 How many thousand several bloody shapes  
 Death wore that day in triumph ; how we bore  
 The shock of Cæsar's charge ; or with what fury  
 His soldiers came on, as if they had been  
 So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious  
 To tread upon the liberty of Rome ;  
 How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers ;  
 Or how the Roman piles on either side  
 Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons,  
 The sword, succeeded<sup>j</sup>, which, in civil wars,

<sup>j</sup> *Or how the Roman piles on either side*

*Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons,*

*The sword, succeeded*—piles, i. e. javelins, darts.—“Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter amongst them, says,

*Ensis habet vires, et gens quæcumque virorum est,*

*Bella gerit gladiis.*

Lib. viii. [385.]

The reader will observe what a noble flight of poetry our authors have built on this sentiment. And if he will please to look over Lucan's whole description of this battle, in the seventh book, I believe he will agree that our authors have chose the noblest of his sentiments, and expressed them with the highest dignity ; that they have shewed great spirit in their additions, and as great



Appoints the tent on which wing'd Victory  
 Shall make a certain stand ; then, how the plains  
 Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures  
 And other birds of prey hung o'er both armies,  
 Attending when their ready servitors,  
 The soldiers, from whom the angry gods  
 Had took all sense of reason and of pity,  
 Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast ;  
 How Cæsar with his javelin forc'd them on  
 That made the least stop, when their angry hands  
 Were lifted up against some known friend's face<sup>k</sup> ;  
 Then coming to the body of the army,  
 He shews the sacred senate<sup>l</sup>, and forbids them  
 To waste their force upon the common soldier,  
 (Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,  
 He would have spar'd,)——

*Ptol.* The reason, Labienus ?

*Lab.* Full well he knows, that in their blood he was

judgment in their omissions ; that they seldom fall below, but often rise above him." SEWARD.

<sup>k</sup> *when their angry hands  
 Were lifted up against some known friend's face]*

*"Adversosque jubet ferro confundere vultus.*

Lucan [vii. 575].

The famous speech of Cæsar in this battle—*Miles, faciem feri*—is variously interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, or else that the gay handsome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This last is Florus's reason ; our authors prefer the former," &c. SEWARD.

<sup>l</sup> *Then coming to the body of the army,  
 He shews the sacred senate, &c.]*

*"In plebem vetat ire manus, monstratque senatum.*

*Scit, cruor inperii qui sit, quæ viscera rerum :*

*Unde petat Romam, libertas ultima mundi*

*Quo steterit ferienda loco. permixta secundo*

*Ordine nobilitas, venerandaque corpora ferro*

*Urguentur: cædunt Lepidos, cæduntque Metellos,*

*Corvinosque simul, Torquataque nomina, regum*

*Sæpe duces, summosque hominum, te, Magne, remoto.*

Lucan [vii. 578]." SEWARD.

In the passage just cited I have followed Oudendorp's text.



To pass to empire, and that through their bowels  
 He must invade the laws of Rome, and give  
 A period to the liberty of the world.  
 Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,  
 The fam'd Torquati, Scipios, and Marcelli,  
 Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth :  
 The nobles and the commons lay together,  
 And Pontic, Punic, and Assyrian blood,  
 Made up one crimson lake<sup>m</sup> : which Pompey seeing,  
 And that his and the fate of Rome had left him,  
 Standing upon the rampire of his camp,  
 Though scorning all that could fall on himself,  
 He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd  
 In his unlucky quarrel ; cries aloud too  
 That they should sound retreat, and save themselves ;  
 That he desir'd not so much noble blood  
 Should be lost in his service, or attend  
 On his misfortunes : and then, taking horse  
 With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,  
 And with Cornelia his wife, and sons,  
 He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia,  
 Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,  
 Offer'd him his protection ; but Pompey,  
 Relying on his benefits and your faith,  
 Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,  
 Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,  
 And try a second day. Now, Ptolemy,  
 Though he appear not like that glorious thing

<sup>m</sup> *And Pontic, Punic, and Assyrian blood,  
 Made up one crimson lake]*

*“ sanguis ibi fluxit Achæus,  
 Ponticus, Assyrius : cunctos hædere cruores  
 Romanus, campisque vetat consistere torrens.*

[Lucan, vii. 635.]

The description of Pompey's despair and flight is likewise a fine abridgement of Lucan, who labours much to excuse Pompey for flying so precipitately that he carried the news of his own defeat. - - - - - Our poets have judiciously omitted all the circumstances that are disadvantageous to Pompey ; and in this they follow nature, for a lieutenant sent by him to Ptolemy would naturally speak so.” SEWARD.

That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws  
 To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,  
 (As this of yours your noble father took  
 From his victorious hand, and you still wear it  
 At his devotion,) to do you more honour,  
 In his declin'd estate, as the straightest pine  
 In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,  
 He flies to you for succour, and expects  
 The entertainment of your father's friend,  
 And guardian to yourself.

*Ptol.* To say I grieve his fortune,  
 As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)  
 Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,  
 Our gods can witness for me: yet, being young,  
 And not a free disposer of myself,  
 Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,  
 Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,  
 Which next to hell I hate. Pray you, retire,  
 And take a little rest;—and let his wounds  
 Be with that care attended, as they were  
 Carv'd on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think  
 The little respite I desire shall be  
 Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way  
 To do great Pompey service.

*Lab.* May the gods,  
 As you intend, protect you! [Exit with Guard.]

*Ptol.* Sit, sit all;  
 It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

*Achor.* A short deliberation in this<sup>n</sup>,  
 May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,  
 Religious, and thankful, in themselves  
 Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish

<sup>n</sup> *A short deliberation in this, &c.]* “We have the purport of this speech of Achoreus in Lucan :

*“quos inter Achoreus*

- - - - -  
*Consilii vox prima fuit, meritumque, fidemque,  
 Sacraque defuncti jactavit pignora patris.*

[viii. 175].” SEWARD.

Or gloss in the persuader ; your kept faith,  
 Though Pompey never rise to the height he's faln from,  
 Cæsar himself will love ; and my opinion  
 Is, still committing it to graver censure°,  
 You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard  
 Of all you can call yours.

*Ptol.* What's yours, Photinus ?

*Pho.* Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd  
 Like a religious and honest man,  
 Worthy the honour that he justly holds  
 In being priest to Isis. But, alas,  
 What in a man sequester'd from the world,  
 Or in a private person, is preferr'd,  
 No policy allows of in a king :  
 To be or just, or thankful<sup>p</sup>, makes kings guilty ;

° censure] i. e. judgment.

<sup>p</sup> *To be or just, or thankful, &c.*] "From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a literal translation out of Lucan :

*Jus et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemæe, nocentes :  
 Dat pœnas laudata fides, cum sustinet, inquit,  
 Quos Fortuna premit. fatis accede, Deisque,  
 Et cole felices, miseros fuge. sidera terra  
 Ut distant, ut flamma mari, sic utile recto.  
 Sceptrorum vis tota perit, si pendere justa  
 Incipit ; evertitque arces respectus honesti.  
 Libertas scelerum est, quæ regna invisâ tuetur,  
 Sublatusque modus gladiis. facere omnia sæve  
 Non inpune licet, nisi cum facis. exeat aula,  
 Qui vult esse pius. virtus et summa potestas  
 Non coëunt : semper metuet, quem sæva pudebunt.  
 Non inpune tuos Magnus contemserit annos ;  
 Qui, te nec victos arcere à litore nostro  
 Posse, putat. neu te sceptris privaverit hospes,  
 Pignora sunt propiora tibi : Nilonque, Pharonque,  
 Si regnare piget, damnatæ redde sorori.  
 Ægypton certe Latiis tueamur ab armis.  
 Quidquid non fuerit Magni, dum bella geruntur,  
 Nec victoris erit. toto jam pulsus ab orbe,  
 Postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, quærit,  
 Cum qua gente cadat : rapitur civilibus umbris.  
 Nec soceri tantum arma fugit : fugit ora senatus,  
 Cujus Thessalicas saturat pars magna volueres.  
 Et metuit gentes, quas uno in sanguine mixtas  
 Descruit ; regesque timet, quorum omniu mersit :*

And faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports  
 Such as good fate forsakes : join with the gods,  
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched ;  
 The stars are not more distant from the earth  
 Than profit is from honesty ; all the power,  
 Prerogative, and greatness of a prince  
 Is lost, if he descend once but to steer  
 His course as what 's right guides him : let him leave  
 The sceptre, that strives only to be good,  
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood

*Achor.* Oh, wicked !

*Ptol.* Peace.—Go on.

*Pho.* Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns your youth,  
 In thinking that you cannot keep your own  
 From such as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd  
 With being a king, let not a stranger take  
 What nearer pledges challenge : resign rather

*Thessaliæque reus, nulla tellure receptus,  
 Sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem.  
 Justior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemæe, querelæ  
 Causæ data est. quid sepositam, semperque quictam  
 Crimine bellorum maculas Pharon, arvaque nostra  
 Victori suspecta facis ? cur sola cadenti  
 Hæ placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata  
 Conferres, pœnasque tuas ? jam crimen habemus  
 Purgandum gladio. quod nobis sceptræ senatus,  
 Te suadente, dedit, votis tua fovimus arma.  
 Hoc ferrum, quod fata jubent proferre, paravi  
 Non tibi, sed victo. feriam tua viscera, Magne :  
 Malucram soceri : rapimur, quo cuncta feruntur.  
 Tene mihi dubitas an sit violare necesse,  
 Cum liceat ? quæ te nostri fiducia regni  
 Huc agit, infelix ? populum non cernis inermem,  
 Arvaque vir refugo fodientem mollia Nilo ?  
 Metiri sua regna decet, viresque futuri.  
 Tu, Ptolemæe, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,  
 Sub qua Roma jacet ? bustum, cineresque movere  
 Thessalios audes, bellumque in regna vocare ?  
 Ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis :  
 Pompeii nunc castra placent, quæ deserit orbis ?  
 Nunc victoris opes, et cognita fata laeassis ?  
 Adversis non deesse decet, sed læta secutos.  
 Nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos.*

[viii. 484].” SEWARD.

Here again I have given Oudendorp's text.

The government of Egypt and of Nile  
 To Cleopatra, that has title to them ;  
 At least, defend them from the Roman gripe :  
 What was not Pompey's, while the wars endur'd,  
 The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world  
 Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,  
 His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of  
 What nation he shall fall with ; and, pursu'd  
 By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,  
 He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,  
 Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger  
 Of sharp Pharsalian fowl ; he flies the nations  
 That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates  
 Are sunk in his ; and, in no place receiv'd,  
 Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.  
 And Ptolemy, things consider'd, justly may  
 Complain of Pompey : wherefore should he stain  
 Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,  
 Or make the peaceable or <sup>p</sup> quiet Nile  
 Doubted of Cæsar ? wherefore should he draw  
 His loss and overthrow upon our heads,  
 Or choose this place to suffer in ? Already  
 We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,  
 And no way left us to redeem his favour  
 But by the head of Pompey.

*Achor.* Great Osiris,  
 Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty  
 And barbarous ingratitude !

*Pho.* Holy trifles,  
 And not to have place in designs of state.  
 This sword, which fate commands me to unsheathe,  
 I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd ;  
 I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar ;  
 But we must follow where his fortune leads us :  
 All provident princes measure their intents  
 According to their power, and so dispose them.  
 And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop  
 His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,

Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd ?  
 Shall we, that in the battle sate as neuters,  
 Serve him that 's overcome ? no, no, he's lost :  
 And though 'tis noble<sup>a</sup> to a sinking friend  
 To lend a helping hand, while there is hope  
 He may recover, thy part not engag'd,  
 Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,  
 To drown him set thy foot upon his head.

*Achor.* Most execrable counsel !

*Achil.* To be follow'd ;

'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

*Ptol.* We give up

Our absolute power to thee : dispose of it  
 As reason shall direct thee.

*Pho.* Good Achilles,

Seek out Septimius : do you but soothe him ;  
 He is already wrought. Leave the despatch  
 To me of Labienus. 'Tis determin'd  
 Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate  
 Shall alter it, since now the die is cast,  
 But that this hour to Pompey is his last.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the mansion of CLEOPATRA.*

*Enter ARSINOE, APOLLODORUS, EROS, and a Boy.*

*Apol.* Is the queen stirring, Eros ?

*Eros.* Yes ; for, in truth,  
 She touch'd no bed to-night.

*Apol.* I am sorry for it,  
 And wish it were in me, with my hazard<sup>r</sup>,  
 To give her ease.

<sup>a</sup> *And though 'tis noble, &c.*] The Editors of 1778 "apprehend this passage has been irreparably injured by corruption or omission, or both." I think, with Mason, that "it would be difficult to find out any passage in which an obvious meaning is expressed in clearer terms."

<sup>r</sup> *with my hazard*] Altered by Seward to "*with any hazard*"; so the Editors of 1778 ; and, I suspect, rightly, though Mason says "there is no reason for changing the old reading ; '*with my hazard*' meaning—with the hazard of my person."



*Ars.* Sir, she accepts your will,  
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,  
So far as, if restraint of liberty  
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,  
She is your debtor for it.

*Apol.* Did you tell her  
Of the sports I have prepar'd to entertain her?  
She was us'd to take delight, with her fair hand  
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,  
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,  
Contended to be taken; other times,  
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,  
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her  
To his last gasp, then prouder of his fate,  
Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been chosen  
To fall a sacrifice before the altar  
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Photinus,  
Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit  
In which she is confin'd gladly affords  
Variety of pastimes, which I would  
Increase with my best service.

*Eros.* Oh, but the thought  
That she that was born free, and to dispense  
Restraint or liberty to others, should be  
At the devotion of her brother, (whom  
She only knows her equal,) makes this place  
In which she lives, though stor'd with all delights,  
A loathsome dungeon to her.

*Apol.* Yet, howe'er  
She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting  
To do my best to serve her: I have prepar'd  
Choice music near her cabinet, and compos'd  
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time<sup>s</sup>,  
In the praise of imprisonment.—Begin, boy.

SONG by the Boy.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:  
Even in shadows you are fair.

<sup>s</sup> time] i. e. tune



Shut-up beauty is like fire,  
That breaks out clearer still and higher.  
Though your body be confin'd,  
And soft love a prisoner bound,  
Yet the beauty of your mind  
Neither check nor chain hath found.  
Look out nobly, then, and dare  
Even the fetters that you wear.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty  
And love in you, my guardian, and desire  
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,  
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness  
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents  
Are to delight us: alas, you wash an Ethiop !  
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember  
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,  
I suffer in the name !), and that, in justice,  
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,  
But that the tributary earth is proud  
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen ;  
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish  
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,  
Bondman Achilles, and all other monsters  
That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court  
Where they reside, and this, where I, a prison ?  
But there's a Rome, a senate, and a Cæsar,  
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,  
May think of Cleopatra.

*Apol.* Pompey, madam——

*Cleo.* What of him ? speak : if ill, Apollodorus,  
It is my happiness ; and, for thy news,  
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,  
And kiss my hand.

*Apol.* He's lost.

*Cleo.* Speak it again.

*Apol.* His army routed, he fled, and pursu'd  
By the all-conquering Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Whither bends he ?

*Apol.* To Egypt.

*Cleo.* Ha ! in person ?

*Apol.* 'Tis receiv'd

For an undoubted truth.

*Cleo.* I live again ;

And, if assurance of my love and beauty

Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge

To do me right. But how to free myself,

And get access ? the guards are strong upon me ;

This door I must pass through [*Aside*].—Apollodorus,

Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,

Thy life was not thine own.

*Apol.* I am not alter'd ;

And let your excellency propound a means

In which I may but give the least assistance

That may restore you to that you were born to,

Though it call on the anger of the king,

Or, what's more deadly, all his minion

Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,

Offer my throat to serve you ; ever provided,

It bear some probable show to be effected :

To lose myself upon no ground were madness,

Not loyal duty.

*Cleo.* [*To ARSINOE, EROS, and Boy*] Stand off.—To thee  
alone [*To APOLLODORUS.*]

I will discover what I dare not trust

My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,

And taken more with the title of a queen,

Than feature or proportion ; he lov'd Eunoe,

A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought

No other object to inflame his blood,

But that her husband was a king ; on both

He did bestow rich presents : shall I, then,

That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,

That know to prize myself at mine own rate,

Despair his favour ? Art thou mine ?

*Apol.* I am.

*Cleo.* I have found out a way shall bring me to him,  
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,

As I am confident I shall, expect  
 Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I purchase  
 His grace with loss of my virginity,  
 It skills not<sup>t</sup>, if it bring home majesty. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter* SEPTIMIUS, *with the head of* POMPEY, ACHILLAS, *and* Guard.

*Sept.* 'Tis here, 'tis done. Behold, you fearful viewers,  
 Shake, and behold the model of the world here,  
 The pride, and strength! look, look again! 'tis finish'd:  
 That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,  
 Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,  
 And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors;  
 That steel'd War<sup>u</sup> waited on, and Fortune courted,  
 That high-plun'd Honour built up for her own;  
 Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,  
 Behold that child of war, with all his glories,  
 By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achilles;  
 Egypt and Cæsar owe me for this service,  
 And all the conquer'd nations.

*Achil.* Peace, Septimius;  
 Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions:  
 Though sometimes safety seek an instrument  
 Of thy unworthy nature, thou loud boaster,  
 Think not she is bound to love him too that's barbarous.  
 Why did not I, if this be meritorious,

<sup>t</sup> *skills not*] i. e. matters not.

<sup>u</sup> *steel'd War*] The first folio has "steale warr"; the second "steel war."—Both Theobald and Sympson saw that "*steel'd*" was the right reading: yet Seward retained "steel." The Editors of 1778 also gave "steel", believing that it meant *sword*, and proposing to read "*high plume*" in the next line.—Mason recommended that "steel" and "*war*" should be joined with a hyphen; and Weber accordingly printed "*steel-War*"!

And binds the king unto me and his bounties,  
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;  
It was a sacred head I durst not heave at<sup>v</sup>,  
Not heave a thought.

*Sept.* It was.

*Achil.* I'll tell thee truly,  
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,  
I'll make thee blush: it was thy general's;  
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;  
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd thee  
From his care kindled ever: nay, I'll shew thee,  
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy baseness<sup>w</sup>,  
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,  
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on,  
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion:  
He triumph'd three times: who durst touch his person?  
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;  
Dear to the gods he was; to them that fear'd him

<sup>v</sup> *It was a sacred head I durst not heave at*] "Our authors have falsified history in the character of Achilles, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achilles joined with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion; but Septimius stabbed him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face." SEWARD.

<sup>w</sup> *sensible of thy baseness*] Seward's correction; and so the Editors of 1778. The first folio has "*sensible of thy business*." The second reads "*sensible of the business*."—Mason says; "The reading of the second folio, '*sensible of the business*', must be restored, as resting on better authority, and conveying better sense, than that of Seward; which it is probable the Editors [of 1778] would not have adopted, had they attended to the next line,

'And why a noble man durst not touch at it'.

Achillas means to say—I will explain to you the nature of what you have done, and why a noble nature durst not attempt it. It required no explanation to prove, that a noble man durst not touch at baseness." But Mason's reasoning is founded on a misconception of the passage: "durst not touch at it" means—durst not touch at *the head of Pompey*: this is plain from what precedes,—

"It was a sacred head I durst not heave at,  
Not heave a thought."

"It was thy general's;

That man's that fed thee once," &c.

(And soon after we have

"who durst touch his person?").

Weber gave the reading of the first folio, "*sensible of thy business*"; which is stark nonsense.

A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,  
 And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin ?  
 Amid the red Pharsalian fields<sup>x</sup>, Septimius,  
 Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,  
 Where kings were fair competitors for honour,  
 Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,  
 There, sword to sword.

*Sept.* I kill'd him on commandment,  
 If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,  
 When none of you durst look——

*Achil.* On deeds so barbarous.  
 What hast thou got ?

*Sept.* The king's love and his bounty,  
 The honour of the service ; which, though you rail at,  
 Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,  
 Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious ;  
 And I shall live——

*Achil.* A miserable villain.  
 What reputation and reward belongs to it, [*Seizes the head.*  
 Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine :  
 And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,  
 Nor bold to stay ; read in mine eyes the reason :  
 The shame and obloquy I leave thine own ;  
 Inherit those rewards ; they are fitter for thee.  
 Your oil 's spent, and your snuff stinks : go out basely !

*Sept.* The king will yet consider. [*Exit.*

*Achil.* Here he comes.

*Enter* PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, and PHOTINUS.

Sir<sup>y</sup>—[*To* PHOTINUS.

*Achor.* Yet if it be undone, hear me, great sir ;

<sup>x</sup> *Amid the red Pharsalian fields*] The first folio has, "Armed the red," &c. —The second folio (its editor not having perceived for what "Armed" was misprinted) has "Armed in the red," &c. (but the sentence closes with "sword to sword") ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>y</sup> *Sir*] Was omitted by Seward, because "Had Achillas spoke to Septimius, it would have been *sirrah*, as before ; but he was gone out, and this *sir* seems only to have slipt in from the line below" ; and so the Editors of 1778. "Mason observes, that this reason is rather ludicrous, and not very convincing. I have restored the word, with an alteration of the pointing, as it is evidently

If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,  
 If that adorèd head be not yet sever'd  
 From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,  
 The desolations, that this great eclipse works.  
 You are young, be provident ; fix not your empire  
 Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt ;  
 Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits  
 Great as himself, in every hand a thunder,  
 Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows  
 That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

*Pho.* [*To ACHILLAS*] You have done well ; and 'tis done.

—See Achillas,

And in his hand the head.

*Ptol.* Stay ; come no nearer :

Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me.

I do remember him ; he was my guardian,

Appointed by the senate to preserve me :

What a full majesty sits in his face yet !

*Pho.* The king is troubled.—Be not frightened, sir ;

Be not abus'd with fears : his death was necessary ;

If you consider, sir, most necessary,

Not to be miss'd : and humbly thank great Isis,

He came so opportunely to your hands :

Pity must now give place to rules of safety.

Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd,

And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,

His navy riding by to wait his charges ?

Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursu'd him ?

Was not this great man his great enemy ?

This godlike virtuous man, as people held him ?

But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue ?

[*A flourish within.*]

I hear their trumpets ; 'tis too late to stagger :—

Give me the head :—and be you confident.

addressed to Photinus, to whom Achillas shews the head, and with whom he continues in conference during the speech of Achoreus. Mason says, that a marginal direction should be added of Achillas's entrance after the speech of Achoreus ; but, as he never makes an exit, there can be no occasion for any such direction." WEBER.



*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCÆVA.*

Hail, conqueror, and <sup>y</sup> head of all the world,  
Now this head's off!

*Cæsar.* Ha!

*Pho.* Do not shun me, Cæsar:

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,  
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,  
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.  
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,  
Thy travail and thy loss of blood, no recompense;  
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,  
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:  
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,  
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.  
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,  
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,  
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,  
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.

*Achil<sup>z</sup>.* Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,

<sup>y</sup> and] Weber chose to print "the."

<sup>z</sup> *Achil.*] Both the folios "Ach."—Seward printed "Acho.", and has the following remarks. "Mr. Theobald's margin says, certe *Achillas*. And there is this proof of it, that in Lucan the whole speech to Cæsar is made by *Achillas*, though, in reality, Theodotus the rhetorician, who had joined Photinus in persuading Ptolemy to the murder, was the person who presented the head to Cæsar, and harangued on the occasion, for which he afterwards met his due reward from Brutus and Cassius, who tortured and crucified him. Notwithstanding this, there is room to doubt whether the poets designed *Achoreus* to speak this, for they have given it a different turn from Lucan.

——— *nec vile putâris*

*Hoc meritum, facili nobis quod cæde peractum est.*

*Hospes avitus erat: depulso sceptru parenti*

*Reddiderat: quid plura feram? tu nomina tanto*

*Invenies operi, vel famam consule mundi.*

*Si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,*

*Quod scelus hoc non ipse facis.*

Lucan. lib. ix. [1026.]

This is the language of villany, boasting of merits from the greatness of it. But the speech in *The False One* represents the reluctance, the pangs, and inward war that Ptolemy struggled through to be able to serve Cæsar; and this, spoke by a man who had a real love for virtue, gives a fine contrast to Photinus's unfeeling and confirmed villany." SEWARD. "We heartily join with Theobald—*certe ACHILLAS*," say the last editors. Had they deigned to consult the first folio, they would have discovered that the speech is attributed to



Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,  
 Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer :  
 Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,  
 Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,  
 Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,  
 Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strongly,  
 An inward war : he was his grandsire's guest,  
 Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd  
 And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,  
 And had none left him to restore his honour,  
 No hope to find a friend in such a misery,  
 Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,  
 Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right again :  
 This was a love to Cæsar.

*Scæ.* Give me hate, gods !

*Pho.* This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;  
 But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,  
 Had faln upon him, what it had been then ;  
 If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way :  
 He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted  
 Had been most terrible. Let the worst be render'd,  
 We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

*Cæsar.* Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head ! See, captains,  
 The head of godlike Pompey !

*Scæ.* He was basely ruin'd ;  
 But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,  
 And be you Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Oh, thou conqueror<sup>a</sup>,

*Ach.*, which may mean either Achilles or Achoreus. The doubts of Seward certainly carry some weight in them ; but he should have recollected that, in a previous note, he himself had observed that our poets had not drawn Achilles in such odious colours as his real character deserved." WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *Oh, thou conqueror, &c.*] "The reader will have observed one difference in our authors' translation of Photinus's speech in council, that they do not follow him in those very frequent apostrophes to Pompey in his absence. It is what the Roman orators greatly delighted in, but too frequent a use of it is certainly wrong, and accordingly we find many more in Lucan and Ovid, than in Virgil, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Fletcher. The present speech to Pompey's head as to himself, which is as beautiful as it is natural, Lucan has not ; but it copies a much greater master, viz. Shakespeare in Antony's

Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,  
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?  
 What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,

apostrophe to the corpse of Cæsar. This is the reason why our poets have varied the order of Lucan's sentiments in the following speech.

*Aufer ab adspectu nostro funesta, satelles,  
 Regis dona tui : pejus de Cæsare vestrum,  
 Quam de Pompeio, meruit scelus : unica belli  
 Præmia civilis, victis donare salutem,  
 Perdidimus : quod si Phario germana tyranno  
 Non invisâ foret, potuissem reddere regi,  
 Quod meruit ; fratrique tuum pro munere tali  
 Misissem, Cleopatra, caput : secreta quid arma  
 Movit, et inseruit nostro sua tela labori ?  
 Ergo in Thessalicis Pellæo fecimus arvis  
 Jus gladio ? vestris quæsitâ licentia regnis ?  
 Non tuleram Magnum mecum Romana regentem :  
 Te, Ptolemæe, feram ? frustra civilibus armis  
 Mischimus gentes, si qua est hoc orbe potestas  
 Altera, quam Cæsar : si tellus ulla duorum est.  
 Vertissem Latias à vestro litore proras :  
 Famæ cura vetat, ne non damnasse cruentam,  
 Sed videar timuisse Pharon : nec fallere vosmet  
 Credite victorem : nobis quoque tale paratum  
 Litoris hospitium : ne sic mea colla gerantur,  
 Thessaliæ fortuna facit : majore profecto,  
 Quom metui poterat, discrimine gessimus arma :  
 Exsilium, generique minas, Romanque timebam :  
 Pæna fugæ Ptolemæus erat : sed parcimus annis,  
 Donamusque nefas. sciat hac pro cæde tyrannus  
 Nil venia plus posse dari. vos condite busto  
 Tanti colla ducis : sed non, ut crimina tantum  
 Vestra tegat tellus. justo date tura sepulcro,  
 Et placate caput, cineresque in litore fusos  
 Conligite, atque unam sparsis date manibus urnam.  
 Sentiat adventum soceri, vocesque querentis  
 Audiat umbra pias. Dum nobis omnia præfert,  
 Dum vitam Phario mavult debere elienti,  
 Læta dies rapta est populis : concordiu mundo  
 Nostra perit : caruere deis mea vota secundis,  
 Ut te complexus, positus felicibus armis,  
 Adfectus abs te veteres, vitamque rogarem,  
 Magne, tuam ; dignaque satis mercede laborum  
 Contentus, par esse tibi. tunc pace fideli  
 Fecissem, ut victus posses ignoscere divi,  
 Fecisses, ut Roma mihi.*

Lucan. Lib. ix. [1064.].” SEWARD.

To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?  
 The life and light <sup>a</sup> of Rome to a blind stranger,  
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
 Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was ?  
 That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets  
 And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,  
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,  
 No study of thy life to know thy goodness ?  
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,  
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,  
 In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey ;  
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee <sup>b</sup> :  
 Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,  
 My love and mercy.

*Ant.* Oh, how brave these tears shew !  
 How excellent is sorrow in an enemy !

*Dol.* Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

*Cæsar.* Egyptians, dare you think your high pyramides <sup>c</sup>,  
 Built to out-dure the sun <sup>d</sup>, as you suppose,  
 Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,

<sup>a</sup> *The life and light*] Weber chose to print, "*The light and life.*"

<sup>b</sup> *I must task thee*] "Seward reads *tax* thee, instead of *task*, but without reason ; the use of the word *task* for *tax* is so frequent in all the dramatic writings of the time, that examples of it are unnecessary. To take you to task, is a common expression at this day." MASON.

<sup>c</sup> *Egyptians, dare you think your high pyramides*] Altered by Seward to  
 " *Egyptians, dare you think your highest pyramids* ";  
 and so his successors ! The passages of our early writers in which *pyramides*  
 (the regular plural of *pyramis*) occurs are very numerous : so in Shakespeare's  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2 ;

" rather make  
 My country's high *pyramides* my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains."

In the sixth line of the present speech, though both the folios have *pyramides*, there can be no doubt that the poet intended the word to consist of only three syllables.

<sup>d</sup> *out-dure the sun*] Seward's correction.—Both the folios "*out-dare the sun*"; and so the Editors of 1773.—"I am confident Seward is right. The following words, '*as you suppose*,' confirm the propriety of that amendment. The Egyptians could not suppose that the pyramids were built to brave the sun, for they knew that they were not ; but they did suppose, and probably justly, that they would last to the end of time." MASON. "The occurrence of the word *dare* in the preceding line, accounts for the compositor's mistake." WEBER.

Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,  
 Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;  
 No pyramids set off his memories,  
 But the eternal substance of his greatness;  
 To which I leave him. Take the head away,  
 And, with the body, give it noble burial:  
 Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,  
 Whose braveries all the world's earth<sup>c</sup> cannot balance.

*Scæ.* If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:  
 But great men may dissemble<sup>f</sup>, 'tis held possible,  
 And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;  
 There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder  
 How he would look if Pompey were alive again,  
 But how he would set his face.

[*Aside.*

*Cæsar.* You look now, king,  
 And you that have been agents in this glory,  
 For our especial favour?

*Ptol.* We desire it.

*Cæsar.* And doubtless you expect rewards?

*Scæ.* Let me give 'em:

I'll give 'em such as nature never dreamt of;  
 I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar  
 Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

*Cæsar.* Peace.—I forgive you all; that's recompense.  
 You are young and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,  
 And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.  
 Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,  
 And so they err'd: I am bountiful to think this,  
 Believe me, most bountiful: be you most thankful;

<sup>c</sup> *world's earth*] Both the folios have "*worlds-earth*,"—"which," Sympson says, "makes the expression directly answer the Latin *terrarum orbis*"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>f</sup> *But great men may dissemble, &c.*] "This, which comes very naturally from the rough honesty of *Scæva*, and what Photinus afterwards says more fully to the same purpose, is copied from Lucan, who, writing with the zeal of party against *Cæsar*, laughs at his pretended piety upon this occasion:

*tutumque putavit*

*Jam bonus esse socer; lacrimas non sponte cadentes*

*Effudit, &c.*

[ix. 1037.]

That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what  
 To send you for a present, king of Egypt,  
 I mean a head of equal reputation,  
 And that you lov'd, though it were your brightest sister's,  
 (But her you hate,) I would not be behind you.

*Ptol.* Hear me, great Cæsar !

*Cæsar.* I have heard too much :

And study not with smooth shows to invade  
 My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :  
 You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,  
 That man that could not recompense the benefits,  
 The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,  
 Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.  
 Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,  
 I gave you no commission to perform it :  
 Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;  
 And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,  
 My fortune never failing to befriend me,  
 My noble strengths, and friends about my person,  
 I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy  
 Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.  
 You have found me merciful in arguing with you :  
 Swords, hungers<sup>g</sup>, fires, destructions of all natures,  
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,  
 Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,  
 You wretched and poor seeds<sup>h</sup> of sun-burnt Egypt,  
 And, now you have found the nature of a conqueror,  
 That you cannot decline<sup>i</sup> with all your flatteries,  
 That, where the day gives light, will be himself still ;  
 Know how to meet his worth with human courtesies :  
 Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,  
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,  
 Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phenix

<sup>g</sup> *hungers*] The first folio has " hangers " (an evident misprint for " hungers ").  
 —The second reads " hangmen " ; and so the modern editors !

<sup>h</sup> *seeds*] Seward in a note proposed " reeds ", which the Editors of 1778 adopted.

<sup>i</sup> *decline*] " Meaus—debase or subduc." MASON. No, it means—divert from his course : see note, vol. v. 256.

Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,  
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,  
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

*Ptol.* We will do all.

*Cæsar.* You have robb'd him of those tears  
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,  
The virgins of their funeral lamentations ;  
And that kind earth that thought to cover him  
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,  
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,  
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye.  
My grief has stopt the rest. When Pompey liv'd,  
He us'd you nobly ; now he is dead, use him so.

[*Exit with ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCÆVA.*]

*Ptol.* Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,  
The oracles and fair favours from the conqueror,  
You rung into mine ears ? How stand I now ?  
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure ;  
The death of him, you urg'd a sacrifice  
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin :  
Where are your counsels now ?

*Achor.* I told you, sir,  
And told the truth, what danger would fly after ;  
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you  
He was a Roman, and the top of honour ;  
And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,  
I told you, that the foulness of his death,  
The impious baseness——

*Pho.* Peace ; you are a fool.  
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em :  
Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his sorrows,  
Which are put on for forms and mere dissemblings,  
I am confident he's glad : to have told you so,  
And thank['d] you outwardly, had been too open,  
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.  
Be confident, and proud you have done this service ;  
You have deserv'd, and you will find it, highly.  
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure  
You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,



Both close and short enough, she may not see him.  
The rest, if I may counsel, sir——

*Ptol.* Do all;

For in thy faithful service rests my safety.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* SEPTIMIUS.

*Sept.* Here's a strange alteration in the court;  
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,  
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now  
As though I were a rascal; no man knows me,  
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,  
Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd at,  
Because I have done a meritorious murder:  
Because I have pleas'd the time, does the time plague me?  
I have known the day they would have hugg'd me for it;  
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,  
Open'd their hearts and secret closets to me,  
Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.  
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,  
And the huge leviathans of villany  
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,  
That do them service, and spout 'em out again  
Into the air, as thin and unregarded  
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.  
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking,  
And for other principal qualities that became me:  
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,  
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,  
That set me on: and he comes<sup>j</sup>; now, Fortune!

*Enter* PHOTINUS.

*Pho.* Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,  
A little frets my blood: take heed, proud Roman,  
Provoke me not, stir not my anger farther;

<sup>j</sup> and he comes] Silently altered by Seward to "and see he comes." I suspect the poet wrote "and here he comes."



I may find out a way unto thy life too,  
Though arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it :  
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.

*Sept.* May it please your lordship——

*Pho.* Oh, Septimius !

*Sept.* Your lordship knows my wrongs.

*Pho.* Wrongs !

*Sept.* Yes, my lord ;

How the captain of the guard, Achilles, slights me.

*Pho.* Think better of him ; he has much befriended thee,  
Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head from thee.

The times are alter'd, soldier ; Cæsar's angry,  
And our design to please him lost and perish'd :  
Be glad thou art unnam'd ; 'tis not worth the owning.

Yet, that thou mayst be useful——

*Sept.* Yes, my lord,

I shall be ready.

*Pho.* For I may employ thee

To take a rub or two out of my way,  
As time shall serve ; say that it be a brother,  
Or a hard father ?

*Sept.* 'Tis most necessary ;

A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.

*Pho.* Or to betray a noble friend ?

*Sept.* 'Tis all one.

*Pho.* I know thou wilt stir for gold.

*Sept.* 'Tis all my motion.

*Pho.* There, take that for thy service, and farewell :

[ *Gives him a purse.*

I have greater business now.

*Sept.* I am still your own, sir.

*Pho.* One thing I charge thee ; see me no more, Septimius,  
Unless I send.

*Sept.* I shall observe your hour. [ *Exit PNOTINUS.*

So ; this brings something in the mouth, some savour<sup>k</sup> :

This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,  
My friends, allies ; and here lies my allegiance.

<sup>k</sup> *savour*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "favour" ; and so Weber.

Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,  
 And shun me for my deed ; bring but this to 'em,  
 Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I am honourable :  
 This god creates new tongues and new affections ;  
 And, though I had kill'd my father, give me gold,  
 I'll make men swear I have done a pious sacrifice.  
 Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants [drunk],  
 And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous<sup>1</sup>. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—CÆSAR's apartments in the Palace.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCÆVA.*

*Cæsar.* Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends ;  
 There is no trusting to these base Egyptians :  
 They that are false to pious benefits,  
 And make compell'd necessities their faiths,  
 Are traitors to the gods.

*Ant.* We'll call ashore  
 A legion of the best.

*Cæsar.* Not a man, Antony ;  
 That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness :  
 No ; 'tis enough my name 's ashore.

*Scæ.* Too much too ;  
 A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.  
 There are some two or three malicious rascals,  
 Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus,  
 That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey—

*Dol.* 'Tis strange ; a Roman soldier !

<sup>1</sup> *Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants [drunk],  
 And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous.]* “ I suspect an error in  
 this passage, and that we ought to read—

‘ And my brave deed shall be writ down as virtuous.’

The present reading is nonsensical.” MASON. “ As, in the soliloquy at the  
 head of this scene, Septimius speaks of his having once been beloved for swear-  
 ing and *drinking*, the text is not only sense, but better than the variation.”  
 WEBER. Nothing can be plainer, I think, than that the word, which I have  
 inserted between brackets, has been omitted by mistake in the first folio. As  
 to “ *out-brave all* ”,—Septimius means, that he will out-do all in richness of  
 apparel, in splendour of appearance : compare act iii. se. 2., p. 262.

*Scæ.* You are cozen'd ;  
 There be of us, as be<sup>m</sup> of all other nations,  
 Villains and knaves : 'tis not the name contains him<sup>n</sup>,  
 But the obedience ; when that 's once forgotten,  
 And duty flung away, then, welcome devil !  
 Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,  
 That 's now become a natural crocodile,  
 Must be with care observ'd.

*Ant.* And 'tis well counsell'd ;  
 No confidence nor trust——

*Scæ.* I 'll trust the sea first,  
 When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,  
 And clutches in her storms, as politic lions  
 Conceal their claws ; I 'll trust the devil first ;  
 The rule of ill I 'll trust, before the doer.

*Cæsar.* Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,  
 And leave me to my thoughts ; pray, no more compliment ;  
 Once more, strong watches.

*Dol.* All shall be observ'd, sir. [*Exeunt all except CÆSAR.*]

*Cæsar.* I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.  
 How happy was I, in my lawful wars  
 In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany,  
 When every night with pleasure I set<sup>o</sup> down  
 What the day minister'd ! the sleep came sweetly :  
 But since I undertook this home-division,  
 This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,  
 What have I done that speaks an ancient Roman,  
 A good, great man ? I have enter'd Rome by force,  
 And, on her tender womb that gave me life,  
 Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample :  
 The dear veins of my country I have open'd,  
 And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,  
 The bloody streams, that in their confluence  
 Carried before 'em thousand desolations :  
 I robb'd the treasury, and at one gripe  
 Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs

<sup>m</sup> be] Omitted by Seward.

<sup>n</sup> contains him] "Means—restrains him, keeps him within bounds." MASON.

<sup>o</sup> set] So the second folio.—The first folio has "sat" ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 !—"Cæsar alludes in this to his *Commentaries*." MASON.

Plac'd there as sacred to the peace of Rome :  
 I raz'd Massilia in my wanton anger ;  
 Petreius and Afranius I defeated ;  
 Pompey I overthrew ; what did that get me ?  
 The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy <sup>p</sup>.— [*Noise within.*  
 I hear some noises ; they are the watches, sure.—  
 What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions ?  
 Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,  
 Is pass'd now into Afric to affront me <sup>q</sup> ;  
 Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too ;  
 The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,  
 And from the relics of their scatter'd faction  
 A new head's sprung : say I defeat all these too ?  
 I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.—  
 I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer :  
 Are the guards fast ? who waits there ?

*Enter SCÆVA, bearing a large package.*

*Scæ.* Are you awake, sir ?

*Cæsar.* I' the name of wonder——

*Scæ.* Nay, I am a porter,

A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir :  
 An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.

*Cæsar.* What hast thou there ?

*Scæ.* Ask them which stay without,  
 And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,  
 And put 'em by, took up the load myself ;  
 They say 'tis rich, and valu'd at the kingdom ;  
 I am sure 'tis heavy. If you like to see it,  
 You may ; if not, I'll give it back.

*Cæsar.* Stay, Scæva ;  
 I would fain see it.

<sup>p</sup> *The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy*] “Cæsar's meaning appears to me to be this. Soon after he had passed the Rubicon, Pompey fled from Rome, and was followed by the greater part of the senate. When Cæsar arrived there, he was named dictator by such of the senators as remained in the city, and chosen consul for the ensuing year. Invested with these offices, which entitled him to the legitimate command of the republic, he subverted the liberties of his country : it is to this he alludes, when he says that he had gained

‘The slubber'd name of an *authoriz'd enemy*.’” MASON.

<sup>q</sup> *affront me*] “i. e. oppose me, meet me face to face.” MASON.

Scæ. I'll begin to work, then. [Undoing the package.  
 No doubt, to flatter you, they have sent you something  
 Of a rich value, jewels or some treasure<sup>r</sup>;  
 May be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:  
 I pray you, stand farther off; if there be villany,  
 Better my danger first; he shall scape hard too.

[The package having been opened, CLEOPATRA is discovered.  
 Ha! what art thou?

Cæsar. Stand farther off, good Scæva.—  
 What heavenly vision—do I wake or slumber?—  
 Farther off, that hand, friend.

Scæ. What apparition,  
 What spirit, have I rais'd? sure, 'tis a woman;  
 She looks like one; now she begins to move too.  
 A tempting devil, o' my life!—Go off, Cæsar,  
 Bless thyself, off!—A bawd grown in mine old days!  
 Bawdry advanc'd upon my back! 'tis noble!—  
 Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;  
 She is sent to dispossess you of your honour;  
 A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories:  
 An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers trim her;  
 They'll give her that she came for, and despatch her:  
 Be loyal to yourself.—Thou damnèd woman,  
 Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,  
 Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?  
 And am I made the instrument of bawdry?  
 I'll find a lover for you, one shall<sup>s</sup> hug you. [Draws his sword.

Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,  
 Thou beast!

Scæ. Thou beast!

Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,  
 So far from noble man<sup>t</sup>, to draw thy weapon  
 Upon a thing divine?

Scæ. Divine, or human,  
 They are never better pleas'd, nor more at heart's ease,  
 Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.

<sup>r</sup> some treasure] So the first folio.—The second folio has "some rich treasure"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>s</sup> one shall] So the first folio.—The second folio "one that shall"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>t</sup> man] Both the folios "men."

*Cæsar.* Move this way, lady : pray you, let me speak to you.

*Scæ.* And, woman, you had best stand——

*Cæsar.* By the gods,

But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,

I should imagine some celestial sweetness,

The treasure of soft love !

*Scæ.* Oh, this sounds mangily,

Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth !

You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,

For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,

That your celestial beauty may befriend you.

At these years, do you learn to be fantastical ?

After so many bloody fields, a fool ?

She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time),

Carries her litter to lie soft ; do you see that ?

Invites you like a gamester<sup>s</sup> ; note that impudence.

For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,

Look back into your noble parts, and blush :

Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia

Mingle with base embraces. Am I he

That have receiv'd so many wounds for Cæsar ?

Upon my target groves of darts still growing<sup>t</sup> ?

<sup>s</sup> *gamester*] See note, p. 222.

<sup>t</sup> *Upon my target groves of darts still growing*] “*Scæva* had been a common soldier, but preferred for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieged Pompey at Dyrrachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a hundred and thirty darts stuck in his target ; one had pierced his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and dashed, with his eye-ball, on the ground : Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory ; and he, pretending faintness, asked them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died ; two soldiers, believing him in earnest, came to him ; the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Scæva the preservation of all Cæsar's army.

*Quem non mille simul turmis, nec Cæsare toto  
Auferret Fortuna locum, victoribus unus  
Eripuit, vetuitque capi : seque arma tenente,  
Ac nondum strato, Magnum vicisse negavit.  
Scæva viro nomen, &c. [v. 140.]*

I need not mention the justice with which our poets have drawn Scæva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier-like honesty.” SEWARD.



Have I endur'd all hungers, colds, distresses,  
And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,  
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?  
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?

*Cæsar.* Offend no more; be gone.

*Scæ.* I will, and leave you,  
Leave you to women's wars, that will proclaim you:  
You'll conquer Rome now, and the Capitol,  
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to you;  
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you. [*Kneels.*]

*Scæ.* Lower you'll be anon.

*Cæsar.* Away!

*Scæ.* And privater;  
For that you covet all.

*Cæsar.* Tempt me no farther. [*Exit SCÆVA.*]

*Cleo.* Contemn me not, because I kneel<sup>u</sup> thus, *Cæsar*:  
I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,  
The sister to the mighty Ptolemy;  
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,  
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,  
As on a holy altar, to preserve me.

*Cæsar.* Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.

*Cleo.* I dare not;  
Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,  
That godlike great humanity, to help me,  
Thus to thy knees must I grow, sacred *Cæsar*:  
And if it be not in thy will to right me,  
And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins;  
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,  
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions;  
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,  
And, if thou be'st a man, for despis'd beauty,  
For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,  
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,  
Photinus and Achillas, the one an cunuch,  
The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,

<sup>u</sup> *kneel* | So the second folio.—The first folio “know.”



Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother  
Nothing of what he should be but the title:  
As thou art wonder of the world——

*Cæsar.* Stand up, then, [*Raises her.*]  
And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:  
Or choose a greater name, worthy my bounty;  
A common love makes queens; choose to be worshipp'd,  
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.  
A suitor of your sort, and blessèd sweetness,  
That hath adventur'd thus to see great Cæsar,  
Must never be denied. You have found a patron  
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer  
So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty:  
The god of love would clap his angry wings,  
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows  
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,  
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous;  
To whom, and to your service, I devote me.

*Re-enter SCÆVA.*

*Cleo.* He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him;  
The conqueror of the world will I lead captive. [*Aside.*]

*Scæ.* Still with this woman! tilting still with babies!  
As you are honest, think the enemy,  
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,  
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

*Cæsar.* Hear me,  
But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,  
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me,)  
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not  
Most greedily accept?

*Scæ.* Not as an emperor,  
A man that first should<sup>v</sup> rule himself, then others:  
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir;  
Yet that's a weakness too.—Hear me, thou tempter;—  
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,  
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,

<sup>v</sup> should] So the second folio.—The first folio “would.”

The soul of a commander, give ear to me :—  
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,  
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms),  
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor), inhabits—  
*Cæsar*. Fie ! thou blasphem'st.

*Scæ*. I do, when she is a goddess.—  
Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume  
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities ?  
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,  
To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,  
Proud of their chains, have waited on ?—I shame, sir.

*Csæar*. Alas, thou art rather mad ! take thy rest, Scæva ;  
Thy duty makes thee err ; but I forgive thee.  
Go, go, I say ! shew me no disobedience. [*Exit SCÆVA.*]  
'Tis well ; farewell.—The day will break, dear lady ;  
My soldiers will come in : please you retire,  
And think upon your servant ?

*Cleo*. Pray you, sir, know me,  
And what I am.

*Cæsar*. The greater, I more love you ;  
And you must know me too.

*Cleo*. So far as modesty,  
And majesty gives leave, sir. You are too violent.

*Cæsar*. You are too cold to my desires.

*Cleo*. Swear to me,  
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred),  
You will right me as a queen——

*Cæsar*. These lips be witness ! [*Kisses her.*]  
And, if I break that oath——

*Cleo*. You make me blush, sir ;  
And in that blush interpret me.

*Cæsar*. I will do.  
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one word,  
You shall believe.

*Cleo*. I must ; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

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*Enter* PTOLEMY and PHOTINUS.

*Pho.* Good sir, but hear.

*Ptol.* No more ; you have undone me :  
That that I hourly fear'd is faln upon me,  
And heavily, and deadly.

*Pho.* Hear a remedy.

*Ptol.* A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,  
And has infected all ! Your secure negligence  
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me :  
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber ;  
All night she has been with him ; and, no doubt,  
Much to her honour.

*Pho.* Would that were the worst, sir !  
That will repair itself : but I fear mainly,  
She has made her peace with Cæsar.

*Ptol.* 'Tis most likely ;  
And what am I, then ?

*Pho.* Plague upon that rascal  
Apollodorus, under whose command,  
Under whose eye——

*Enter* ACHILLAS.

*Ptol.* Curse on you all ! ye are wretches.

*Pho.* 'Twas providently done, Achillas.

*Achil.* Pardon me.

*Pho.* Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful.

*Achil.* I could not help it, if my life had lain for't :  
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,  
Or a small truss of household furniture,  
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use ? or who durst,  
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it ?  
I was abus'd.

*Enter* Achoreus.

*Achor.* 'Tis no hour now for anger,  
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler ;  
Let us consider timely what we must do :  
Since she is flown to his protection,  
From whom we have no power to sever her,  
Nor force conditions——

*Ptol.* Speak, good Achoreus.

*Achor.* Let indirect and crookèd counsels vanish,  
And straight and fair directions——

*Pho.* Speak your mind, sir.

*Achor.* Let us choose Cæsar (and endear him to us)  
An arbitrator in all differences  
Betwixt you and your sister ; this is safe now,  
And will shew off most honourable.

*Pho.* Base,

Most base and poor ; a servile, cold submission.  
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout counsellors ;  
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loathes<sup>u</sup> us,  
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,  
Be of my mind.

*Achor.* 'Tis most uncomely spoken,  
And, if I say most bloodily, I lie not :  
The law of hospitality it poisons,  
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.—  
Be wise, oh, king !

*Ptol.* I will be. Go, my counsellor,  
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service ;  
To my fair sister my commends negotiate ;  
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.

*Achor.* Crown'd with fair peace, I go.

*Ptol.* My love go with thee :— [ *Exit* Achoreus.

And from my love go you, you cruel vipers !  
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus. [ *Exit.*

*Pho.* This for our service ! Princes do their pleasures,  
And they that serve obey in all disgraces :  
The lowest we can fall to is our graves ;  
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achillas ;

<sup>u</sup> *loathes*] So the second folio. — The first folio “loades.”

I may do something yet, when times are ripe,  
To tell this raw<sup>v</sup> unthankful king——

*Achil.* Photinus,  
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously;  
For better die attempting something nobly,  
Than fall disgrac'd.

*Pho.* Thou lov'st me, and I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCÆVA.

*Dol.* Nay, there's no rousing him; he is bewitch'd, sure,  
His noble blood cruddled<sup>w</sup> and cold within him;  
Grown now a woman's warrior.

*Scæ.* And a tall<sup>x</sup> one;  
Studies her fortifications and her breaches,  
And how he may advance his ram to batter  
The bulwark of her chastity.

*Ant.* Be not too angry;  
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman,  
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,  
That unmatch'd sweetness——

*Dol.* But why should he be fool'd so?  
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,  
His age, and honour——

*Ant.* Say it were your own case,  
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:  
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise  
Of more security than his sword can cut through,  
I do not hold it so discreet: but a good face, gentlemen,  
And eyes that are the winning'st orators,  
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,  
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver  
The oracles of love——

<sup>v</sup> *raw*] So the second folio.—The first folio “rare.”

<sup>w</sup> *cruddled*] “So the first folio exhibits the word, consonant to a frequent mode of spelling and pronouncing it. The second, and the more modern editions [but not Seward's ed.], make it *curdled*.” WEBER. See note, vol. ii. 238.

<sup>x</sup> *tall*] “i. e. stout, brave.” WEBER.

*Scæ.* I would you had her,  
With all her oracles and miracles !  
She were fitter for your turn.

*Ant.* Would I had, Scæva,  
With all her faults too ! let me alone to mend 'em ;  
O' that condition I made thee mine heir.

*Scæ.* I had rather have your black horse than your harlots.

*Dol.* Cæsar writes sonnets now ; the sound of war  
Is grown too boistrous for his mouth ; he sighs too.

*Scæ.* And learns to fiddle most melodiously,  
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up to hear him,  
gentlemen.

Shortly she 'll make him spin ; and 'tis thought he will prove  
An admirable maker of bonelace ;  
And what a rare gift will that be in a general !

*Ant.* I would he could abstain !

*Scæ.* She is a witch, sure,  
And works upon him with some damn'd enchantment.

*Dol.* How cunning she will carry her behaviours,  
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,  
To catch her ends !

*Scæ.* She will be sick, well, sullen,  
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to die,  
All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him :  
I make no doubt she will be drunk, too, damnable,  
And in her drink will fight ; then<sup>s</sup> she fits him.

*Ant.* That thou shouldst bring her in !

*Scæ.* 'Twas my blind fortune :  
My shoulders<sup>z</sup> told me by the weight 'twas wicked.  
Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,  
When I brought in this cow-calf ! he has advanc'd me  
From an old soldier to a bawd of memory.  
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,  
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,  
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse him ;

<sup>s</sup> then] Silently altered by Seward to "and then."

<sup>z</sup> shoulders] Both the folios have "souldiers" ; and so the modern editors  
("soldiers")!!

That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances  
Might shake him, like an earthquake !

*Enter SEPTIMIUS, richly dressed.*

*Ant.* What's this fellow ?

*Dol.* Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes<sup>a</sup>.

*Ant.* By my faith, he is brave indeed. He's no commander ?

*Scæ.* Yes, he has a Roman face ; he has been at fair wars,  
And plenteous too, and rich ; his trappings shew it.

*Sept.* An they will not know me now, they'll never know me.

Who dare blush now at my acquaintance ? ha !

Am I not totally a span-new gallant,

Fit for the choicest eyes ? have I not gold,

The friendship of the world ? If they shun me now,

(Though I were the arrant'st rogue, as I am well forward,)

Mine own curse and the devil's are light on me.<sup>b</sup> [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Is't not Septimius ?

*Scæ.* Yes.

*Dol.* He that kill'd Pompey ?

*Scæ.* The same dog-scab ; that gilded botch, that rascal.

*Dol.* How glorious villany appears in Egypt !

*Sept.* Gallants, and soldiers—sure, they do admire me.

[*Aside.*

*Scæ.* Stand further off ; thou stink'st.

*Sept.* A likely matter !

These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants ?

They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible !

By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes

That went to trimming these clothes, cost me——

*Scæ.* Thou stink'st still.

*Sept.* The powdering of this head too——

<sup>a</sup> a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes] “ This is a quibble upon the usual acception of the word *brave*, and that which it bore anciently,—gorgeous, gallantly attired.” WEBER.

<sup>b</sup> are light on me] So the first folio ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber (but altering here, as in other passages, “ *light*” to “ *lit*”).—The second folio has “ too light on me ” ; and so Seward.



*Scæ.* If thou hast it,  
I'll tell thee, all the gums in sweet Arabia  
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,  
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.

*Ant.* I smell him now : fie, how the knave perfumes him,  
How strong he scents of traitor !

*Dol.* You had an ill milliner,  
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude  
Upon your coat ; you should have wash'd off that, sir ;  
Fie, how it chokes ! too little of your loyalty,  
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.  
I smell the rotten smell of a hir'd coward ;  
A dead dog is sweeter.

*Sept.* Ye are merry, gentlemen,  
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too ;  
You speak like good blunt soldiers ; and 'tis well enough :  
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,  
You would refine, and learn an apter language.  
I have done ye simple service on your Pompey ;  
You might have look'd him<sup>c</sup> yet this brace of twelve-months,  
And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,  
Had not this fortunate hand——

*Ant.* He brags on 't too ;  
By the good gods, rejoices in 't !—Thou wretch,  
Thou most contemptible slave !

*Scæ.* Dog, mangy mongrel,  
Thou murdering mischief, in the shape of soldier,  
To make all soldiers hateful ! thou disease,  
That nothing but the gallows can give case to !

*Dol.* Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,  
And know not what to say.

*Sept.* I know your anger,  
And why you prate thus ; I have found your melancholy :  
Ye all want money, and you are liberal captains,  
And in this want will talk a little desperately.  
Here's gold ; come, share ; I love a brave commander :  
And be not peevish ; do as Cæsar does ;

<sup>c</sup> look'd him] See note, p. 159.

He's merry with his wench now ; be you jovial,  
 And let 's all laugh and drink : would ye have partners ?  
 I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em ;  
 He has the mistress, you shall have the maids ;  
 I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.

*Ant.* I blush,

All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him ;  
 Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,  
 Through them I should blush too : pray ye, let 's be walking.

*Scæ.* Yes, yes : but, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,  
 And let him study it.—First, rogue ! then, pandar !  
 Next, devil that will be ! get thee from men's presence,  
 And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,  
 Be sure thou live not ! To some hungry desert,  
 Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience ;  
 And that in all the shapes of all thy villanies  
 Attend thee still ! where brute beasts will abhor thee,  
 And even the sun will shame to give thee light,  
 Go, hide thy head ! or, if thou think'st it fitter,  
 Go hang thyself !

*Dol.* Hark to that clause.

*Scæ.* And that speedily,  
 That Nature may be eas'd of such a monster !

[*Exeunt all except SEPTIMIUS.*]

*Sept.* Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me ;  
 I keep my gold<sup>d</sup> still, and my confidence.  
 Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur ;  
 Rude valours, so I<sup>e</sup> let 'em pass, rude honours.  
 There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,  
 And company for a king ; a young plump villain,  
 That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me ;  
 And here she comes : I am sure of her at midnight.

*Enter EROS.*<sup>f</sup>

My pretty Eros, welcome.

<sup>d</sup> *gold*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "God" ; which Seward gave (referring to p. 250, l. 4).

<sup>e</sup> *I*] Weber chose to print "I'll."

<sup>f</sup> *Enter Eros*] "It seems somewhat extraordinary, that the Editors [of

*Eros.* I have business.

*Sept.* Above my love, thou canst not.

*Eros.* Yes, indeed, sir,

Far, far above.

*Sept.* Why, why so coy? pray you, tell me.

We are alone.

*Eros.* I am much asham'd we are so.

*Sept.* You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,  
A scarf, and some odd toys: I have gold here ready;  
Thou shalt have any thing.

*Eros.* I want your absence:

Keep on your way; I care not for your company.

*Sept.* How! how! you are very short: do you know me,  
*Eros?*

And what I have been to you?

*Eros.* Yes, I know you,

And I hope I shall forget you: whilst you were honest,  
I lov'd you too.

*Sept.* Honest! Come, prithee, kiss me.

*Eros.* I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,  
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;  
I hate their looks; and, though I may be wanton,  
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase<sup>s</sup>,  
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me;  
I had rather touch the plague than one unworthy:  
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,  
And keep her company; she is too good for you. [*Exit.*

*Sept.* Marry, this goes near: now I perceive I am hateful.  
When this light stuff<sup>h</sup> can distinguish, it grows dangerous;

1778] should doubt whether *Eros* be the personage here intended to be introduced, when *Septimius*, in the short dialogue between them, calls her by that name; and it is not necessary to suppose, that *Cleopatra's* woman should be a person of immaculate virtue: besides, he says to *Antony*, in the page preceeding, speaking of *Cæsar*—

'He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;

I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.'—*MASON.*

<sup>s</sup> *with bloody purchase*]—*purchase*, i. e. booty, gain—So the second folio.—The first folio has "*with blood purchase*."—*Seward* printed "*with thy blood-purchase*"!

<sup>h</sup> *this light stuff*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*this light stuffes*."—*Seward* printed "*these light stuffs*."

For money seldom they refuse a leper ;  
 But, sure, I am more odious, more diseas'd too :  
 It sits cold here.

*Enter three lame Soldiers.*

What are these ? three poor soldiers ?  
 Both poor and lame : their misery may make 'em  
 A little look upon me, and adore me.  
 If these will keep me company, I am made yet. [*Aside.*]

*First Sold.* The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes us miserable :  
 We are forgot, our mains and dangers laugh'd at ;  
 He banquets, and we beg.

*Sec. Sold.* He was not wont  
 To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,  
 Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.

*Sept.* Save ye, good soldiers ! good poor men, Heaven help  
 ye !

You have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.

*First Sold.* Some new commander, sure.

*Sept.* You look, my good friends,  
 By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.

*Sec. Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, sir.

*Sept.* And 'tis fit, sir.

*Third Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.

*Sept.* I grieve for it ;

Good soldiers should have good rewards, and favours.

I'll give up your petitions, for I pity ye,

And freely speak to Cæsar.

*All Three.* Oh, we honour you !

*First Sold.* A good man, sure, you are ; the gods preserve  
 you !

*Sept.* And to relieve your wants the while, hold, soldiers :

[*Gives money.*]

Nay, 'tis no dream ; 'tis good gold ; take it freely ;

'Twill keep ye in good heart.

*Sec. Sold.* Now goodness quit<sup>h</sup> you !

*Sept.* I'll be a friend to your afflictions,

<sup>h</sup> *quit*] i. e. requite.

And eat, and drink with ye too, and we'll be merry ;  
And every day I'll see ye.

*First Sold.* You are a soldier,  
And one sent from the gods, I think.

*Sept.* I'll clothe ye,  
Ye are lame<sup>i</sup>, and then provide good lodging for ye ;  
And at my table, where no want shall meet ye——

*Enter SCÆVA.*

*All Three.* Was never such a man !

*First Sold.* Dear honour'd sir,  
Let us but know your name, that we may worship you.

*Sec. Sold.* That we may ever thank.

*Sept.* Why, call me any thing,  
No matter for my name—that may betray me. [*Aside.*

*Scæ.* A cunning thief!—Call him Septimius, soldiers,  
The villain that kill'd Pompey !

*All Three.* How !

*Scæ.* Call him the shame of men ! [*Exit.*

*First Sold.* Oh, that this money  
Were weight enough to break<sup>j</sup> thy brains out !—Fling all ;  
[*They fling the money at him.*]

And fling our curses next ; let them be mortal !—

Out, bloody wolf ! dost thou come gilded over,  
And painted with thy charities<sup>k</sup>, to poison us ?

*Sec. Sold.* I know him now.—May never father own thee,  
But, as a monstrous birth, shun thy base memory !  
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot  
Believe thou wert a natural burden,) let her womb  
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers !

*Third Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour this  
rascal,  
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,

<sup>i</sup> *lame*] "These soldiers are before said to be *lame* ; and therefore I don't discard the word, but think it more suitable to the context in this place to read 'bare'." SEWARD.

<sup>j</sup> *break*] Altered by Seward to "beat" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>k</sup> *thy charities*] So Seward and Weber.—The first folio has "the *charities*". The second reads "*thy* *charitie*" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Infectious mists<sup>1</sup>, to crown his villanies.—

Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heaven hated<sup>m</sup> !

*First Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to remember !  
The hangman will not keep thee company ;  
He has an honourable house to thine ;  
No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life for 't,  
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starv'd<sup>n</sup>, drink with  
thee !

*Sec. Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog,  
And so we 'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

*Sept.* Contemn'd of all ! and kick'd too ! Now I find it :  
My valour 's fled, too, with mine honesty ;  
For since I would be knave, I must be coward :  
This 'tis to be a traitor and betrayer.  
What a deformity dwells round about me !  
How monstrous shews that man that is ungrateful !  
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,  
Inspir'd with what I have done ; the winds will blast me<sup>o</sup>.  
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,  
The wages of my fact ; my soul 's oppress'd :  
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> *Infectious mists*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “The infectious mists” ; and so Seward.

<sup>m</sup> *Heaven hated*] Weber printed “*Heaven-hated*” ; which the next line shews to be wrong.

<sup>n</sup> *nor one, for thirst starv'd*] Altered by Seward to “*nor one thirst-starv'd*.”

<sup>o</sup> *I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,*

*Inspir'd with what I have done ; the winds will blast me*] In direct opposition to both the folios, Seward pointed the passage thus,—

“ I am afraid the very beasts will tear me :

Inspir'd with what I have done, the winds will blast me,”—

with a note to defend this absurd punctuation ; and so the Editors of 1778.

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, *and* ACHILLAS.

*Ptol.* I have commanded, and 't shall be so ;  
A preparation I have set o' foot,  
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar :  
My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd ;  
Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties,  
Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withal,  
Shall be a dream.

*Pho.* Do you mean to shew the glory  
And wealth of Egypt ?

*Ptol.* Yes ; and in that lustre,  
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,  
And all her riches, of no note unto it.

*Achor.* Now you are reconcil'd to your fair sister,  
Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,  
A danger of this precipice : but note, sir,  
For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies ;  
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,  
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt  
An armèd guest : feed not an eye that conquers,  
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.

*Ptol.* Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me :  
Let<sup>p</sup> all be ready, as I gave direction ;  
The secret way of all our wealth appearing  
Newly and handsomely ; and all about it :  
No more dissuading : 'tis my will.

*Achor.* I grieve for 't.

*Ptol.* I will dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.

*Pho.* I fear you 'll curse your will : we must obey you.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>p</sup> *Let*] Both the folios "Yet."



SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in the same, with a gallery.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCÆVA. above<sup>q</sup>.*

*Cæsar.* I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,  
And the most bounteous preparation,  
Still as I pass, they court me with.

*Scæ.* I'll tell you ;  
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,  
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em :  
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.  
*Ant.* The young queen comes : give room.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, above.*

*Cæsar.* Welcome, my dearest ;  
Come, bless my side.

*Scæ.* Ay, marry, here's a wonder :  
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,  
If I be not readiest to recant.

*Cleo.* Be merry, sir ;  
My brother will be proud to do you honour,  
That now appears himself.

*Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, and  
APOLLODORUS, above.*

*Ptol.* Hail to great Cæsar !  
My royal guest, first I will feast thine eyes  
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,  
And wait myself upon thee.

[*Attendants bring in treasure below.*]

*Cæsar.* What rich service !  
What mines of treasure ! richer still !

*Cleo.* My Cæsar,  
What do you admire ? pray you, turn, and let me talk to  
you :

<sup>q</sup> *above*] "From this stage-direction it would seem that the actors in the play itself were assembled on a raised platform, or gallery, while the masque was performed on the stage, where the attendants also exhibited the treasures." WEBER. Here, of course, "*above*" means—on the upper stage : see note, vol. iv. 307.

Have you forgot me, sir ? how, a new object !  
Am I grown old o' the sudden ? Cæsar !

*Cæsar.* Tell me

From whence comes all this wealth ?

*Cleo.* Is your eye that way,  
And all my beauties banish'd ?

*Ptol.* I 'll tell thee, Cæsar ;

We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus :  
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,  
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us ;  
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus  
All this is nourish'd ; who, to do thee honour,  
Comes to discover his seven deities,  
His conceal'd heads, unto thee : see with pleasure.

*Cæsar.* The matchless wealth of this land !

*Cleo.* Come, you shall hear me <sup>r</sup>.

*Cæsar.* Away ! let me imagine.

*Cleo.* How ! frown on me !

The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms !

*Cæsar.* I am sorry :

But, let me think.

*Music.* Enter below, in a masque, Isis, and three Labourers.

SONG by Isis.

Isis, the goddess of this land,  
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand  
And mark our customs : and first know,  
With greedy eyes these watch the flow  
Of plenteous Nilus ; when he comes,  
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,  
They entertain him ; cut his way,  
And give his proud heads leave to play :  
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew  
His matchless wealth in overflow.

SONG by the three Labourers.

Come, let us help the reverend Nile ;  
He's very old ; alas the while !  
Let us dig him easy ways,  
And prepare a thousand plays ;  
To delight his streams, let's sing  
A loud welcome to our spring :

<sup>r</sup> me] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio ; and by Seward.

This way let his curling heads  
 Fall into our new-made beds ;  
 This way let his wanton spawns  
 Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.  
 This way profit comes, and gain :  
 How he tumbles here amain !  
 How his waters haste to fall  
 Into our channels ! Labour, all,  
 And let him in ; let Nilus flow,  
 And perpetual plenty shew.  
 With incense let us bless the brim,  
 And, as the wanton fishes swim,  
 Let us gums and garlands fling,  
 And loud our timbrels ring<sup>r</sup>.  
 Come, old father, come away !  
 Our labour is our holiday.

SONG *by* ISIS.

Here comes the agèd river now,

*Enter* NILUS.

With garlands of great pearl his brow  
 Begirt and rounded. In his flow  
 All things take life, and all things grow :  
 A thousand wealthy treasures still,  
 To do him service at his will,  
 Follow his rising flood, and pour  
 Perpetual blessings in our store<sup>s</sup>.  
 Hear him ; and next there will advance  
 His sacred heads to tread a dance,  
 In honour of my royal guest :  
 Mark them too ; and you have a feast.

*Cleo.* A little dross betray me !

[*Aside.*

*Cæsar.* I am asham'd I warr'd at home, my friends,  
 When such wealth may be got abroad : what honour,  
 Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchas'd,  
 Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt !

SONG *by* NILUS<sup>t</sup>.

Make room for my rich waters' fall,  
 And bless my flood ;  
 Nilus comes flowing to you all  
 Increase and good.

<sup>r</sup> *And loud our timbrels ring*] A word evidently wanting in this line.

<sup>s</sup> *in our store*] Altered by Seward to "on our shore."

<sup>t</sup> *Song by Nilus*] Both the folios have "*Nilus Song, and Dance*."—Weber gave "*They dance. Then Nilus sings*",—wrongly, for the dance takes place after the song.

Now the plants and flowers shall spring,  
 And the merry ploughman sing :  
 In my hidden waves I bring  
 Bread, and wine, and every thing.  
 Let the damsels sing me in,  
     Sing aloud, that I may rise :  
 Your holy feasts and hours begin,  
     And each hand bring a sacrifice.  
 Now my wanton pearls I shew,  
 That to ladies' fair necks grow ;  
     Now my gold,  
     And treasures that can ne'er be told,  
 Shall bless this land, by my rich flow ;  
 And, after this, to crown your eyes,  
 My hidden holy heads<sup>a</sup> arise.

*Enter the Seven Heads of Nilus, and dance. Exeunt Masquers.*

*Cæsar.* The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,  
 I am not well. Good night.

*Scæ.* I am glad you have it :  
 Now we shall stir again.

*Dol<sup>v</sup>.* Thou, wealth, still haunt him !

*Scæ.* A greedy spirit set thee on ! we are happy.

*Ptol.* Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance !

*Cleo.* Well,

I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,  
 Thou hast wrong'd her love—the rest here<sup>w</sup>. [*Aside.*

*Ptol.* Lights along still !

Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar ! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *heads*] Both the folios “head”; and so the modern editors,—though Ptolemy has previously told Cæsar, that Nilus

“ Comes to discover his seven deities,

His conceal'd *heads*, unto thee,”

and though Isis has just declared, that

“ next there will advance

His sacred *heads* to tread a dance,” &c.

Nor do the modern editors mark at the end of this song, what is absolutely necessary,—the entrance of the Heads, &c.

<sup>v</sup> *Dol.*] Seward's correction.—Both the folios “ Ptol.”

<sup>w</sup> *the rest here*] “ The meaning may be, *the rest of what I intend to do and say, I keep to myself till a fit opportunity.*” SEWARD,—who afterwards mentions, as not improbable, a conjecture of Sympson that the words were a stage-direction : but the above explanation is evidently right.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, *and* ACHOREUS.

*Achor.* I told you carefully what this would prove to,  
What this inestimable wealth and glory  
Would draw upon you : I advis'd your majesty  
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add  
A bait to catch a mind bent by his trade  
To make the whole world his.

*Pho.* I was not heard, sir,  
Or what I said, lost and contemn'd : I dare say,  
And freshly now, 't was a poor weakness in you,  
A glorious childishness. I watch'd his eye,  
And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew  
Upon the wealthy quarry<sup>x</sup> ; how round it mark'd it :  
I observ'd his words, and to what it tended ;  
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,  
And what commerce we held for such abundance ;  
The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,  
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd.

*Achor.* He never smil'd, I noted, at the pleasures,  
But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure :  
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,  
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the music.  
Most sure he has not slept since ; for minds, troubled  
With objects they would make their own, still labour<sup>y</sup>.

<sup>x</sup> *quarry*] i. e. game, prey : see note, vol. ii. 554.

<sup>y</sup> *for minds, troubled*

*With objects they would make their own, still labour*] The first folio has,

“his minds troubl'd

*With objects they would make their own still labour.”*

The second folio reads,

“his mind's troubled

*With objects that would make their own still labour.”*

*Pho.* Your sister he ne'er gaz'd on ; that's a main note :  
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.

*Achor.* Where was his mind the whilst ?

*Pho.* Where was your carefulness,  
To shew an armèd thief the way to rob you ?  
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him  
To seek the rest : ambition feels no gift,  
Nor knows no bounds : indeed, you have done most weakly.

*Ptol.* Can I be too kind to my noble friend ?

*Pho.* To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours  
Of indiscretion ; and your friend has found it.  
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries  
A soldier marches through, and known his temperance  
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made  
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.

*Ptol.* Why, should I give him all, he would return it :  
'Tis more to him to make kings.

*Pho.* Pray thee, be wiser,  
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty :  
To be a king still at your own discretion,  
Is like a king ; to be at his, a vassal.  
Now take good counsel, or no more take to you  
The freedom of a prince.

*Achil.* 'Twill be too late else ;  
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,  
Ambitious as himself, to view again  
The glory of your wealth.

*Pho.* The next himself comes,  
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.

*Ptol.* What counsel, my Achoreus ?

*Achor.* I'll go pray, sir,  
(For that is best counsel now,) the gods may help you. [*Exit.*

Seward printed,

“ his mind's troubles,

*With objects they would make their own, still labour*” ;  
and so Weber, who explains it to mean “ the troubles of his mind still labour,  
or are occupied, with objects they would make their own, i. e. bring into his  
possession.” The Editors of 1778 printed (what is nonsense),

“ his mind's troubles

*With objects that would make their own still labour.*”

*Pho.* I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited,  
A most secure way : whither will you fly now ?

*Achil.* For when your wealth is gone, your power must follow.

*Pho.* And that diminish'd also, what 's your life worth ?  
Who would regard it ?

*Ptol.* You say true.

*Achil.* What eye  
Will look upon king Ptolemy ? If they do look,  
It must be in scorn ; for a poor king is a monster :  
What ear remember you ? 'twill be then a courtesy,  
A noble one, to take your life too from you :  
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory ;  
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly  
They bear fair streams ? Oh, sir, does this not<sup>z</sup> shake you ?  
If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——

*Ptol.* I never will : I was a fool.

*Pho.* For then, sir,  
Your country's cause falls with you too, and fetter'd :  
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

*Ptol.* No more ; I am sensible : and now my spirit  
Burns hot within me.

*Achil.* Keep it warm and fiery.

*Pho.* And last, be counsell'd.

*Ptol.* I will, though I perish.

*Pho.* Go in : we'll tell you all, and then we'll execute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The apartments of CLEOPATRA in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, and EROS.*

*Ars.* You are so impatient !

*Cleo.* Have I not cause ?

Women of common beauties and low births,  
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers :  
Why should not I, a princess, make him know  
The baseness of his usage ?

<sup>z</sup> *this not*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "*not this.*"



*Ars.* Yes, 'tis fit :

But then again you know what man—

*Cleo.* He is no man ;

The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,  
And not the virtue : he is no conqueror ;  
H'as suffer'd under the base dross of nature ;  
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth,  
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason ;  
Against the truth of love he has rais'd rebellion,  
Defied his holy flames.

*Eros.* He will fall back again,  
And satisfy your grace.

*Cleo.* Had I been old,  
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd  
Some shadow of dislike : but to prefer  
The lustre of a little earth<sup>a</sup>, Arsinoe,  
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,  
Before the life of love and soul of beauty,  
Oh, how it vexes me ! He is no soldier ;  
All honourable soldiers are Love's servants :  
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,  
Servile to gain ; he trades for poor commodities,  
And makes his conquests thefts. Some fortunate captains  
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,  
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him ;  
Himself ne'er won it : he is so base and covetous,  
He'll sell his sword for gold.

*Ars.* This is too bitter.

*Cleo.* Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,

<sup>a</sup> *a little earth*] Both the folios have "*a little art*".—Seward mentioned in a note Sympton's conjecture "*a little dirt*", and his own "*a little trash*", which latter was adopted by the Editors of 1778. Mason, defending the old reading, "*a little art*", observes that "the lustre of jewels is derived from art ; and the lustre of a little art is poetically opposed by Cleopatra to the life of love and soul of beauty." Weber retained "*a little art*", with a note in which, after stating most erroneously that Seward printed "*a little trash*" in the text, he borrows without acknowledgment Mason's explanation of the passage.—That "*a little earth*" is the right reading, I have not the smallest doubt. In this line Cleopatra is not alluding to the *jewels*, but to the *gold* which had been displayed (*in the next line* she mentions the *jewels*) : compare her words at p. 272, "*A little dross betray me !*" and the sixth line of the present page.

So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,  
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper !  
I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,  
(His covetous eyes,) such as I scorn to tread on,  
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting ;  
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had sav'd mine honour,  
I had been happy still : but let him take it,  
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded ;  
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies :  
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,  
And, when he finds scorn, armèd<sup>b</sup> at the strongest.  
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,  
An old blind fool too ; I lose my health : I will not,  
I will not cry ; I will not honour him  
With tears diviner than the gods he worships ;  
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing.

*Eros.* Do not ; you shall not need.

*Cleo.* Would I were prisoner  
To one I hate, that I might anger him !  
I will love any man, to break the heart of him,  
Any that has the heart and will to kill him.

*Ars.* Take some fair truce.

*Cleo.* I will go study mischief,  
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunning,  
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him.  
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,  
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,  
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him !

*Enter APOLLODORUS.*

*Apol.* Cæsar commends his service to your grace.

*Cleo.* His service ! what's his service ?

*Eros.* Pray you, be patient ;  
The noble Cæsar loves still.

*Cleo.* What's his will ?

*Apol.* He craves access unto your highness.

*Cleo.* No ;

Say, no ; I will have none to trouble me.

<sup>b</sup> *armèd*] Altered by Seward to "arms him" !

*Ars.* Good sister—

*Cleo.* None, I say; I will be private.

Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,  
When first thou gav'st consent to bring my body  
To this unthankful Cæsar!

*Apol.* 'Twas your will, madam,  
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.  
You know what danger I endur'd.

*Cleo.* Take this, [Giving a jewel.  
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;  
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,  
One that will hug his mind: bid him make love to it;  
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer—

*Apol.* He enters.

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*Cleo.* How!

*Cæsar.* I do not use to wait, lady;  
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

*Cleo.* I guess so by your rudeness.

*Cæsar.* You are not angry?  
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.  
Why do you frown? good gods, what a set anger  
Have you fore'd into your face! come, I must temper you:  
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!  
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you!  
Defend me, Love! sweet, who has anger'd you?

*Cleo.* Shew him a glass: that false face has betray'd me,  
That base heart wrong'd<sup>c</sup> me.

*Cæsar.* Be more sweetly angry.  
I wrong'd you, fair!

*Cleo.* Away with your foul flatteries!  
They are too gross. But that I dare be angry,  
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,  
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,  
I would not speak to you.

<sup>c</sup> *wrong'd*] Both the folios "wrought." "The variation is Mr. Seward's, and, as he observes, is confirmed by Cæsar's answer,

'I wrong'd you, fair!'" Ed. 1778.

*Cæsar.* Pray you, undo this riddle,  
And tell me how I have vex'd you?

*Cleo.* Let me think first,  
Whether I may put on a patience  
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you;  
Let that begin the story: now, I'll tell you.

*Cæsar.* But do it milder: in a noble lady,  
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,  
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness,  
Shews blessèd, like herself.

*Cleo.* And that great blessedness  
You first reap'd of me: till you taught my nature,  
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud and thunder,  
Sleep was not gentler than<sup>d</sup> my soul, and stiller.  
You had the spring of my affections,  
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;  
You must expect the winter of mine anger.  
You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd me,  
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,  
Appear'd your mistress; took into your eyes  
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,  
Courtèd with covetous heart the slave of nature,  
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,  
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at:  
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;  
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at:  
I spake to you then, I courtèd you, and woo'd you,  
Call'd you "dear Cæsar," hung about you tenderly,  
Was proud to appear your friend——

*Cæsar.* You have mistaken me.

*Cleo.* But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,  
Was I bless'd back with<sup>e</sup>, but shook off rudely;  
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,  
You fell before the images of treasure,  
And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,  
Forgotten, and contemn'd; my soft embraces,

<sup>d</sup> *than*] So the second folio.—The first "to."

<sup>e</sup> *with*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first.—Seward printed "withal"; so the Editors of 1778; and so perhaps the author wrote.

And those sweet kisses you<sup>f</sup> call'd Elysium,  
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd ;  
The name and glory of your Cleopatra  
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains :  
Shall I endure ?

*Cæsar.* You are deceiv'd in all this ;  
Upon my life, you are ; 'tis your much tenderness.

*Cleo.* No, no ; I love not that way ; you are cozen'd :  
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,  
And where I love will triumph.

*Cæsar.* So you shall ;  
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear you ;  
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods,  
The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd me !— [Aside.  
Dear mistress, shall I but this night——

*Cleo.* How, Cæsar !  
Have I let slip a second vanity  
That gives thee hope ?

*Cæsar.* You shall be absolute,  
And reign alone as queen ; you shall be any thing.

*Cleo.* Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee ;  
Examine all thy art of war to do that,  
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee :  
Till when, farewell, unthankful !

*Cæsar.* Stay.

*Cleo.* I will not.

*Cæsar.* I command.

*Cleo.* Command, and go without, sir.  
I do command thee be my slave for ever,  
And vex while I laugh at thee.

*Cæsar.* Thus low, beauty—— [Kneels.

*Cleo.* It is too late : when I have found thee absolute,  
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,  
May be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror !

[Exit with ARSINOË, EROS, and APOLLODORUS.

*Cæsar.* She mocks me too. I will enjoy her beauty ;  
I will not be denied ; I'll force my longing :

<sup>f</sup> kisses you] Silently altered by Seward to "kisses that you."

Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him ;  
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.—  
Stay, fool, and be advis'd ; that dulls the appetite,  
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.  
By Heaven, she is a miracle ! I must use  
A handsome way to win——

*Enter SCÆVA, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

How now ! what fear  
Dwells in your faces ? you look all distracted.

*Scæ.* If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,  
Not of ourselves ; fear of your poor declining ;  
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,  
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,  
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you are secure here,  
And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses  
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,  
And most lasciviously die in delights,  
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

*Dol.* The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,  
Arm'd all, and ready to assault.

*Ant.* Led on  
By the false and base Photinus and his ministers.  
No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,  
But straight saluted with an arm'd dart.

*Scæ.* No parley ; they are deaf to all but danger :  
They swear they will flay us, and then dry our quarters ;  
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn !  
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free ?  
Or will the giant god of love fight for you ?  
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow ?  
Bring out the lady : she can quell this mutiny,  
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them ;  
She can destroy and build again the city ;  
Your goddesses have mighty gifts : shew 'em her fair breasts,  
The impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em  
Begin their battery there ; she will laugh at 'em :  
They are not above a hundred thousand, sir ;

A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,  
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,  
Will fly before her heats.

*Cæsar.* Begirt with villains!

*Scæ.* They come to play you and your love a hunt's-up<sup>h</sup>.  
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long ago  
would come to;

You are taken napping now: has not a soldier  
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,  
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,  
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?  
'Twere good you would think——

*Dol.* And time too; or you will find else  
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.

*Ant.* Look out, and then believe.

*Scæ.* No, no, hang danger!  
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,  
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;  
Charge her whole body: when the sword's in your throat, sir,  
You may cry, "Cæsar!" and see if that will help you.

*Cæsar.* I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,  
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift, Scæva,  
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,  
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder  
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em.

*Scæ.* Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to the hazard.  
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!  
She will spoil your sword-hand.

*Cæsar.* Go [*Exit SCÆVA*]. Come, let's to counsel,  
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>h</sup> a hunt's-up] See note, vol. v. 45.



SCENE III.—*A street.*

*Enter three lame Soldiers*<sup>i</sup>.

*First Sold.* Did you see this penitence?

*Sec. Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

*Third Sold.* And I, too, look'd upon him, and observ'd it ;  
He's the strangest Septimius now !

*First Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,  
And had given away his gold to honest uses,  
Cried monstrously.

*Sec. Sold.* He cries abundantly ;  
He is blind almost with weeping.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,  
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,  
Should have so much kind moisture. When his mother died,  
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wickedest ballads !

*First Sold.* 'Tis like enough ; he never lov'd his parents ;  
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd him :  
His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,  
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and ever after  
She whistled him up to the world. His brave clothes too  
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now ;  
Walks with his hands in 's pockets, poor and sorrowful,  
And gives the best instructions !

*Sec. Sold.* And tells stories  
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,  
And how they were remember'd ; and runs mad,  
If he but hear of any <sup>k</sup> ungrateful person,  
A bloody or betraying man.

*Third Sold.* If it be possible  
That an arch-villain may ever be recover'd,  
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour  
To see him once again.

*First Sold.* He spares us that labour,  
For here he comes.

<sup>i</sup> *three lame Soldiers*] See p. 266.

<sup>k</sup> *any*] Altered by the modern editors to "an."

*Enter SEPTIMIUS dressed in black, with a book in his hand.*

*Sept.* [Heaven]<sup>k</sup> bless ye, my honest friends,  
Bless ye from base unworthy men ! Come not near me,  
For I am yet too taking<sup>l</sup> for your company.

*First Sold.* Did I not tell ye ?

*Sec. Sold.* What book's that ?

*First Sold.* No doubt,

Some excellent salve for a sore heart<sup>m</sup>.—Are you  
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey ?

*Sept.* I was, and am ; unless your honest thoughts  
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,  
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,  
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood ;  
Take heed of blood ; take heed of foul ingratitude !  
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs :  
Take heed of pride ; 'twas that that brought me to it.

*Sec. Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the  
gallows.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd, to edify us.

*Sept.* Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient,  
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye ;  
Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,  
As in the use of arms ; labour, and diligently,  
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,  
Pride and ambitious wantonness ; those spoil'd me :  
Rather lose all your limbs than the least honesty ;  
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit  
Benumb ye through ; scars, and those maims of honour,  
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,  
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity.

*First Sold.* I cry.

*Sec. Sold.* And so do I.

*Third Sold.* An excellent villain !

*First Sold.* A more sweet pious knave I never heard yet.

*Sec. Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

<sup>k</sup> [Heaven] A break here in both the folios.

<sup>l</sup> taking] "i. e. infecting." REED.

<sup>m</sup> salve for a sore heart] Such titles to books were not uncommon : see note,  
vol. i. 265.

*Enter* ACHOREUS.

Who 's this ? a priest ?

*Sept.* Oh, stay, most holy sir !

And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure you,

Isis and great Osiris, pity me,

Pity a loaden man ! and tell me truly

With what most humble sacrifice I may

Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me ;

Take from my heart those thousand thousand Furies,

That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me !

Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,

Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

*Achor.* Orestes out of madness did his murder,  
And therefore he found grace : thou, worst of all men,

Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,

Slew'st thine own feeder. Come not near the altar,

Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice ;

Thou art mark'd for shame eternal !

[*Exit.*

*Sept.* Look all on me,

And let me be a story left to time

Of blood and infamy ! How base and ugly

Ingratitude appears, with all her profits !

How monstrous my hop'd grace at court ! Good soldiers,

Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound

Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness :

To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness !

*First Sold.* Dost thou want any thing ?

*Sept.* Nothing but your prayers.

*Sec. Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst :  
We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

*Third Sold.* Come, cry no more : thou hast wept out twenty  
Pompeys.

*Enter* PHOTINUS and ACHILLAS.

*Pho.* So penitent !

*Achil.* It seems so.

*Pho.* Yet, for all this,  
We must employ him.

*First Sold.* These are the arm'd soldier-leaders :  
Away, and let 's to the fort ; we shall be snapt else.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.]

*Pho.* How now ! why thus ? what cause of this dejection ?

*Achil.* Why dost thou weep ?

*Sept.* Pray, leave me ; you have ruin'd me,  
You have made me a famous villain.

*Pho.* Does that touch thee ?

*Achil.* He will be hard to win ; he feels his lewdness<sup>1</sup>.

*Pho.* He must be won, or we shall want our right hand :  
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be hearten'd.—  
Art thou so poor to blench<sup>m</sup> at what thou hast done ?  
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier ?

*Achil.* It is not that ; it may be some disgrace  
That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd :  
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

*Sept.* Let me alone ; I am not for your purpose ;  
I am now a new man.

*Pho.* We have new affairs for thee,  
Those that would<sup>n</sup> raise thy head.

*Sept.* I would 'twere off,  
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me !  
I'll be no more knave ; I have stings enough  
Already in my breast.

*Pho.* Thou shalt be noble ;  
And who dares think then that thou art not honest ?

*Achil.* Thou shalt command in chief all our strong forces ;  
And, if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it ?

*Sept.* I am rogue enough.

*Pho.* Thou wilt be more and baser ;  
A poor rogue is all rogues, open to all shames ;  
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying  
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude ?  
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee ?

'Tis poor and servile : wert thou thine own sacrifice,  
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.

*Achil.* Keep thyself glorious<sup>o</sup> still, though ne'er so stain'd,

<sup>1</sup> *lewdness*] i. e. wickedness.

<sup>m</sup> *blench*] “ i. e. shrink, start, fly off.” WEBER.

<sup>n</sup> *would*] Silently altered by the Editors of 1778 to “ will ” ; and so Weber ; rightly perhaps.

<sup>o</sup> *glorious*] “ i. e. ostentatious, gorgeously attired.” WEBER.—Rather, I think,—haughty, proud.

And that will lessen it, if not work it out.  
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,  
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—

*Sept.* I'll stop mine ears.

*Achil.* Will shew so in a soldier,  
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——

*Pho.* If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty,  
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,  
(As sure they will,) and beat thee for thy poverty ;  
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some hope.

*Sept.* My foolery !

*Pho.* Nay, more than that, thy misery,  
Thy monstrous misery.

*Achil.* He begins to hearken.—  
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.

*Sept.* That this were true !

*Pho.* Why does this conquering Cæsar  
Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,  
Dangers, and desperate hopes ? to repent afterwards ?  
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,  
And whip his country with the sword ? to cry for't ?  
Thou kill'dst great Pompey : he'll kill all his kindred,  
And justify it ; nay, raise up trophies to it.  
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too,)  
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,  
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness ;  
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,  
And let it work ; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.

*Sept.* He does all this.

*Achil.* Yes, and is honour'd for it ;  
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar : so mayst thou be ;  
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.

*Sept.* He was poor.

*Pho.* And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.

*Sept.* I am afraid you will once more——

*Pho.* Help to raise thee.

Off with thy pining black !—it dulls a soldier—  
And put on resolution like a man :  
A noble fate waits on thee.

*Sept.* I now feel  
Myself returning rascal speedily.  
Oh, that I had the power——

*Achil.* Thou shalt have all;  
And do all through thy power: men shall admire thee,  
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.

*Sept.* Off, off; thou must off; off, my cowardice!  
Puling repentance, off!

*Pho.* Now thou speak'st nobly.

*Sept.* Off, my dejected looks! and welcome, impudence!  
My daring shall be deity, to save me.  
Give me instructions, and put action on me,  
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,  
And let my wit and valour work. You will raise me,  
And make me out-dare all my miseries?

*Pho.* All this, and all thy wishes.

*Sept.* Use me, then:—  
Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt more:—  
Lead on to some great thing, to wake<sup>p</sup> my spirit:  
I cut the cedar Pompey<sup>q</sup>, and I'll fell  
This huge oak Cæsar too.

*Pho.* Now thou sing'st sweetly,  
And Ptolemy shall crown thee for thy service.

*Achil.* He's well wrought; put him on apace for cooling<sup>r</sup>.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>p</sup> *wake*] So the second folio; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—The first folio has "weale"; which Seward gave, informing us in a note that it means—render well or healthy.—Though the reading of the second folio affords very good sense, I strongly suspect that it is not the genuine lection, and that the poet wrote "steel": in the second scene of the next act, Septimius says, "Now I am steel'd".

<sup>q</sup> *I cut the cedar Pompey, &c.*] This passage, observes Gifford, is copied from the following one in Jonson's *Sejanus*, act v., sc. 4,—*Works*, iii, 126;

"I, that did help  
To fell the lofty cedar of the world  
Germanicus; that at one stroke cut down  
Drusus, that upright elm; wither'd his vine;  
Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks,  
Flat on the earth," &c.

<sup>r</sup> *for cooling*] "i. e. lest he should cool." MASON. See Richardson's *Dict-*  
in v. *For*.—Seward printed "'fore cooling"; and so the Editors of 1778.



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *apartments in the Palace.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

*Ant.* The tumult still increases.

*Cæsar.* Oh, my fortune!

My lustful folly rather! but 'tis well,  
And worthily I am made a bondman's prey,  
That (after all my glorious victories,  
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,  
When all the elements conspir'd against me)  
Would yield up the dominion of this head  
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid  
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd  
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,  
And yet that could not warn me.

*Dol.* Be still Cæsar,  
Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate  
Where danger look'd most dreadful.

*Ant.* If you fall,  
Fall not alone; let the king and his sister  
Be buried in your ruins; on my life,  
They both are guilty: reason may assure you,  
Photinus nor Achilles durst attempt you,  
Or shake one dart or sword, aim'd at your safety,  
Without their warrant.

*Cæsar.* For the young king, I know not  
How he may be misled; but for his sister,  
Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind  
Of blasphemy to doubt her: ugly treason  
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;  
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is  
Admit of falsehood.

*Ant.* Let us seize on him, then;  
And leave her to her fortune.



*Dol.* If he have power,  
Use it to your security, and let  
His honesty acquit him; if he be false,  
It is too great an honour he should die  
By your victorious hand.

*Cæsar.* He comes, and I  
Shall do as I find cause.

*Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, and Attendants*

*Ptol.* Let not great Cæsar  
Impute the breach of hospitality  
To you, my guest, to me: I am contemn'd,  
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands  
Against my head; and would they aim'd no farther,  
Provided that I fell a sacrifice  
To gain you safety! That this is not feign'd,  
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:  
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,  
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss  
To their bad cause by being present with them;  
But I, that yet taste of the punishment  
In being false to Pompey, will not make  
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd:  
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,  
I yield myself to you, and will take part  
In all your dangers.

*Cæsar.* This pleads your excuse,  
And I receive it.

*Achor.* If they have any touch  
Of justice or religion, I will use  
The authority of our gods to call them back  
From their bad purpose.

*Apol.* This part of the palace  
Is yet defensible; we may make it good  
Till your powers rescue us.

*Cæsar.* Cæsar besieg'd!  
Oh, stain to my great actions! 'Twas my custom,  
An army routed, as my feet had wings,  
To be first in the chase; nor walls nor bulwarks

Could guard those that escap'd the battle's fury  
 From this strong arm ; and I to be enclos'd !  
 My heart ! my heart ! but 'tis necessity,  
 To which the gods must yield ; and I obey,  
 Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An inner court of the Palace.*

*Enter* PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, *and* Soldiers.

*Pho.* There's no retiring now ; we are broke in ;  
 The deed past hope of pardon : if we prosper,  
 'Twill be styl'd lawful, and we shall give laws  
 To those that now command us. Stop not at  
 Or loyalty or duty ; bold ambition  
 To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference  
 Between the king and subject ; Cæsar's motto,  
*Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, each of us must claim,  
 And use it as our own.

*Achil.* The deed is bloody,  
 If we conclude in Ptolemy's death.

*Pho.* The better ;  
 The glebe<sup>s</sup> of empire must be so manur'd.

*Sept.* Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,  
 Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower  
 Drain'd from a brother's heart ; nor was she rais'd  
 To this prodigious height, that overlooks  
 Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,  
 But by enlarging of her narrow bounds  
 By the sack of neighbour cities, ne'er<sup>t</sup> made hers  
 Till they were cemented with the blood of those  
 That did possess 'em : Cæsar, Ptolemy,  
 Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,  
 Esteem'd as Pompey's was.

*Pho.* Well said, Septimius ;  
 Thou now art right again.

<sup>s</sup> *glebe*] Both the folios have "globe" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> *ne'er*] The first folio has "were".—The second reads "not" ; and so the modern editors.

*Achil.* But what course take we  
For the princess Cleopatra?

*Pho.* Let her live  
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize  
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,  
As if what we do were by her command:  
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,  
She bears her brother company: that's my province;  
Leave me to work her.

*Achil.* I will undertake  
For Ptolemy.

*Sept.* Cæsar shall be my task;  
And, as in Pompey I began a name,  
I'll perfect it in Cæsar.

*Enter, on a balcony, CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS,  
ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

*Pho.* 'Tis resolv'd, then;  
We'll force our passage.

*Achil.* See, they do appear,  
As they desir'd a parley.

*Pho.* I am proud yet  
I have brought them to capitulate.

*Ptol.* Now, Photinus?

*Pho.* Now, Ptolemy?

*Ptol.* No addition?

*Pho.* We are equal,  
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale  
In which our worth is weigh'd<sup>u</sup>.

*Cæsar.* Presumptuous villain,  
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to raise  
Thy servile hand against the king, or me  
That have a greater name?

<sup>u</sup> *Pho.* *We are equal,*

*Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale*

*In which our worth is weigh'd]* "That is, we [Photinus and Ptolemy] are equal, though Cæsar's name were added to that of the latter in the scale in which our respective worths are weighed. Mason proposes to read, '*your* worth,' which would entirely destroy the sense evidently intended by the poet."

WEBER.

*Pho.* On those by which  
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,  
Against the laws of Rome ; and at the name  
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus,  
The consul, with the senate's full consent,  
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy country ;  
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause  
Was crown'd with fair success : why should we fear, then ?  
Think on that, Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Oh, the gods ! be brav'd thus !  
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,  
That would not brook great Pompey his superior !

*Achil.* Thy glories now have touch'd the highest point,  
And must descend.

*Pho.* Despair, and think we stand  
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,  
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

*Sept.* And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans,  
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,  
Expect revenge.

*Ant.* Dar'st thou speak, and remember  
There was a Pompey ?

*Pho.* There is no hope to scape us :  
If that, against the odds we have upon you,  
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour  
To die like Romans ; if ye faint, resolve  
To starve like wretches. I disdain to change  
Another syllable with you.

[*Exeunt* PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, and Soldiers.]

*Ant.* Let us die nobly ;  
And rather fall upon each other's sword,  
Than come into these villains' hands.

*Cæsar.* That Fortune,  
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,  
Though for a while she clothe her brow with frowns,  
Will smile again upon me : who will pay her  
Or sacrifice or vows, if she forsake  
Her best of works in me ? or suffer him,  
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant

Through the whole western world, and Rome acknowledg'd  
 Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously  
 A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger  
 Must by a way more horrid be avoided,  
 And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,  
 And the rich magazines that neighbour it,  
 In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd :  
 Start not ; it shall be so ; that while the people  
 Labour in quenching the ensuing flames<sup>v</sup>,  
 Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,  
 Through fire and swords I force a passage to  
 My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st follow  
 Where Cæsar leads, or live or die a freeman !  
 If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,  
 And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An open place in the city.*

*Enter SEPTIMIUS.*

*Sept.* I feel my resolution melts again,  
 And that I am not knave alone, but fool,  
 In all my purposes. This devil Photinus  
 Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,  
 Will shake me off again : he told me so,  
 When I kill'd Pompey ; nor can I hope better,  
 When Cæsar is despatch'd. Services done<sup>w</sup>  
 For such as only study their own ends,

<sup>v</sup> *ensuing flames*] “ Mr. Sympson would read ‘ consuming flames,’ but I see no sort of reason for a change ; ‘ *ensuing flames*’ means the flames which would ensue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan say, that it was the enemies’ ships in the harbour that Cæsar fired, as they were attempting from them to scale the palace in which Cæsar was besieged, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treasure of Egyptian, Grecian, and eastern learning, was totally destroyed. Our poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæsar’s heroism.” SEWARD.

<sup>w</sup> *Services done*, &c.] From Tacitus : “ Nam beneficia eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse ; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur.” *Annal.* iv. 18.,—a passage which Jonson also has imitated in *The Fox*, act iv, sc. 2,—*Works*, iii. 232. ed. Gifford.

Too great to be rewarded, are return'd  
 With deadly hate: I learn'd this principle  
 In his own school. Yet still he fools me: well:—  
 And yet he trusts me: since I in my nature  
 Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,  
 That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one  
 To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,  
 Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,  
 And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,  
 (As it is in my power,) redeem my credit,  
 And live, to lie and swear again in fashion,  
 Oh, 'twere a master-piece!—Ha! [blast\*] me! Cæsar!  
 How's he got off?

*Enter CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, ACHOREUS,  
 APOLLODORUS, and Soldiers.*

*Cæsar.* The fire has took,  
 And shews the city like a second Troy;  
 The navy too is scorch'd; the people greedy  
 To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers  
 Make spoil of all: only Achilles' troops  
 Make good their guard; break through them, we are safe:  
 I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt.

*Sept.* Stay, Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Who's this? the dog Septimius!

*Ant.* Cut his throat.

*Dol.* You bark'd but now; fawn you so soon?

*Sept.* Oh, hear me!

What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,  
 For all your good.

*Ant.* Good from a mouth like thine,  
 That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,  
 On festival days!

*Sept.* I am an alter'd man,  
 Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cause  
 To say I am a Roman.

*Dol.* Rogue, I grant thee.

\* [blast] A break here in both the folios.—The Editors of 1778 inserted  
 "curse"; and so Weber.

*Sept.* Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth and easy  
For your escape.

*Ant.* I'll trust the devil sooner,  
And make a safer bargain.

*Sept.* I am trusted  
With all Photinus' secrets.

*Ant.* There's no doubt, then,  
Thou wilt be false.

*Sept.* Still to be true to you.

*Dol.* And very likely !

*Cæsar.* Be brief; the means ?

*Sept.* Thus, Cæsar:  
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths  
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd  
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open  
A mile beyond the city: in this cave  
Lie but two hours conceal'd.

*Ant.* If you believe him,  
He'll bury us alive.

*Dol.* I'll fly in the air first.

*Sept.* Then in the dead of night I'll bring you back  
Into a private room, where you shall find  
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest  
Of their commanders, close at counsel.

*Cæsar.* Good :  
What follows ?

*Sept.* Fall me fairly on their throats :  
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude  
Will easily disperse.

*Cæsar.* Oh, devil !—Away with him !  
Nor true to friend nor enemy ? Cæsar scorns  
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,  
So base a way ; or owe the means of life  
To such a leprous traitor. I have tower'd  
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,  
Not digg'd for't like a mole. Our swords and cause  
Make way for us : and that it may appear  
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,  
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,



Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow  
The lane this sword makes for you.

[*Exeunt all, except SEPTIMIUS, and two Soldiers who seize him.*

*First Sold.* Here's a belt ;  
Though I die for it, I'll use it.

*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis too good  
To truss a cur in.

*Sept.* Save me ! here's gold.

*First Sold.* If Rome  
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.

*Sec. Sold.* Hang not an arse.

*First Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword.—  
Thou dost deserve a worser end ; and may  
All such conclude so, that their friends betray ! [ *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Another part of the city.*

*Enter, severally, ARSINOE, EROS, and CLEOPATRA.*

*Ars.* We are lost !

*Eros.* Undone !

*Ars.* Confusion, fire and swords,  
And fury in the soldier's face, more horrid,  
Circle us round !

*Eros.* The king's command they laugh at,  
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.

*Ars.* My brother seiz'd on<sup>y</sup>  
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,  
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out  
For his protection or revenge.

*Eros.* They have broke  
Into my cabinet ; my trunks are ransack'd.

*Ars.* I have lost my jewels too : but that's the least ;  
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity  
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,  
And broke my monkey's chain.

<sup>y</sup> *My brother seiz'd on*] Mason would read, unnecessarily, "*My brother's seiz'd on.*"

*Eros.* They ruffled<sup>z</sup> me :

But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,  
Would they proceed no further.

*Ars.* Oh, my sister !

*Eros.* My queen, my mistress !

*Ars.* Can you stand unmov'd,  
When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,  
And the court trembles ?

*Cleo.* Yes, Arsinoë,  
And with a masculine constancy deride  
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to  
My virtues, not a mistress : then we forsake  
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield  
Or shrink at her assaults : I am still myself,  
And though disrob'd<sup>a</sup> of sovereignty, and ravish'd  
Of ceremonious duty that attends it :  
Nay, grant they had slav'd my body, my free mind,  
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,  
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,  
Spite of the envious weight that loads it with<sup>b</sup>.  
Think of thy birth, Arsinoë : common burdens  
Fit common shoulders : teach the multitude,  
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,  
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch  
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,  
Cannot arrive at.

*Ars.* I am new created,

<sup>z</sup> *ruffled*] i. e. treated with boisterous rudeness (see vol. iv. 189). So the first folio ; and so Seward and Weber. The second folio has "rifled" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>a</sup> *And though disrob'd*] "Mr. Seward reads, 'ALTHOUGH disrob'd' ; but there is no occasion for any change, the old reading conveying the same sense ; 'I am still myself, and remain so though disrobed, &c.'" *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>b</sup> *Spite of the envious weight that loads it with*] Altered by Seward to  
"Spite of the envious weight it's loaded with."

The Editors of 1778 retained the old reading, a correspondent, whose signaturo is *I. N.*, explaining the passage thus ; "My mind, like the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile, shall grow up straighter, spite of the envious weight *That* (fruitful Nile) loads it with, or dispenses on it." But *I. N.*'s interpretation is, as Weber saw, forced and far-fetched : "that" surely means—the calamity in question.

And owe this second being to you, best sister,  
For now I feel you have infus'd into me  
Part of your fortitude.

*Eros.* I still am fearful;  
I dare not tell a lie: you, that were born  
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish  
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handmaid,  
Must not presume to rival.

*Cleo.* Yet, my Eros,  
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing  
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,  
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,  
Thy fearless mistress.

*Eros.* Oh, a man in arms!  
His weapon drawn too!

*Enter PHOTINUS.*

*Cleo.* Though upon the point  
Death sate, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.

*Pho.* [*To those without*] Keep the watch strong; and guard  
the passage sure  
That leads unto the sea.

*Cleo.* What sea of rudeness  
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath  
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?  
Are duty and obedience fled to heaven,  
And, in their room, ambition and pride  
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Photinus,  
A thing thy mother brought into the world  
My brother's and my slave; but thy behaviour,  
Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder  
Upon that sovereignty thou shouldst bow to.  
If in the gulph of base ingratitude  
All loyalty to Ptolemy the king  
Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,  
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose  
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar  
(Which nations quake at) stop thy<sup>c</sup> desperate madness  
From running headlong on to thy confusion:

<sup>c</sup> *thy*] Both the folios "the."

Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,  
And let me read submission in thine eyes ;  
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,  
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee  
To Cæsar and my brother.

*Pho.* Plead my pardon !

To you I bow ; but scorn as much to stoop thus  
To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay, the gods,  
As to put off the figure of a man,  
And change my essence with a sensual beast :  
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,  
Were aim'd to purchase you.

*Cleo.* How durst thou, being  
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought ?

*Pho.* They that have power are royal ; and those base  
That live at the devotion of another.

What birth gave Ptolemy, or fortune Cæsar,  
By engines fashion'd on<sup>d</sup> this Protean anvil  
I have made mine ; and only stoop at you,  
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.  
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts ;  
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read  
The story of a supreme monarchy,  
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,  
Photinus' name had long since been as great  
As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is :  
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose  
The knot of loyalty that chain'd my freedom,  
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might cause,  
That I and they might see no sun appear,  
But Cleopatra, in the Egyptian sphere.

*Cleo.* Oh, giant-like ambition, married to  
Cimmerian darkness ! Inconsiderate fool,  
Though flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou believe,  
Were all crowns on the earth made into one,  
And that by kings set on thy head, all sceptres  
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,  
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man,  
A gelded eunuch ?

<sup>d</sup> on] Both the folios "in" ; and so the modern editors.

*Pho.* Fairest, that makes for me,  
 And shews it is no sensual appetite,  
 But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,  
 That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures  
 Hymen, though blessing a new-married pair,  
 Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,  
 The glorious splendour of dread majesty,  
 Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world :  
 My wants in that kind others shall supply,  
 And I give way to it.

*Cleo.* Baser than thy birth !  
 Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder  
 Ram thee into the earth ?

*Pho.* They are asleep,  
 And cannot hear thee ; or, with open eyes  
 Did Jove look on us, I would laugh, and swear  
 That his artillery is cloy'd<sup>c</sup> by me ;  
 Or, if that they have power to hurt, his bolts  
 Are in my hand.

*Cleo.* Most impious !

*Pho.* They are dreams  
 Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,  
 If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,  
 Be any thing but a name, she lives in me ;  
 For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful  
 Than Styx is to your gods), weak Ptolemy dead,  
 And Cæsar, both being in my toil, remov'd,  
 The poorest rascals that are in my camp  
 Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat  
 In thee and young Arsinoë, while I laugh  
 To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods  
 That you think can protect you.

*Cleo.* To prevent thee,  
 In that I am the mistress of my fate<sup>d</sup> :

<sup>c</sup> *cloy'd*] "i. e. nailed or spiked up ; derived from the French verb *clouer*." MASON. "To *cloy* is still a technical term in artillery." WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> "To prevent thee,  
 In that I am the mistress of my fate] Heath (*MS. Notes*) recommends the following punctuation, "To prevent thee  
 In that, I am the mistress of my fate."

So hope I of my sister : to confirm it,  
I spit at thee, and scorn thee.

*Pho.* I will tame

That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

*Cleo.* Never :

I was born to command, and I will die so.

*Enter* ACHILLAS, and Soldiers, with the body of PTOLEMY.

*Pho.* The king dead ! this is a fair entrance to  
Our future happiness.

*Ars.* Oh, my dear brother !

*Cleo.* Weep not, Arsinoë, (common women do so,)  
Nor lose a tear for him ; it cannot help him :  
But study to die nobly.

*Pho.* Cæsar fled !

'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart ;  
It chokes my vital spirits : where was your care ?  
Did the guards sleep ?

*Achil.* He rous'd them with his sword ;  
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage  
Admits of no comparison but itself<sup>e</sup> ;)  
And, as inspir'd by him, his following friends,  
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey  
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,  
Brake through our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He went on,  
But still pursu'd by us : when on the sudden  
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,  
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement

<sup>e</sup> *Admits of no comparison but itself*] "Mr. Theobald has wrote *parallel* against this line, and seems to have designed a note in defence of the line which Mr. Pope and his assistants in the *Bathos* so ingeniously bantered him upon,

'None but himself can be his parallel.'

[a line in *The Double Falsehood*, a tragi-comedy, which Theobald (who possessed more than one MS. copy of it) adapted for the stage, and published, attributing it to Shakespeare. The phrase in question, as Gifford remarks (note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 314, ed. 1813), is common enough in early writers.]

The following description of one of the most illustrious incidents of Cæsar's life is worthy our authors, and worthy of Cæsar. Lucan seems to have either exerted, or designed to have exerted, all the vigour of his genius in this description ; but the *Pharsalia* unhappily just there breaks off unfinished." SEWARD.



Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning  
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

*Cleo.* 'Twas like my Cæsar.

*Achil.* We faln back, he made on; and, as our fear  
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,  
Again we follow'd: but, got near the sea,  
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand  
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,  
And in the other grasping fast his sword,  
As it had been a trident forg'd by Vulcan  
To calm the raging ocean, he made a way<sup>f</sup>,  
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like  
So many Tritons, follow'd, their bold shouts  
Yielding a cheerful music. We shower'd darts  
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ships:  
And in their safety we are sunk, for Cæsar  
Prepares for war.

*Pho.* How fell the king?

*Achil.* Unable  
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death  
By the pursuers, and with him the priest  
Of Isis, good Achoreus.

*Ars.* May the earth  
Lie gently on their ashes!      [*Exit ACHILLAS with Soldiers.*]

*Pho.* I feel now  
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not  
Within the searching policies of man  
To alter their decrees.

*Cleo.* I laugh at thee:  
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs and scorns  
Against the gods? I see calamity  
Is the best mistress of religion,  
And can convert an atheist.      [*Shout within.*]

*Pho.* Oh, they come!  
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die  
That plac'd his Heaven on earth, is an assurance  
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?

<sup>f</sup> *a way*] Both the folios have "away". The Editors of 1778 saw that "a way" was the right reading, and yet scrupled to insert it in the text!



The greatest daring to a man dishonest,  
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting.

[*Exit.*

*Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

*Cæsar.* Look on your Cæsar ; banish fear, my fairest ;  
You now are safe.

*Scæ.* By Venus, not a kiss  
Till our work be done ! the traitors once despatch'd,  
To it, and we'll cry aim<sup>s</sup> !

*Cæsar.* I will be speedy.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, SCÆ., ANT., and DOL.*

*Cleo.* Farewell again !—Arsinoë !—How now, Eros !  
Ever faint-hearted ?

*Eros.* But that I am assur'd  
Your excellency can command the general,  
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if  
They would be nibbling too.

*Cleo.* He is all honour ;  
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,  
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,  
That in her prime deserv'd him.

*Ars.* He's come back.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and Soldiers, with  
the heads of PHOTINUS and ACHILLAS.*

*Cæsar.*<sup>h</sup> Pursue no farther ; curb the soldiers' fury.—  
See, beauteous mistress, their accursèd heads,  
That did conspire against us.

*Scæ.* Furies plague 'em !  
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers :  
Pompey fell by the sword ; the cross or halter  
Should have despatch'd them.

<sup>s</sup> *cry aim*] i. e. encourage you. The phrase is from archery ; the by-standers being accustomed to encourage the archers by crying "*Aim !*" see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 28. ed. 1813.—Seward printed "*ay-me*", which, he says, "is a favourite cant term of our authors to express the whining of lovers" !

<sup>h</sup> *Cæsar*] In the first folio this prefix is omitted by mistake. In the second folio, it is placed a line too low.

*Cæsar*. All is but death, good *Scæva* ;  
 Be therefore satisfied.—And now, my dearest,  
 Look upon *Cæsar*, as he still appear'd,  
 A conqueror : and, this unfortunate king  
 Entomb'd with honour, we'll to <sup>i</sup> Rome, where *Cæsar*  
 Will shew he can give kingdoms ; for the senate,  
 Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree  
 The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.

[*Exeunt*.

---

### EPILOGUE.

---

I now should wish another had my place,  
 But that I hope to come off, and with grace :  
 And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,  
 We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.  
 I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say  
 In the favour <sup>k</sup> of ourselves, them, and the play,  
 Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see  
 Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

<sup>i</sup> *to*] So the second folio.—The first folio “for”.

<sup>k</sup> *In the favour*] So the first folio ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber (“I’ th’ favour”).—The second folio “*In favour*” ; and so Seward.

THE  
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

*The Double Marriage.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragedy.*"

THERE is every reason to believe that *The Double Marriage* was the unassisted composition of Fletcher; and, as the name of Burbadge does not appear in the list of the principal actors, there is a probability that it was not brought upon the stage till after that tragedian's death, which happened about the middle of March 1618-19<sup>a</sup>.

For one of the scenes<sup>b</sup> the author is indebted to Cervantes: but the source from which he derived the other incidents of this tragedy has not yet been discovered.

Langbaine, whose work was published in 1691, mentions that *The Double Marriage* was "reviv'd some years ago, as I learn from a new Prologue printed in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 14." *Acc. of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, the revival in question was unsuccessful.

<sup>a</sup> See note, vol. v. 3.

<sup>b</sup> Act v. sc. 1.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

FERRAND, king of Naples.		Master,	} belonging to the ship of the DUKE OF SESSE.
ASCANIO, prince of Rossana, his nephew.		Boatswain,	
DUKE OF SESSE, turned pirate.		Gunner,	
PANDULPHO,	} Neapolitan gentlemen.	Surgeon,	
VIROLET, his son,		Sailors,	
BRISSET, his son,		Boy,	
CAMILLO,		Lawyer,	
RONVERE, captain of the Guard.		Doctor.	
CASTRUCCIO, a courtier.		LUCIO, page to VIROLET.	
VILLIO, a court-fool.		Citizens, Guard, Soldiers, Servants.	

JULIANA, wife to VIROLET.

MARTIA, daughter to the DUKE OF SESSE.

Ladies.

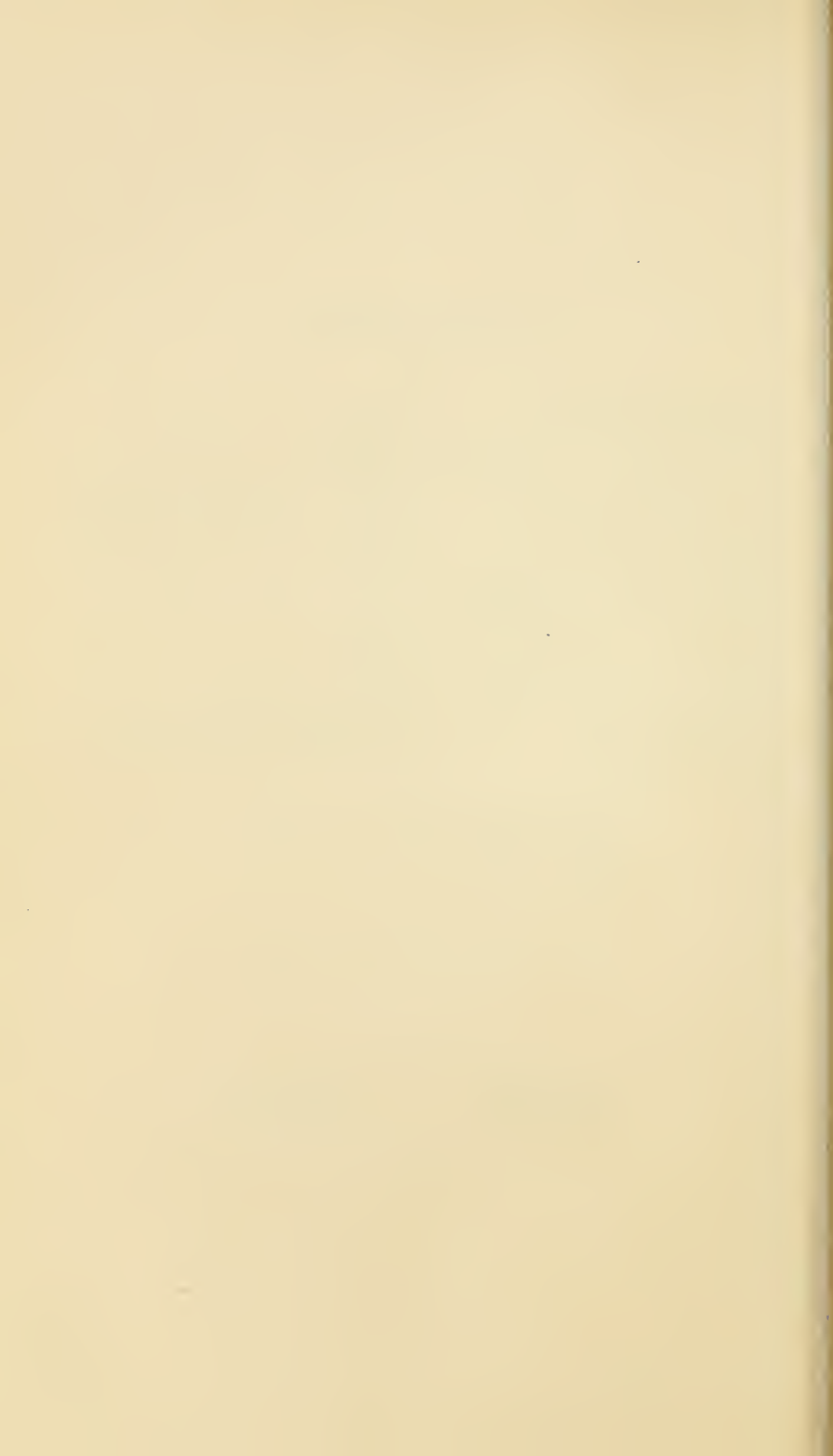
SCENE—*Naples, and on board a ship at sea.*

*The principal actors were—*

Joseph Taylor.  
Robert Benfield.  
John Underwood.  
George Birch.

John Lowin.  
Richard Robinson.  
Nicholas Toolie.  
Richard Sharpe.





THE  
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Naples. A room in the house of VIROLET.*

---

*Enter VIROLET and LUCIO.*

*Vir.* Boy!

*Lucio.* Sir?

*Vir.* If my wife seek me, tell her that  
Designs of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,  
Exact my privacy.

*Lucio.* I shall, sir.

*Vir.* Do, then;  
And leave me to myself.

*Lucio.* 'Tis a raw morning,  
And, would you please to interpret that for duty  
Which you may construe boldness, I could wish  
(To arm yourself against it) you would use  
More of my service.

*Vir.* I have heat within here,  
A noble heat, good boy, to keep it off;  
I shall not freeze. Deliver my excuse,  
And you have done your part.

*Lucio.* That is prevented;  
My lady follows you.

*Enter JULIANA.*

*Vir.* Since I must be cross'd, then,  
Let her perform that office.

*Lucio.* I obey you.

[*Exit.*]

*Vir.* Prithee, to bed: to be thus fond's more tedious  
Than if I were neglected.

*Jul.* 'Tis the fault, then,  
Of love and duty, which I would fall under,  
Rather than want that care which you may challenge  
As due from<sup>a</sup> my obedience.

*Vir.* I confess  
This tenderness argues a loving wife,  
And more deserves my heart's best thanks than anger:  
Yet I must tell you, sweet, you do exceed  
In your affection, if you would engross me  
To your delights alone.

*Jul.* I am not jealous:  
If my embraces have distasted you,  
(As I must grant you every way so worthy  
That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,  
Much less in miserable me, that want  
Those graces some more fortunate are stor'd with,)  
Seek any whom you please, and I will study,  
With my best service, to deserve those favours  
That shall yield you contentment.

*Vir.* You are mistaken.

*Jul.* No, I am patient, sir; and so, good morrow:  
I will not be offensive.

*Vir.* Hear my reasons.

*Jul.* Though in your life a widow's bed receives me,  
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper  
That shall succeed me in it, and your ardour  
Last longer to her!

*Vir.* By the love I bear,  
First to my country's peace, next to thyself,  
(To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing,)

<sup>a</sup> from] Heath's correction (*M.S. Notes*).—Both the folios "to"; and so the modern editors.

Stood here a lady that were the choice abstract  
Of all the beauties nature ever fashion'd,  
Or art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee,  
Thus as thou art, obedient and loving,  
I should contemn and loathe her.

*Jul.* I do believe you :

How I am bless'd in my assur'd belief  
This is unfeign'd ! And why this sadness, then ?

*Vir.* Why, Juliana,

Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements,  
My often, nay, almost continu'd fasts,  
(Sleep banish'd from my eyes, all pleasures strangers,)  
Have neither root nor growth from any cause  
That may arrive at woman. Shouldst thou be  
(As chastity forbid !) false to my bed,  
I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish  
Thy falsehood, and then study to forget thee :  
But that which, like a never-emptied spring,  
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,  
Is what my country suffers ; there's a ground  
Where sorrow may be planted, and spring up  
Through yielding rage and womanish despair,  
And yet not shame the owner.

*Jul.* I do believe it true ;

Yet I should think myself a happy woman,  
If, in this general and timely mourning,  
I might or give to you, or else receive,  
A little lawful comfort.

*Vir.* Thy discretion

In this may answer for me : look on Naples,  
The country where we both were born and bred ;  
Naples, the paradise of Italy,  
As that is of the earth ; Naples, that was  
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest Romans,  
When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole world ;  
This flourishing kingdom, whose inhabitants,  
For wealth and bravery, liv'd like petty kings,  
Made subject now to such a tyranny,  
As that fair city that receiv'd her name

From Constantine the Great, now in the power  
Of barbarous infidels, may forget her own,  
To look with pity on our miseries,  
So far in our calamities we transcend her ;  
For since this Arragonian tyrant, Ferrand,  
Seiz'd on the government, there's nothing left us  
That we can call our own, but our afflictions.

*Jul.* And hardly those ; the king's strange cruelty  
Equals all precedents of tyranny.

*Vir.* Equal[s], say you ?  
He has out-gone the worst ; compar'd to him,  
Nor Phalaris, nor Dionysius,  
Caligula, nor Nero can be mention'd :  
They yet as kings abus'd their regal power,  
This as a merchant ; all the country's fat  
He wholly does engross unto himself ;  
Our oils he buys at his own price, then sells them  
To us at dearer rates ; our plate and jewels,  
Under a feign'd pretence of public use,  
He borrows ; which denied, his instruments force ;  
The races<sup>b</sup> of our horses he takes from us,  
Yet keeps them in our pastures ; rapes of matrons  
And virgins are too frequent ; never man  
Yet thank'd him for a pardon ; for religion,  
It is a thing he dreams not of.

*Jul.* I have heard  
(How true it is I know not) that he sold  
The bishoprick of Tarent to a Jew,  
For thirteen thousand ducats.

*Vir.* I was present,  
And saw the money paid. The day would leave me  
Ere I could number out his impious actions,

<sup>b</sup> *races*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “rases”.—“I see no difficulty in this passage. By the *races of our horses*, Virolet means the breed of our horses. A common acceptation of the word *race*, is a family, breed, or generation. I cannot agree with the Editors [of 1778] in supposing that, even in poetry, *the races of our horses* can mean the labour of them.” MASON. In Heath's *M.S. Notes* I find an anticipation of Mason's comment on this passage. I still, however, suspect, as Seward did, the word “*races*”, and am inclined to think that is a misprint for “*rarest*.”

Or what the miserable subject suffers :  
And can you entertain, in such a time,  
A thought of dalliance ? tears, and sighs, and groans,  
Would better now become you.

*Jul.* They indeed are  
The only weapons our poor sex can use,  
When we are injur'd ; and they may become us :  
But for men, that were born free, men of rank,  
(That would be register'd fathers of their country,  
And to have on their tombs, in golden letters,  
The noble style of " Tyrant-killers " written,)  
To weep like fools and women, and not like wise men  
To practise a redress, deserves a name  
Which fits not me to give.

*Vir.* Thy grave reproof,  
If what thou dost desire were possible  
To be effected, might well argue it  
As wise as loving ; but, if you consider,  
With what strong guards this tyrant is defended,  
Ruffians and malcontents drawn from all quarters,  
That only know to serve his impious will ;  
The citadels built by him in the neck  
Of this poor city ; the invincible strength  
Nature, by art assisted, gave this castle ;  
And, above all, his fear,—admitting no man  
To see him, but unarm'd, it being death  
For any to approach him with a weapon ;  
You must confess, unless our hands were cannons  
To batter down these walls, our weak breath mines  
To blow his forts up, or our curses lightning  
To force a passage to him, and then blast him,  
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,  
Weep our misfortunes.

*Jul.* Walls of brass resist not  
A noble undertaking ; nor can vice  
Raise any bulwark to make good the place  
Where virtue seeks to enter : then to fall  
In such a brave attempt, were such an honour

That Brutus, did he live again, would envy.  
Were my dead father in you, and my brothers,  
Nay, all the ancestors I am deriv'd from,  
(As you, in being what you are, are all these,)  
I had rather wear a mourning garment for you,  
And should be more proud of my widowhood,  
You dying for the freedom of this country,  
Than if I were assur'd I should enjoy  
A perpetuity of life and pleasure  
With you, the tyrant living.

*Vir.* Till this minute,  
I never heard thee speak ! oh, more than woman,  
And more to be belov'd ! can I find out  
A cabinet, to lock a secret in,  
Of equal trust to thee ? all doubts and fears  
That scandalize your sex be far from me !  
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest counsels,  
And further them with thine.

*Jul.* I will be faithful.

*Vir.* Know, then, this day (stand Heaven propitious to us)  
Our liberty begins.

*Jul.* In Ferrand's death ?

*Vir.* 'Tis plotted, love, and strongly ; and, believe it,  
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought  
How to proceed in this design, and end it,  
That made strange my embraces.

*Jul.* Curs'd be she  
That's so indulgent to her own delights,  
That, for their satisfaction, would give  
A stop to such a glorious enterprize !  
For me, I would not for the world I had been  
Guilty of such a crime. Go on, and prosper !  
Go on, my dearest lord ! I love your honour  
Above my life, nay, yours : my prayers go with you !  
Which I will strengthen with my tears : the wrongs  
Of this poor country edge your sword ! oh, may it  
Pierce deep into this tyrant's heart ! and then,  
When you return bath'd in his guilty blood,



I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.  
But who are your assistants? though I am  
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish  
You had no sharer in it.

[*Knocking within.*

*Vir.* Be not curious.

They come; however you command my bosom,  
To them I would not have you seen.

*Jul.* I am gone, sir.

Be confident; and may my resolution  
Be present with you!

[*Exit.*

*Vir.* Such a masculine spirit,  
With more than woman's virtues, were a dower  
To weigh down a king's fortune.

*Enter* BRISSONET, CAMILLO, *and* RONVERE.

*Bris.* Good day to you.

*Cam.* You are an early stirrer.

*Vir.* What new face  
Bring you along?

*Ronv.* If I stand doubted, sir,  
As by your looks I guess it, you much injure  
A man that loves, and truly loves, this country,  
With as much zeal as you do; one that hates  
The prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;  
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom  
As any he that breathes; that wears a sword  
As sharp as any's.

*Cam.* Nay, no more comparisons.

*Ronv.* What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,  
Stood the king by; have means to put in act too  
What you but coldly plot: if this deserve, then,  
Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest,  
Pursue your own intents; I'll follow mine;  
And, if I not out-strip you——

*Bris.* Be assur'd, sir,  
A conscience<sup>c</sup> like this can never be  
Allied to treachery.

*Cam.* Who durst speak so much,

<sup>c</sup> *conscience*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "confidence"; and so Weber.

But one that is, like us, a sufferer,  
And stands, as we, affected ?

*Vir.* You are cozen'd,  
And all undone : every intelligencer  
Speaks treason with like licence : is not this  
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd  
In Ferrand's school, a man in trust and favour,  
Rewarded too, and highly ?

*Cam.* Grant all this,  
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,  
A man disgrac'd and with contempt thrown off,  
Will spur him to revenge, as swift as they  
That never were in favour.

*Vir.* Poor and childish !

*Bris.* His regiment is cast, that is most certain,  
And his command in the castle given away.

*Cam.* That on my knowledge.

*Vir.* Grosser still ! What shepherd  
Would yield the poor remainder of his flock  
To a known wolf, though he put on the habit  
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one ?  
As this but only talks.

*Cam.* Yes, he has means too.

*Vir.* I know it to my grief, weak men, I know it ;  
To make his peace, if there were any war  
Between him and his master, [by] betraying  
Our innocent lives.

*Ronv.* You are too suspicious,  
And I have borne too much, beyond my temper :  
Take your own ways ; I'll leave you.

*Vir.* You may stay now ;  
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for.—  
But one word, gentlemen : have you discover'd  
To him alone our plot ?

[*Aside to BRISSONET and CAMILLO.*

*Bris.* To him, and others  
That are at his devotion.

*Vir.* Worse and worse !  
For, were he only conscious of our purpose,

Though with the breach of hospitable laws,  
In my own house I'd silence him for ever :  
But what is past my help is past my care.  
I have a life to lose.

*Cam.* Have better hopes.

*Ronv.* And when you know, with what charge I have  
further'd

Your noble undertaking, you will swear me  
Another man; the guards I have corrupted.  
And of the choice of all our noblest youths,  
Attir'd like virgins, such as hermits would  
Welcome to their sad cells, prepar'd a masque,  
As done for the king's pleasure.

*Vir.* For his safety,  
I rather fear, and as a pageant to  
Usher our ruin.

*Ronv.* We, as torch-bearers<sup>d</sup>,  
Will wait on these; but with such art and cunning  
I have convey'd sharp poniards in the wax,  
That we may pass, though search'd, through all his guards  
Without suspicion, and in all his glory  
Oppress him, and with safety.

*Cam.* 'Tis most strange<sup>e</sup>.

*Vir.* To be effected.

*Ronv.* You are doubtful still.

*Bris.* But we resolv'd to follow him; and, if you  
Desist now, Virolet, we will say 'tis fear,  
Rather than providence.

*Cam.* And so we leave you. [*Exeunt<sup>f</sup> all except VIROLET.*]

*Re-enter JULIANA.*

*Jul.* To your wise doubts, and to my better counsels.  
Oh, pardon me, my lord, and trust me too!

<sup>d</sup> torch-bearers] Were the constant attendants on masquers: see, for instance, *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4.

<sup>e</sup> 'Tis most strange] The modern editors put a break after these words: but the speech is complete, though Virolet chooses to add to it, "*To be effected.*"

<sup>f</sup> Exeunt] "Rowe [Otway] has taken from this scene some circumstances of his *Venice Preserved.*" MASON.

Let me not, like Cassandra, prophesy truths,  
 And never be believ'd, before the mischief.  
 I have heard all ; know this Ronvere a villain,  
 A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted  
 This for your ruin, only to make way  
 To his hopes in my embraces ; at more leisure,  
 I will acquaint you wherefore I conceal'd it  
 To this last minute ; if you stay, you are lost,  
 And all prevention too late : I know,  
 And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave  
 Within this house, a part of my poor dower,  
 Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the centre <sup>g</sup>,  
 Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is air  
 More than to keep in life, Ferrand will find you ;  
 So curious his fears are.

*Vir.* 'Tis better fall  
 Than hide my head now, ('twas thine own advice,)  
 My friends engag'd too.

*Jul.* You stand further bound  
 Than to weak men that have betray'd themselves,  
 Or to my counsel, though then just and loyal :  
 Your fancy hath been good, but not your judgment  
 In choice of such to side you. Will you leap  
 From a steep tower, because a desperate fool  
 Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard ?  
 There 's more expected from you ; all men's eyes  
 Are fix'd on Violet, to help, not hurt them :  
 Make good their hopes and ours. You have sworn often  
 That you dare credit me, and allow'd me wise,  
 Although a woman ; even kings in great actions  
 Wait opportunity, and so must you, sir,  
 Or lose your understanding <sup>h</sup>.

*Vir.* Thou art constant ;

<sup>g</sup> *the centre*] i. e. the centre of the earth.

<sup>h</sup> *lose your understanding*] Sympson having proposed, in a note, to read "*lose your undertaking*", the Editors of 1778 observe, that "the text is right, and only means, 'It would be madness to think you must not, like others, be guided by the opportunity.' His answer confirms this. '*Lose your understanding*' may, without violence, be taken in this sense."

I an<sup>i</sup> uncertain fool, a most blind fool :  
Be thou my guide.

*Jul.* If I fail to direct you,  
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,  
May constancy forsake me !

*Vir.* I've my safety.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter CASTRUCCIO and VILLIO.*

*Vil.* Why are you rapt thus?

*Cast.* Peace; thou art a fool.

*Vil.* But, if I were a flatterer, like your worship,  
I should be wise, and rich too :  
There are few else that prosper, bawds excepted ;  
They hold an equal place there.

*Cast.* A shrewd knave !

But, oh, the king, the happy king !

*Vil.* Why happy ?

In bearing a great burden ?

*Cast.* What bears he,

That 's borne on prince's shoulders ?

*Vil.* A crown's weight,

Which sits more heavy on his head, than the ore  
Slaves dig out of the mines, of which 'tis made.

*Cast.* Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy  
That carries him in the air : the reverence due  
To that most sacred gold makes him ador'd,  
His footsteps kiss'd ; his smiles to<sup>k</sup> raise a beggar  
To a lord's fortune ; and, when he but frowns,  
The city quakes.

*Vil.* Or the poor cuckolds in it,  
Coxcombs I should say.—I am of a fool  
Grown a philosopher, to hear this parasite.

[*Aside.*

*Cast.* The delicates he is serv'd with, see and envy——

<sup>i</sup> an] Both the folios "am."

<sup>k</sup> to] Altered by Sympson to "do."

*Vil.* I had rather have an onion with a stomach,  
Than these without one.

*Cast.* The celestial music, [Still music within.  
Such as the motion of the eternal spheres  
Yields Jove when he drinks nectar——

*Vil.* Here's a fine knave ;  
Yet hath too many fellows. [Aside.

*Enter Ladies, and pass over the stage.*

*Cast.* Then the beauties,  
That with variety of choice embraces  
Renew his age.

*Vil.* Help him to crouch rather,  
And the French cringe ; they are excellent surgeons that way.

*Cast.* Oh, majesty ! let others think of Heaven,  
While I contemplate thee.

*Vil.* This is not atheism,  
But court observance<sup>1</sup>. [Aside.—Flourish within.

*Cast.* Now the god appears,  
Usher'd with earthquakes.

*Vil.* Base idolatry ! [Aside.

*Enter FERRAND, Guard, Ladies, and Servants.*

*Fer.* These meats are poison'd : hang the cooks !—No note  
more, [To the musicians within.  
On forfeit of your fingers ! do you envy me  
A minute's slumber ?—What are these ?

*First Guard.* The ladies  
Appointed by your majesty.

*Fer.* To the purpose :  
For what appointed ?

*First Guard.* For your grace's pleasure.

*Fer.* To suck away the little blood is left me  
By my continual cares ! I am not apt now :  
Enjoy them first, taste of my diet once ;  
And, your turn serv'd, for fifty crowns a-piece  
Their husbands may redeem them.

<sup>1</sup> *observance*] “i.e. obsequiousness.” WEBER.

*Ladies.* Great sir, mercy !

*Fer.* I am deaf. Why stare you ? is what we command  
To be disputed ? Who 's this ? bring you the dead  
To upbraid me to my face ?

*Cast.* Hold, emperor ! [ *Kneels.* ]  
Hold, mightiest of kings ! I am thy vassal,  
Thy footstool, that durst not presume to look  
On thy offended face.

*Fer.* Castruccio, rise.

*Cast.* [*rising*] Let not the lightning of thy eye consume me,  
Nor hear that musical tongue in dreadful thunder,  
That speaks all mercy.

*Vil.* Here's no flattering rogue <sup>m</sup> ! [ *Aside.* ]

*Cast.* Ferrand, that is the father of his people,  
The glory of mankind——

*Fer.* No more, no word more !  
And while I tell my troubles to myself,  
Be statues <sup>n</sup> without motion or voice :  
Though to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness,  
It now offends me.

*Vil.* Here's the happy man !  
But speak who dares. [ *Aside.* ]

*Fer.* When I was innocent,  
I yet remember I could eat and sleep,  
Walk unaffrighted ; but now, terrible  
To others, my guards cannot keep fear from me ;  
It still pursues me : oh, my wounded conscience !  
The bed I would rest in is stuff'd with thorns ;  
The ground's strow'd o'er with adders and with aspics,  
Where'er I set my foot. But I am in,  
And what was got with cruelty, with blood  
Must be defended : though this life's a hell,  
I fear a worse hereafter.—Ha !

<sup>m</sup> *Here's no flattering rogue*] See note, p. 177.

<sup>n</sup> *statues*] Had it not been for the word "*motion*," which in this line is to be read as a trisyllable, I should have supposed that the author wrote "*statuas*": see note, vol. ii. 459, and my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 186.



*Enter RONVERE and Guard.*

*Ronv.* My lord !

*Fer.* Welcome, Ronvere ; welcome, my golden plummet,  
With which I sound mine enemies' depths and angers :  
Hast thou discover'd ?

*Ronv.* All as you could wish, sir,  
The plot and the contrivers ; was made one  
Of the conspiracy.

*Fer.* Is Virolet in ?

*Ronv.* The head of all : he only scented me ;  
And, from his fear that I play'd false, is fled ;  
The rest I have in fetters.

*Fer.* Death and hell !

Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Sesse,  
I aim'd at him : he 's virtuous and wise,  
A lover of his freedom and his country's ;  
Dangerous to such as govern by the sword,  
And so to me.—No track which way he went ?  
No means to overtake him ?

*Ronv.* There 's some hope left ;  
But with a rough hand to be seiz'd upon.

*Fer.* What is 't ?

*Ronv.* If any know or where he is,  
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife :  
Her, with his father, I have apprehended,  
And brought among the rest.

*Fer.* 'Twas wisely order'd :  
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners  
Appear in horror with the rack. [*Exit RONVERE with Guard.*]

*Vil.* I take it,  
Signior, this is no time for you to flatter,  
Or me to fool in.

*Cast.* Thou art wise in this :  
Let 's off ; it is unsafe to be near Jove  
When he begins to thunder.

*Vil.* Good morality ! [*Exeunt CASTRUCCIO and VILLIO.*]

*Fer.* I that have pierc'd into the hearts of men,  
Forcèd them to lay open with my looks

Secrets, whose least discovery was death,  
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the fortress  
Of a weak woman's faith.

*Re-enter RONVERE and Guard, bringing in CAMILLO, BRISSONET, PANDULPHO, and JULIANA, fettered ; with Executioners bearing a rack.*

*Cam.* Whate'er we suffer,  
The weight that loads a traitor's heart sit ever  
Heavy on thine !

*Bris.* As we are caught by thee,  
Fall thou by others !

*Ronv.* Pish ! poor fools, your curses  
Will never reach me.

*Jul.* Now, by my Virolet's life,  
Father<sup>o</sup>, this is a glorious stage of murder !  
Here are fine properties<sup>p</sup> too, and such spectators  
As will expect good action ! to the life  
Let us perform our parts ; and we shall live  
When these are rotten : would we might begin once !—  
Are you the master of the company ?  
Troth, you are tedious now.

*Fer.* She does deride me.

*Jul.* Thee and thy power : if one poor syllable  
Could win me an assurance of thy favour,  
I would not speak it ; I desire to be  
The great example of thy cruelty :  
To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone  
Can make discovery where my Virolet is,  
Whose life I know thou aim'st at ; but, if tortures  
Compel me to 't, may hope of Heaven forsake me !  
I dare thy worst.

*Fer.* Are we condemn'd ?

*Jul.* Thou art,  
Thou and thy ministers : my life is thine ;  
But in the death the victory shall be mine.

<sup>o</sup> *Father*] i. e. Pandulpho, her father-in-law.

<sup>p</sup> *properties*] i. e. articles required for the scene,—a theatrical term still in use.

*Pand.* We have such a mistress here to teach us courage,  
That cowards might learn from her.

*Fer.* You are slow.—

Begin the scene<sup>9</sup>, thou miserable fool,  
For so I'll make thee. [JULIANA is put on the rack.]

*Jul.* 'Tis not in thy reach ;  
I am happy in my sufferings, thou most wretched.

*Fer.* So brave ? I'll tame you yet.—Pluck hard[er],  
villains !—

Is she insensible ? no sigh nor groan ?  
Or is she dead ?

*Jul.* No, tyrant ; though I suffer  
More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood,  
'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn,  
With any sign that may express a sorrow,  
To shew I do repent.

*Fer.* Confess yet, and  
Thou shalt be safe.

*Jul.* 'Tis wrapt up in my soul,  
From whence thou canst not force it.

*Fer.* I will be  
Ten days a-killing thee.

*Jul.* Be twenty thousand ;  
My glory lives the longer.

*Ronv.* 'Tis a miracle :  
She tires the executioners and me.

*Fer.* Unloose her ; I am conquer'd.—I must take  
Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in honour  
Of her invincible fortitude.

*Ronv.* Will you not  
Despatch the rest ?

*Fer.* When I seem merciful,  
Assure thyself, Ronvere, I am most cruel.—

<sup>9</sup> *You are slow.*—

*Begin the scene, &c.]* In opposition to both the folios, the Editors of 1778 and Weber make "*Begin the scene*" part of Ferrand's address to the Executioners (but the words are spoken to Juliana, in consequence of what she had said on first entering), and put a break at the end of the speech, as if it were incomplete.

Thou wonder of thy sex and of this nation,  
Thou hast changèd my severity to mercy,  
Not to thyself alone, but to thy people,  
In which I do include these men, my enemies.—  
Unbind them.

*Pand.* This is strange.

*Fer.* For your intent  
Against my life, which you dare not deny,  
I only ask one service.

*Cam.* Above hope !

*Fer.* There rides a pirate near, the Duke of Sesse,  
My enemy and this country's, that in bonds  
Holds my dear friend Ascanio : free this friend,  
Or bring the pirate's head, besides your pardon  
And honour of the action, your reward  
Is forty thousand ducats : and because  
I know that Virolet is as bold as wise,  
Be he your general. As pledge of your faith  
That you will undertake it, let this old man  
And this most constant matron stay with me,  
Of whom, as of myself, I will be careful :  
She shall direct you where her husband is.  
Make choice of any ship you think most useful ;  
They are rigg'd for you.

[*Ex.* Guard, with JULIANA and PANDULPHO.

*Bris.* We with joy accept it.

*Cam.* And will proclaim king Ferrand merciful.

[*Exeunt* BRISSONET and CAMILLO.

*Ronv.* The mystery of this, my lord ? or are you  
Chang'd in your nature ?

*Fer.* I'll make thee private to it :  
The lives of these weak men and desperate woman  
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took them ;  
'Tis Virolet I aim at ; he has power,  
And knows to hurt. If they encounter Sesse,  
And he prove conqueror, I am assur'd  
They'll find no mercy ; if that they prove victors,  
I shall recover, with my friend, his head  
I most desire of all men.

*Ronv.* Now I have it.

*Fer.* I'll make thee understand the drift of all :  
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall !      [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*On board the Duke of Sesse's ship at sea.*

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*Enter Boatswain and Gunner.*

*Boats.* Lay her<sup>r</sup> before the wind ; up with her canvass,  
And let her work ! the wind begins to whistle :  
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,  
As if she were the minion of the ocean !  
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,  
And curl their wanton heads ! Ho, below there !

*Sailors.* [*within*] Ho, ho !<sup>s</sup>

*Boats.* Lay her north-east, and thrust her mizen out ;  
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.—  
Oh, for a lusty sail now, to give chase to !

*Gun.* A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,  
And change a broadside bravely !

*Boats.* Where 's the duke ?

*Gun.* I have not seen him stir to-day.

*Boats.* Oh, gunner,  
What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour !  
And to his friends what gentleness and bounty !  
How long have we been inhabitants at sea here ?

*Gun.* Some fourteen years.

*Boats.* By fourteen lives I swear, then,  
This element never nourish'd such a pirate,  
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,  
So patient in his want, in act so valiant !  
How many sail of well-mann'd ships before us,

<sup>r</sup> *her*] Both the folios "here."

<sup>s</sup> *Sailors.* [*within*] *Ho, ho !*] Stands in both folios as a portion of the Boatswain's speech, thus, "*Ho, ho, within.*"

As the bonito <sup>1</sup> does the flying-fish,  
Have we pursu'd and scour'd, that, to out-strip us,  
They have been fain to hang their very shirts on !  
What galleys have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken,  
Whose only fraughts were fire and stern defiance,  
And nothing spoke but bullet in all these !  
How like old Neptune have I seen our general  
Standing i' the poop, and tossing his steel trident,  
Commanding both the sea and winds to serve him !

*Gun.* His daughter too (which is the honour, boatswain,  
Of all her sex), that martial maid——

*Boats.* A brave wench !

*Gun.* How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,  
Has she leap'd down, and took my linstock from me,  
And crying, " Now fly right," fir'd all my chasers !  
Then, like the image of the warlike goddess,  
Her target brac'd upon her arm, her sword drawn,  
And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again,  
And bravely hail'd the bark : I have wonder'd, boatswain,  
That in a body made so delicate,  
So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,  
And manly soul, not starting at a danger——

*Boats.* Her noble father got her in his fury,  
And so she proves a soldier.

*Gun.* This too I wonder at,  
Taking so many strangers as he does,  
He uses them with that respect and coolness,  
Not making prize, but only borrowing  
What may supply his want ; nor that for nothing ;  
But renders back what they may stand in need of,  
And then parts lovingly : where <sup>u</sup>, if he take  
His countryman, that should be nearest to him,  
And stand most free from danger, he sure pays for 't ;  
He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the bark,  
Then gives her up a bonfire to his fortune.

<sup>1</sup> *bonito*] Both the folios " Bonuto."—" Cotgrave explains *boniton*, ' The fish called a *bonitoe* ; seene most commonly playing in troupes before a tempest.' It is a kind of tunny-fish." WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> *where*] " i. e. whereas." WEBER.

*Boats.* The wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull country  
(That 's all I know) have<sup>v</sup> purchas'd all his cruelty :  
We fare the better. Cheerly, cheerly, boys !  
The ship runs merrily ; my captain 's melancholy,  
And nothing cures that in him but a sea-sight :  
I hope to meet a sail, boy, and a right one.

*Gun.* That 's my hope too ; I am ready for the pastime.

*Boats.* I' the mean time, let 's bestow a song upon him,  
To shake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.—  
Ho, in the hold !

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Here, here.

*Boats.* To the main-top, boy !  
An thou kenn'st a ship that dares defy us,  
Here 's gold.

*Boy.* I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

*Boats.* Come, sirs, a quaint levet<sup>w</sup>,  
To waken our brave general ! then to our labour.

[*Trumpets sound a levet.*]

*Enter Duke of Sesse, and MARTIA like an Amazon, on the  
quarter-deck<sup>x</sup>.*

*Duke.* I thank you, loving mates, I thank you all :  
There 's to prolong your mirth ; and good morrow to you.

[*Gives them money.*]

*Mart.* Take this from me ; you 're honest, valiant friends,  
And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring ?

*Gun.* Not any within ken yet.

*Boats.* Without doubt, lady,  
The wind standing so fair and full upon us,  
We shall have sport anon.—But, noble general,  
Why are you still so sad ? you take our edge off ;  
You make us dull and spiritless.

<sup>v</sup> *have*] Both the folios "has."

<sup>w</sup> *levet*] "This Doctor Johnson explains, 'a blast on the trumpet ; probably that by which the soldiers are called in the morning.' The text puts the propriety of this explanation beyond a doubt, &c." WEBER.

<sup>x</sup> *on the quarter-deck*] So Weber.—Both the folios "above" : the Duke and his daughter entered, no doubt, on the upper stage ; see note, vol. iv. 307.



*Duke.* I'll tell ye,  
Because I will provoke you to be fortunate;  
For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you :  
This woman never knew it yet, my daughter ;  
Some discontents she has<sup>y</sup>.

*Mart.* Pray, sir, go forward.

*Duke.* These fourteen years, I have stow'd<sup>y</sup> it here at sea,  
Where the most curious thought could never find it.

*Boats.* Call up the master and all the mates.

*Enter Master and Sailors.*

*Duke.* Good morrow.

*Master.* Good morrow to our general, a good one ;  
And to that noble lady all good wishes.

*Mart.* I thank you, master.

*Duke.* Mark me : thus it is, then ;  
Which I did never think to have discover'd,  
Till full revenge had woo'd me ; but, to satisfy  
My faithful friends, thus I cast off my burden.  
In that short time I was a courtier,  
And follow'd that most hated of all princes,  
Ferrand, the full example of all mischiefs,  
(Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger,)  
It was my chance one day to play at chess  
For some few crowns with a minion of this king's,  
A mean poor man that only serv'd his pleasures ;  
Removing of a rook, we grew to words,  
From this to hotter anger ; to be short,  
I got a blow.

*Mart.* How, how, my noble father !

*Duke.* A'blow, my girl ; which I had soon repaid,  
And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds  
Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd—

*Mart.* For honour's sake, not so, sir !

<sup>y</sup> *This woman never knew it yet, my daughter ;  
Some discontents she has*] “i. e. some of my discontents have come to her  
knowledge, but not the cause of them.” MASON.

<sup>y</sup> *stow'd*] The first folio “stood”.—The second “stored” ; and so Sympson  
and the Editors of 1778.

*Duke.* For that time, wench ;  
But call'd upon him, like a gentleman,  
By many private friends ; knock'd at his valour,  
Court'd his honour hourly to repair me ;  
And, though he were a thing my thoughts made slight on,  
And only worth the fury of my footman,  
Still I pursu'd him nobly——

*Mart.* Did he escape you ?

My old brave father, could you sit down so coldly ?

*Duke.* Have patience, and know all :—pursu'd him fairly,  
Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my wrongs made May-  
games ;

By him unjustly wrong'd should be all justice ;  
The slave protected : yet at length I found him,  
Found him, when he suppos'd all had been buried,  
And what I had receiv'd durst not be question'd ;  
And then he fell, under my sword he fell,  
For ever sunk ; his poor life, like the air  
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left him,  
No noble wind of memory to raise him.  
But then began my misery : I fled,  
The king's frowns following, and my friends' despairs ;  
No hand that durst relieve ; my country fearful,  
Basely and weakly fearful of a tyrant,  
Which made his bad will worse, stood still and wonder'd,  
Their virtues bed-rid in 'em. Then, my girl,  
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy nurse,  
The model of thy father's miseries,  
And some small wealth was fit for present carriage,  
And got to sea, where I profess'd my anger,  
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful country  
And that bad king have blood or means to quench me.  
Now ye know all.

*Master.* We know all, and admire all :  
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate !

*Mart.* Had you done less, or lost this noble anger,  
You had been worthy then men's empty pities,  
And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice,  
And use it still with that fell violence

It first appear'd to you : if you go less<sup>a</sup>,  
Or take a doting mercy to protection,  
The honour of a father I disclaim in you,  
Call back all duty, and will be prouder of  
The infamous and base name of a whore,  
Than daughter to a great duke and a coward.

*Duke.* Mine own sweet Martia, no; thou know'st my nature;  
It cannot, must not be.

*Mart.* I hope it shall not.  
But why, sir, do you keep alive still young Ascanio,  
Prince of Rossana, king Ferrand's most belov'd one,  
You took two months ago? why is not he<sup>b</sup>  
Flung overboard or hang'd?

*Duke.* I'll tell thee, girl :  
It were a mercy in my nature now,  
So soon to break the thread<sup>c</sup> of his afflictions ;  
I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,  
To let him die ; that were a benefit.  
Besides, I keep him as a bait and diet,  
To draw on more and nearer to the king :  
I look each hour to hear of his armadoes ;  
And a hot welcome they shall have.

*Mart.* But hark you ;  
If you were over-sway'd with odds——

*Duke.* I find you :  
I would not yield ; no, girl, no hope of yielding,  
Nor fling myself one hour into their mercies,  
And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom.  
No ; I can sink, wench, and make shift to die ;  
A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one :  
I am no niggard of my life ; so it go nobly,  
All ways are equal, and all hours ; I care not.

*Mart.* Now you speak like my father.

*Master.* Noble general,  
If by our means they inherit aught but bangs,

<sup>a</sup> *if you go less*] “A phrase derived from gaming, which frequently occurs in these plays [see note, p. 203].” WEBER.

<sup>b</sup> *is not he*] Weber chose to print “*is he not.*”

<sup>c</sup> *thread*] Sympton's correction.—Both the folios “*bed.*”

The mercy of the main-yard light upon us !  
No ; we can sink too, sir, and sink low enough,  
To pose their cruelties to follow us ;  
And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,  
A thousand cowards suck his bones !

*Gun.* Let the worst come,  
I can unbreech a cannon, and without much help  
Turn her into the keel ; and, when she has split it,  
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,  
And so, good night, I think !

*Master.* We have liv'd all with you,  
And will die with you, general.

*Duke.* I thank you, gentlemen.

*Boy.* [*above*] A sail, a sail !

*Master.* A cheerful sound !

*Boy.* [*above*] A sail !

*Boats.* Of whence ? of whence, boy ?

*Boy.* [*above*] A lusty sail !

*Mart.* Look right, and look again.

*Boy.* [*above*] She ploughs the sea before her,  
And foams i' the mouth.

*Boats.* Of whence ?

*Boy.* [*above*] I ken not yet, sir.

*Duke.* Oh, may she prove of Naples !

*Master.* Prove the devil,  
We'll spit out fire as thick as she.

*Boy.* [*above*] Hoy !

*Master.* Brave boy !

*Boy.* [*above*] Of Naples, Naples ; I think, of Naples, master ;  
Methinks I see the arms.

*Master.* Up, up another,  
And give more certain signs !

[*Exit* Sailor.]

*Duke.* All to your business !  
And, stand but right and true——

*Boats.* Hang him that halts now !

*Boy.* [*above*] Sh'as us in chase.

*Master.* We'll spare her our main-top-sail ;  
She<sup>c</sup> shall not look us<sup>d</sup> long, we are no starters.

<sup>c</sup> *She*] Both the folios "He."    <sup>d</sup> *look us*] i. e. look for us : see note, p. 159.

Down with the fore-sail too ! we 'll spoom<sup>d</sup> before her.

*Mart.* Gunner, good noble gunner, for my honour  
Load me but these two minions in the chase<sup>e</sup> there ;  
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,  
And be thine eye and level<sup>f</sup> as thy heart is !

*Gun.* Madam, I 'll scratch 'em out, I 'll piss 'em out else.

*Sailor.* [*above*] Ho !

*Duke.* Of whence now ?

*Sailor.* [*above*] Of Naples, Naples, Naples !

I see her top-flag, how she quarters Naples :

I hear her trumpets.

*Duke.* Down ! she 's welcome to us :

Every man to his charge ! man her i' the bow well,  
And place your rakers<sup>g</sup> right.

[*Exeunt* Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.  
Daughter, be sparing.

<sup>d</sup> *spoom*] "A nautical term for sailing rapidly. The editors of 1750 and 1778 very reprehensibly alter the word silently to *spoon*." WEBER. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) explains the word, "To sail on steadily, rather than rapidly ; very probably from *spume* or foam" ; and, after citing the line of our text, proceeds, "They are then slackening their course to wait for the enemy, and strike their main top-sail and fore-sail to let them come up : it cannot, therefore, imply particular swiftness. Dryden, from whom it has been also quoted, seems to describe a successful, rather than a peculiarly rapid motion ;

' When virtue *spooms* before a prosperous gale,

. My heaving wishes help to fill the sail.'

*Hind and Panther*, Part iii."

In Smith's *Sea-man's Grammar*, &c., 1691, we find, "*The Ship spooms*, that is, goes right before the wind without any sail." p. 82.

<sup>e</sup> *minions in the chase*] Sympton's correction.—Both the folios have "*minions in the chape*"—"There are, in all ships of war, two guns at the least placed in the bow, and two more in the stern, which are called the bow-chase, and the stern-chase ; the first are used against a vessel that is a-head, the other against a vessel that pursues." MASON. Compare Heywood's *True Description of His Majesties Royall Ship*, &c., 1637, "She carrieth moreover ten peeces of chase Ordnance in her, right forward ; and ten right aff, that is according to Land-service in the front and the reare." p. 46.—*Minions* are pieces of ordnance so called : there were two kinds, Large and Ordinary : see Smith's *Sea-man's Grammar*, &c., 1691, p. 96.

<sup>f</sup> *and level*] i. e. and thy level : but qy. "as level" ?

<sup>g</sup> *rakers*] "i. e. the guns with which the enemy's vessel is to be *raked*. Falconer, in his *Marine Dictionary*, says, '*Raking* a ship is the act of cannon-ading a ship on the stern or head, so as that the balls shall scour the whole length of her decks ; which is one of the most dangerous incidents that can happen in a naval action.' " Ed. 1778.

*Mart.* I swear I'll be above, sir, in the thickest,  
And where most danger is I'll seek for honour.  
They have begun : hark, how their trumpets call us !  
Hark, how the wide-mouth'd cannons sing amongst us !  
Hark, how they hail<sup>b</sup> ! out of our shells for shame, sir !

*Duke.* Now fortune and my cause !

*Mart.* Be bold and conquer ! [*Exeunt.*  
[*Charge, trumpets and shot within.*

*Re-enter Master and Boatswain.*

*Master.* They'll board us once again ; they're tough and valiant.

*Boats.* Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers,  
And made 'em dance.

*Master.* Good boys, fight bravely, manly !  
They come on yet ; clap in her stern, and yoke<sup>i</sup> 'em.

*Re-enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* You shall not need ; I have provision for 'em ;  
Let 'em board once again ; the next is ours.  
Stand bravely to your pikes ; away, be valiant !  
I have a second course of service for 'em,  
Shall make the bowels of their bark ache, boy.  
The duke fights like a dragon : who dares be idle ?

[*Exeunt.*—*Charge, trumpets, pieces go off within.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the ship.*

*Enter Master, Boatswain following.*

*Master.* Down with 'em ! stow 'em in !

*Boats.* Cut their throats !

'Tis brotherhood to fling 'em into the sea.  
The duke is hurt, so is his lovely daughter Martia.  
We have the day yet.

<sup>b</sup> *hail*] Mason's correction, and obviously necessary.—The folios have "saile" and "sail" ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

<sup>i</sup> *yoke*] i. e. perhaps, as Weber supposes, grapple.



*Enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* Pox fire 'em ! they have smok'd us ;  
Never such plumbs yet flew.

*Boats.* They have rent the ship, and bor'd a hundred holes ;  
She swims still lustily.

*Master.* She made a brave fight ; and she shall be cur'd,  
And make a braver yet.

*Gun.* Bring us some cans up !—  
I am hot as fire.

*Boats.* I am sure I am none o' the coolest.

*Enter Boy with three cans.*

*Gun.* My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my mistress !  
The dainty sweet brass minion split their fore-mast ;  
She never fail'd.

*Master.* Ye did all well and truly,  
Like faithful honest men.

*Boats.* But is she rich, master ? [*Trumpet, flourish within.*]

*Master.* Rich for my captain's purpose howsoever,  
And we are his.

*Enter Duke wounded, MARTIA, Sailors, and VIOLET prisoner.*

How bravely now he shews,  
Heated in blood and anger !—How do you, sir ?  
Not wounded mortally, I hope ?

*Duke.* No, master ;  
But only wear the livery of fury.—  
I am hurt, and deep.

[*Aside.*]

*Master.* My mistress too ?

*Mart.* A scratch, man ;  
My needle would ha' done as much.—Good sir,  
Be provident and careful.

*Duke.* Prithee, peace, girl ;  
This wound is not the first blood I have blush'd in.—  
Ye fought all like tall<sup>j</sup> men ; my thanks among ye,  
That speaks not what my purse means, but my tongue,  
soldiers.—

Now, sir, to you that sought me out, that found me,

<sup>j</sup> tall] “i. e. stout, brave.” WEBER.



That found me what I am, the tyrant's tyrant ;  
You that were imp'd<sup>k</sup>, the weak arm to his folly,  
You are welcome to your death.

*Vir.* I do expect it ;

And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.

*Duke.* Thou bor'st the face once of a noble gentleman,  
Rank'd in the first file of the virtuous,  
By every hopeful spirit shew'd and pointed  
Thy country's love ; one that advanc'd her honour,  
Not tainted with the base and servile uses  
The tyrant ties men's souls to. Tell me, Virolet,  
If shame have not forsook thee with thy credit—

*Vir.* No more of these racks ! what I am, I am.  
I hope not to go free with poor confessions ;  
Nor, if I shew ill, will I seem a monster  
By making my mind prisoner. Do your worst ;  
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it<sup>l</sup> :  
Only those base inflictions fit for slaves,  
Because I am a gentleman——

*Duke.* Thou art none :  
Thou wast while thou stood'st good ; thou'rt now a villain,  
And agent for the devil.

*Vir.* That tongue lies !  
Give me my sword again, and stand all arm'd ;  
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a gentleman,  
A man as fair in honour—Rate your prisoners !  
How poor and like a pedagogue it shews,  
How far from nobleness ! 'Tis fair, you may kill 's ;  
But to defame your victory with foul language—

*Duke.* Go fling him overboard.—I'll teach you, sirrah——

*Vir.* You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now  
With patience, in despising all your cruelties,  
And make you choke with anger.

*Duke.* Away, I say !

*Mart.* Stay, sir ; he has given you such bold language,

<sup>k</sup> *You that were imp'd*] “i. e. you who were set forth, or put on this enterprise by him ; a metaphor from the technical phrase of *imping* a hawk, or inserting feathers in his wings [or tail] artificially.” WEBER.

<sup>l</sup> *cast it*] i. e. considered, revolved in my mind, what that worst might be.

I am not reconcil'd to him yet ; and therefore  
He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly,  
To die when he please ; I beseech you, stay, sir !

*Duke.* Do with him what thou wilt.

*Mart.* Carry him to the bilboes<sup>m</sup>,  
And clap him fast there, with the prince.

*Vir.* Do, lady ;

For any death you give I am bound to bless you.

[*Exeunt VIROLET and Sailors.*

*Mart.* Now to your cabin, sir (pray, lean upon me),  
And take your rest ; the surgeons wait all for you.

*Duke.* Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy fortunes.  
Why, sure, I have no hurt ; I have not fought, sure ?

*Master.* You bleed apace, sir.

*Mart.* You grow cold too.

*Duke.* I must be rul'd. No leaning !

My deepest wounds scorn crutches.

*All.* A brave general ! [*Flourish trumpets, cornets. Exeunt.*

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### SCENE III.—*On the lower deck of the ship.*

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sailor.* Will they not moor her ?

*Sec. Sailor.* Not till we come to the fort ;  
This is too weak a place for our defences.  
The carpenters are hard at work ; she swims well,  
And may hold out another fight. The ship we took  
Burns there, to give us light.

*First Sailor.* She made a brave fight.

*Sec. Sailor.* She put us all in fear.

*First Sailor.* Beshrew my heart, did she.

<sup>m</sup> *the bilboes*] “ ‘ Is a bar of iron, with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from Bilboa, a place in Spain, where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection.’ Steevens’s note on *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2 :—see Malone’s *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vii. 486, where is a wood-cut of the *bilboes* which are still shown in the Tower of London among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada.” WEBER (the note altered).

Her men are gone to Candy ; they are pepper'd,  
All but this prisoner.

*Sec. Sailor.* Sure, he's a brave fellow.

*First Sailor.* A stubborn knave, but we have pull'd his braver.  
[*He discovers*<sup>a</sup> *VIROLET and ASCANIO in the bilboes.*  
Look, how he looks now ! come, let's go serve his diet,  
Which is but bread and water.

*Sec. Sailor.* He'll grow fat on't. [ *Exeunt Sailors.*

*Asca.* I must confess I have endur'd much misery,  
Even almost to the ruin of my spirit ;  
But ten times more grows my affliction,  
To find my friend here.

*Vir.* Had we serv'd our country,  
Or honesties, as we have serv'd our follies,  
We had not been here now.

*Asc.* 'Tis too true, Virolet.

*Vir.* And yet my end in venturing for your safety  
Pointed at more than Ferrand's will, a base one ;  
Some service for mine own, some for my nation,  
Some for my friend : but I am rightly paid,  
That durst adventure such a noble office  
From the most treacherous command of mischief :  
You know him now.

*Asc.* And when I nearer knew him,  
Then when I waited, Heaven be witness with me,  
(And, if I lie, my miseries still load me !)  
With what tears I have woo'd him, with what prayers,  
What weight of reasons I have laid, what dangers,  
(Then, when the people's curses flew like storms,  
And every tongue was whetted to defame him,)  
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,  
His fell oppressions ! I know I was hated too.

*Vir.* And all mankind that knew him. These confessions  
Do no good to the world ; to Heaven they may :  
Let's study to die well ; we have liv'd like coxcombs.

<sup>a</sup> *He discovers, &c.*] So both the folios.—Here, most probably, the First Sailor was intended to draw a curtain, while the spectators were to suppose that they beheld Virolet and Ascanio confined in the hold ; see Martia's first speech in this scene, p. 345.

*Asc.* That my misfortune should lose you too !

*Vir.* Yes ;

And not only me, but many more, and better :  
For my life, 'tis not this ! or might I save yours,  
And some brave friends I have engag'd, let me go !  
It were the meritorious death I wish for :  
But we must hang, or drown like whelps.

*Asc.* No remedy ?

*Vir.* On my part, I expect none. I know the man,  
And know he has been nettled to the quick too ;  
I know his nature.

*Asc.* A most cruel nature !

*Vir.* His wrongs have bred him up ; I cannot blame him.

*Asc.* He has a daughter too, the greatest scorner  
And most insulter upon misery !

*Vir.* For those, they are toys to laugh at, not to lead<sup>o</sup>  
men :

A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor,  
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it :  
Our miseries would seem like masters to us,  
And shake our manly spirits into fevers,  
If we respected those ; the more they glory,  
And raise insulting trophies on our ruins,  
The more our virtues shine in patience.  
Sweet prince, the name of death was never terrible  
To him that knew to live ; nor the loud torrent  
Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,  
A gall of heart but to a guilty conscience :  
Whilst we stand fair, though<sup>p</sup> by a two-edg'd storm  
We find untimely falls, like early roses  
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetness.

<sup>o</sup> *lead*] Altered by Sympson to "load" ; which, he thinks, "is undoubtedly the right word : so Ascanio a little above says,

'And, if I lie, my miseries still *load* me !' "

<sup>p</sup> *though*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "but" (the eye of the compositor having caught that word in the preceding line).—"The editors [of 1778] with unpoetical precision, cavil at this passage, and ask how they can fall whilst they stand fair ? But *to stand fair* means only to continue virtuous." MASON.

*Asc.* Good sir, go on.

*Vir.* When we are little children,  
And cry and fret for every toy comes 'cross us,  
How sweetly do we shew when sleep steals on us !  
When we grow great, but our affection <sup>r</sup> greater,  
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us,  
And tug and pull, yet still we find a giant :  
Had we not then the privilege to sleep  
Our everlasting sleep, he would make us idiots.  
The memory and monuments of good men  
Are more than lives ; and though their tombs want tongues,  
Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their losses,  
And such a tear from stone no time can value.  
To die both young and good are Nature's curses,  
As the world says ; ask Truth, they are bounteous blessings ;  
For then we reach at Heaven in our full virtues,  
And fix ourselves new stars, crown'd with our goodness.

*Asc.* You have double arm'd me.—Hark ! what noise is  
this ? *[Strange music, hautboys, within.]*  
What horrid noise ? is the sea pleas'd to sing  
A hideous dirge to our deliverance <sup>s</sup> ?

*Vir.* Stand fast now.

*[Strange cries, horrid noise, trumpets, within.]*

*Asc.* I am fix'd.

*Vir.* We fear ye not ;  
Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

*Enter MARTIA.*

*Asc.* The lady now.

*Vir.* The face o' the masque is alter'd.

*Asc.* What will she do ?

*Vir.* Do what she can, I care not.

*Asc.* She looks on you, sir.

<sup>r</sup> *affection*] Seward's correction, which seems necessary on account of what follows.—Both the folios have "affections."

<sup>s</sup> *to our deliverance*] "i. e. to our deliverance from captivity by death."  
MASON.

*Vir.* Rather she looks through me ;  
But yet she stirs me not.

*Mart.* Poor wretched slaves,  
Why do you live ? or, if ye hope for mercy,  
Why do not you howl out, and fill the hold  
With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,  
Worthy our scorn ?

*Vir.* Madam, you are mistaken ;  
We are no slaves to you, but to blind Fortune ;  
And, if she had her eyes, and durst be certain,  
Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her ;  
I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy :  
If you see any thing in our appearance  
Worthy your sex's softness and your own glory,  
Do it for that, and let that good reward it :  
We cannot beg.

*Mart.* I'll make you beg and bow too.

*Vir.* Madam, for what ?

*Mart.* For life ; and, when you hope it,  
Then will I laugh, and triumph on your baseness.

*Asc.* Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour,  
And we may ask it too, ask it with honour ;  
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,  
Though it be death ; but, when we beg a base life,  
And beg it of your scorn——

*Vir.* You're cozen'd, woman ;  
Your handsomeness may do much, but not this way ;  
But, for your glorious hate——

*Mart.* Are ye so stubborn ?  
'Death, I will make you bow !

*Vir.* It must be in your bed, then ;  
There you may work me to humility.

*Mart.* Why, I can kill thee.

*Vir.* If you do it handsomely,  
It may be I can thank you ; else——

*Mart.* So glorious † !

*Asc.* Her cruelty now works.

† *glorious*] "i. e. *proud*, the French meaning of *glorieux*." WEBER.



*Mart.* Yet woot<sup>u</sup> thou?

*Vir.* No.

*Mart.* Wilt thou for life-sake?

*Vir.* No; I know your subtilty.

*Mart.* For honour-sake?

*Vir.* I will not be a pageant;

My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.

*Mart.* I'll starve thee to it.

*Vir.* I'll starve myself, and cross it.

*Mart.* I'll lay thee on such miseries——

*Vir.* I'll wear 'em,

And with that wantonness you do your bracelets.

*Mart.* I'll be a month a-killing thee.

*Vir.* Poor lady!

I'll be a month a-dying, then: what's that?

There's many a calenture out-does your cruelty.

*Mart.* How might I do, in killing of his body,  
To save his noble mind? [*Aside*].—Who waits there?

*Enter a Sailor, carrying a rich cap and mantle.*

*Sailor.* Madam?

*Mart.* Unbolt this man, and leave those things behind you;  
And, so away!

[*Sailor releases VIROLET, and then exit.*  
Now put 'em on.

*Vir.* To what end?

*Mart.* To my end, to my will.

*Vir.* I will.

[*Puts on the cap and mantle.*

*Mart.* I thank you.

*Vir.* Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more; I'll tell you,  
I am a servant to your courtesy,  
And so far will be woo'd; but, if this triumph  
Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious,  
Lady, you've put a richer shroud upon me,  
Which my strong mind shall suffer in.

*Mart.* Come hither,

<sup>u</sup> woot] i. e. wilt.



And all thy bravery put into thy carriage<sup>v</sup> ;  
For I admire thee.

*Vir.* Whither will this woman ?

*Asc.* Take heed, my friend !

*Mart.* Look as thou scorn'dst my cruelty ;  
I know thou dost.

*Vir.* I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

*Mart.* No; if thou hadst, thou hadst died, and I had gloried :  
I suffer now ; and thou, which art my prisoner,  
Hast nobly won the free power to despise me.  
I love thee and admire thee for thy nobleness,  
And for thy manly sufferance am thy servant.

*Vir.* Good lady, mock me not.

*Mart.* By Heaven, I love thee,  
And, by the soul of love, am one piece with thee !  
Thy mind, thy mind, thy brave, thy manly mind,  
That, like a rock, stands all the storms of fortune,  
And beats 'em roaring back they cannot reach thee,  
That lovely mind I dote on, not the body ;  
That mind has robb'd me of my liberty ;  
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,  
And into poor despis'd things turn'd my angers.  
Receive me to your love, sir, and instruct me ;  
Receive me to your bed, and marry me ;  
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you.

*Vir.* Is this a new way ?

*Mart.* If you doubt my faith,  
First, take your liberty (I'll make it perfect),  
Or any thing within my power.

*Vir.* I love you :

But how to recompense your love with marriage ?  
Alas, I have a wife !

*Mart.* Dearer than I am ?  
That will adventure so much for your safety ?  
Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honour,  
Pull on her, for a stranger's sake, all curses ?

<sup>v</sup> *And all thy bravery put into thy carriage*] “ i. e. ‘ Put all thy *bravery* into thy behaviour,’ in contradistinction to the *bravery* (which, in old language, meant gorgeous apparel) she had supplied him with.” WEBER (the note shortened).

*Vir.* Shall this prince have his freedom too? else all I love is gone, all my friends perish.

*Mart.* He shall.

*Vir.* What shall I do?

*Mart.* If thou despise my courtesy,  
When I am dead for grief I am forsaken<sup>w</sup>,  
And no soft hand left to assuage your sorrows,  
Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties!

*Asc.* Be wise, if she be true: no thread is left else  
To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;  
Nor no way for our friends.

*Vir.* Thus, then, I take you;  
I bind you to my life, my love.

*Mart.* I take you,  
And with the like bond tie my heart your servant.  
We're now almost at harbour; within this hour,  
In the dead watch, I'll have the long-boat ready,  
And, when I give the word, be sure you enter.  
I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,  
And like yourselves<sup>x</sup>; some trusty man shall wait you;  
The watch I'll make mine own; only my love  
Requires a stronger vow, which I'll administer  
Before we go.

*Vir.* I'll take it, to confirm you.

*Mart.* Go in; there are the keys, unlock his fetters;  
And arm ye nobly both. I'll be with you presently;  
And so, this loving kiss.

*Asc.* Be constant, lady.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

<sup>w</sup> *dead for grief I am forsaken*] i. e. dead for grief *that* I am forsaken.

<sup>x</sup> *yourselves*] The first folio "your selfe"; the second "your self."

SCENE IV.—*The cabin in the same.*

*Enter, by torch-light, Duke, Master, and Surgeon.*

*Surg.* You grow so angry, sir, your wound goes backward.

*Duke.* I am angry at the time, (at none of you,)

That sends but one poor subject for revenge :

I would have all the court, and all the villany

Was ever practis'd under that foul Ferrand,

Tyrant and all, to quench my wrath<sup>v</sup>.

*Master.* Be patient ;

Your grace may find occasion every hour

(For certain they will seek you) to satisfy,

And to the full, your anger.

*Duke.* 'Death, they dare not !

They know that I command Death, feed his hunger,

And, when I let him loose——

*Surg.* You'll never heal, sir,

If these extremes dwell in you ; you are old,

And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.

*Duke.* Thou liest : I am not old ; I am as lusty

And full of manly heat as them, or thou art——

*Master.* No more of that.

*Duke.* And dare seek out a danger,

And hold him at the sword's point, when thou tremblest,

And creep'st into thy box of salves to save thee.—

Oh, master,

I have had a dreadful dream to-night ! methought

The ship was all on fire, and my lov'd daughter,

To save her life, leap'd into the sea ; where suddenly

A stranger snatch'd her up, and swom away with her.

*Master.* 'Twas but the heat o' the fight, sir.

<sup>v</sup> *Was ever practis'd under that foul Ferrand,*

*Tyrant and all, to quench my wrath*] Altered by Sympson to,

“ *Was ever practis'd under that foul tyrant*

*Ferrand, and all to quench my wrath*” ;

and so the Editors of 1778.—“ What the Duke means to say is, that nothing could satisfy his wrath, but the destruction of all the court, all the villany, and the tyrant himself. It is surprising that any commentators should think it necessary to amend a passage so very clearly expressed.” MASON.

*Boats.* [*within*] Look out ! what's that ?

*Sailor.* [*within*] The long-boat, as I live !

*Boats.* [*within*] Ho, there, i' the long-boat !

*Sailor.* [*within*] She claps on all her oars.

[*Cry, within, from the long-boat*] *Hoy !*

*Duke.* What noise is that ?

*Master.* I hear, sir——

[*Exit.*

*Boats.* [*within*] The devil or his dam.—Hail her again, boys<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> *Sailor.* [*within*] *The long-boat, as I live !*

*Boats.* [*within*] *Ho, there, i' the long-boat !*

*Sailor.* [*within*] *She claps on all her oars.*

[*Cry, within, from the long-boat*] *Hoy !*

*Duke.* *What noise is that ?*

*Master.* *I hear, sir——*

[*Exit.*

*Boats.* [*within*] *The devil or his dam.—Hail her again, boys*] The first folio has ;

“*Sail.* The long bote as I live.

*Bote.* Ho, there, ith long Bote.

*She claps on all*

*Ses.* What noise is that ?

*Hoy.*

*her Oares.*

*Mast.* I hear sir——

*Exit Master.*

*Boats.* The devill or his dam ; haile her agen boyes.”

The second folio reads ;

“*Sail.* The Long-boat as I live.

*Boats.* Ho, there i' th' Long-Boat.

*Ses.* What noise is that ?

*Hoy.*

I hear Sir,——

[*Exit Master.*

*Boats.* The devil or his dam ; hail her agen boys.”

Sympson followed the second folio. The Editors of 1778 gave ;

“*Sailor* [*within*]. The long-boat, as I live !

*Boats.* Ho, there i' th' long-boat ! *ho !*

*Sailor.* She claps on all her oars.

*Duke.* What noise is that ?

*Master.* I hear, sir——

[*Exit.*

*Boats.* The devil, or his dam. Hail her again, boys.”

and so Weber, except that he gave the third speech thus,

“*Sailor* [*within*]. She claps on all her oars. *Hoy !*”

With respect to

“*Duke.* What noise is that ?

*Master.* I hear, sir——”

Mason having observed that “this reply of the master's is not sense. These last words make part of the Duke's speech—

‘What noise is that

I hear, sir ?’”

(which is indeed the reading of the second folio, with a different punctuation), Weber remarks, “This amendment is very tautological. The text is not

*Sailor.* [*within*] The long-boat, ho ! the long-boat !

*Duke.* Why the long-boat ?

Where is the long-boat ?

*Boats.* [*within*] She is stoln off.

*Duke.* Who stole her ?—

Oh, my prophetic soul<sup>a</sup> !

*Re-enter Master.*

*Master.* Your daughter's gone, sir,

The prisoners, and six sailors,—rogues !

*Duke.* Mischief ! six thousand plagues sail with 'em !

They're in her yet ; make out.

*Master.* We have ne'er a boat.

*Enter Gunner.*

*Gun.* Who knew of this trick<sup>b</sup> ?

*Duke.* Weigh anchors, and away !

*Boats.* We ha' no wind, sir :

They'll beat us with their oars.

*Duke.* Then sink 'em, gunner !

Oh, sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em, gunner,

As ever thou hast lov'd me !

*Gun.* I'll do reason :—

But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the lady.

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

*Duke.* Who knew of this ?

[*Trumpets, a piece or two go off within.*]

*Master.* We stand all clear.

*Duke.* What devil

nonsense ; and if any variation were necessary, I would prefer (as the master immediately goes upon deck) reading—

'*I'll hear, sir.*' "

<sup>a</sup> *Oh, my prophetic soul*] "This is literally borrowed from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* [act i. sc. 5.] ;

'*Oh, my prophetic soul ! my uncle !*' "

*Ed.* 1778.

<sup>b</sup> *Gun.* *Who knew of this trick ?*] "This speech seems, both from the text and measure, to be (though we have not ventured to remove it) an accidental interpolation. It is the *Duke's* speech a little after." *Ed.* 1778. I have certainly felt strongly inclined to omit it, notwithstanding that it is found in both the folios.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Naples. An apartment in the Palace.*

*Flourish cornets<sup>c</sup>. Enter FERRAND, RONVERE, CASTRUCCIO,  
VILLIO, and Guard.*

*Ronv.* You are too gentle, sir.

*Fer.* You are too careless :

The creatures I have made no way regard me :  
Why should I give you names, titles of honour,  
Rob families to fill your private houses,  
For your advancement draw all curses on me,  
Wake tedious winter nights to make them happy  
That for me break no slumber ?

*Ronv.* What we can,  
We dare do.

*Fer.* Why is your sovereign's life, then,  
(In which you live, and in whose fall your honours,  
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all must suffer,)  
No better guarded ? Oh, my cruel stars,  
That mark<sup>d</sup> me out a king, raising me on  
This pinnacle of greatness, only to be  
The nearer blasting !

*Villio.* What think you now, Castruccio ? [*Aside to Cast.*  
Is not this a merry life ?

*Cast.* Still thou art cozen'd :  
It is a glorious royal discontentment :  
How bravely it becomes him !

*Fer.* To be made  
The common butt for every slave to shoot at !  
No peace, no rest I take, but their alarms  
Beat at my heart ! Why do I live, or seek, then,

<sup>c</sup> *Flourish cornets*] In both the folios, these words stand on the margin, opposite the speech of Ronvere which commences this scene : and so the modern editors place them !      <sup>d</sup> *mark*] Altered by the modern editors to "mark'd."



To add a day more to these glorious troubles?  
 Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,  
 Is but the summing up of fears and sorrows?  
 What power has my command, when from my bosom  
 Ascanio, my most dear and lov'd Ascanio,  
 Was snatch'd, spite of my will, spite of my succour,  
 And by mine own proud slave retain'd most miserable?  
 And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures,  
 It being not within my power to reach him.

*Ronv.* Time may restore all this: and, would you hear  
 Whose counsel never fail'd you——

*Fer.* Tell me no more:

I faint beneath the burden of my cares,  
 And yield myself most wretched.

*Ronv.* On my knees

[*Kneels.*

I beg it, mighty sir, vouchsafe me hearing!

*Fer.* Speak, speak; and I thus low, such is my fortune,  
 Will hear what thou canst say.

*Villio.* Look but on this;

[*Aside to Cast.*

Has not a man that has but means to keep  
 A hawk, a greyhound, and a hunting nag,  
 More pleasure than this king?

*Cast.* A dull fool still!

Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,  
 And see who'll have the better; give me rule,  
 Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,  
 And let the devil roar: the greatest corrosive  
 A king can have, is of more precious tickling,  
 And, handled to the height, more dear delight,  
 Than other men's whole lives, let 'em be safe too.

*Villio.* Think of the mutinous people.

*Cast.* Hang the people!

Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all,  
 Enjoy their wives and states<sup>d</sup> at my discretion,  
 And peg 'em when I please; let the slaves mumble.

*Villio.* But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?

*Cast.* Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the bridle here,

<sup>d</sup> *states*] i. e. estates,—as frequently before.

And see if they can crack my girths : ah, Villio,  
Under the sun there 's nothing so voluptuous  
As riding of this monster till he founder !

*Fer.* Who 's that so loud ?

*Cast.* I am dumb.—Is not this rare ?  
Kings' looks make Pythagoreans ; is not this  
A happiness, Villio ?

*Villio.* Yes,—to put to silence  
A fawning sycophant.

[*Aside.*

[*To RONVERE.*

*Fer.* Thou speak'st truth in all ;  
And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigour,  
Which I with all severity will practise ;  
And, since as subjects they pay not obedience,  
They shall be forc'd as slaves : I will remove  
Their means to hurt, and, with the means, my fears.—  
Go you, the fatal executioners  
Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,  
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,  
All private conferences in the city :  
To feast a neighbour, shall be death ; to talk,  
As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse  
By writing, nay by signs. See this perform'd,  
And I will call your cruelty to those  
That dare repine at this, to me true service.

*First Guard.* This makes for us.

*Sec. Guard.* Ay, now we have employments ;  
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be beggars.

[*Exit Guard.*

*Fer.* Ronvere !

*Ronv.* My lord ?

*Cast.* Thou enemy to majesty,  
What think'st thou of a king<sup>e</sup> ?

[*Aside to VILLIO.*

*Villio.* As of a man  
That hath power to do ill.

*Cast.* Of a thing rather  
That does divide an empire with the gods.  
Observe but with how little breath he shakes

<sup>e</sup> king] The folios have "kingdome" and "kingdom"; and so Sympson.—  
I suspect that the poet wrote "*king* now."

A populous city, which would stand unmov'd  
Against a whirlwind.

*Villio.* Then you make him more  
Than him that rules the winds.

*Cast.* For me, I do profess it,  
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,  
I would be mighty Ferrand.

*Fer.* Ha ! who names me ?  
Deliver thy thoughts, slave, thy thoughts, and truly,  
Or be no more !

*Cast.* They rather will deserve  
Your favour than your fury. I admire  
(As who does not, that is a loyal subject ?)  
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,  
The most blest of mankind.

*Fer.* Didst thou but feel  
The weighty sorrows that sit on a crown,  
Though thou shouldst find one in the streets, Castruccio,  
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up :  
But, since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,  
Thou shalt ere long taste of it.

*Cast.* But one day,  
And then let me expire !

*Fer.* Go to my wardrobe,  
And of the richest things I wear cull out  
What thou think'st fit.—Do you attend him, sirrah.

*Vil.* I warrant you, I shall be at his elbow ;  
The fool will never leave him.

*Cast.* Made for ever ! [*Exit with VILLIO.—A shout within.*]

*Fer.* What shout is that ? draw up our guards.

*Ronv.* Those rather  
Speak joy than danger.

*Enter VIROLET, ASCANIO, and a Servant.*

*Vir<sup>f</sup>.* Bring her to my house :  
I would not have her seen here.

<sup>f</sup> *Vir.*] This prefix is omitted by mistake in both the folios.—Violet is giving the Servant a direction concerning Martia.

*Fer.* My Ascanio,  
The most desir'd of all men<sup>s</sup> ! let me die  
In these embraces ! how wert thou redeem'd ?

*Asc.* Sir, this is my preserver.

*Fer.* At more leisure—  
I will inquire the manner and the means ;  
I cannot spare so much time now from my  
More strict embraces.—Violet, welcome too !  
This service weighs down your intended treason :  
You long have been mine enemy ; learn now  
To be my friend, and loyal,—I ask no more,—  
And live as free as Ferrand.—Let him have  
The forty thousand crowns I gladly promis'd  
For my Ascanio's freedom ; and deliver  
His father and his wife to him in safety :  
Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,  
But 'twill not now be help'd.—Come, my Ascanio,  
And reap the harvest of my winter-travels :  
My best Ascanio, my most lov'd Ascanio !

[*Flourish cornets. Exeunt FERRAND and ASCANIO.*

*Vir.* My lord, all former passages forgot,  
I am become a suitor.

*Ronv.* To me, Violet ?

*Vir.* To you ; yet will not beg the courtesy,  
But largely pay you for it.

*Ronv.* To the purpose.

*Vir.* The forty thousand crowns the king hath given me  
I will bestow on you, if by your means  
I may have liberty for a divorcee  
Between me and my wife.

*Ronv.* Your Juliana ?

That for you hath endur'd so much, so nobly ?

*Vir.* The more my sorrow ; but it must be so.

*Ronv.* I will not hinder it.—Without a bribe,  
For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.— [Aside.  
I will use all my power.

*Vir.* 'Tis all I ask.—

Oh, my curs'd fate, that ever man should hate

<sup>s</sup> all men] So the second folio.—The first folio has "all the men."

Himself for being belov'd ! or be compell'd  
To cast away a jewel kings would buy,  
Though with the loss of crown and monarchy !

[*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street.*

*Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, disguised.*

*Duke.* How do I look ?

*Master.* You are so strangely alter'd,  
We scarce can know you ; so young again, and utterly  
From that you were, figure or any favour<sup>h</sup>,  
Your friends cannot discern you.

*Duke.* I have none,  
None but my fair revenge ; and let that know me !  
You are finely alter'd too.

*Boats.* To please your humour :  
But we may pass without disguise ; our living  
Was never in their element.

*Gun.* This Jew, sure,  
That alter'd you, is a mad knave.

*Duke.* Oh, a most excellent fellow !

*Gun.* How he has mew'd your head<sup>i</sup>, has rubb'd the snow  
off,

And run your beard into a peak of twenty !

*Boats.* Stopt all the crannies in your face.

*Master.* Most rarely.

*Boats.* And now you look as plump, your eyes as sparkling,  
As if you were to leap into a lady's saddle.  
Has he not set your nose awry ?

*Duke.* The better.

*Boats.* I think it be the better, but 'tis awry, sure ;  
North and by east<sup>j</sup>, ay, there 's the point it stands in ;  
Now half a point to the southward.

<sup>h</sup> *favour*] i. e. look, feature.

<sup>i</sup> *mew'd your head*] i. e. made your head moult, stript it of its old hair :  
see note, vol. iv. 153.

<sup>j</sup> *but 'tis awry, sure ;*

*North and by east, &c.*] Skelton has a passage somewhat similar ;

*Duke.* I could laugh,  
But that my business requires no mirth now :  
Thou art a merry fellow.

*Boats.* I would the Jew, sir,  
Could steer my head right ; for I have such a swimming in 't,  
Ever since I went to sea first !

*Master.* Take wine, and purge it.

*Boats.* I have had a thousand pills of sack, a thousand,  
A thousand pottle-pills.

*Gun.* Take more.

*Boats.* Good doctor,  
Your patient is easily persuaded.

*Master.* The next fair open weather, methinks, this Jew<sup>k</sup>,  
If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,  
And decay'd ladies that have lost their fleeces  
On every bush, he might pick a pretty living.

*Boats.* The best of all our gallants would be<sup>l</sup> glad of him ;  
For, if you mark their marches, they are tender,  
Soft, soft, and tender ; then but observe their bodies,  
And you shall find 'em cemented by a surgeon  
Or some physician for a year or two,  
And then to the tub<sup>m</sup> again for a new pickle.  
This Jew might live a Gentile here.

“That Lumberdes nose meane I,  
That standeth yet awrye ;  
It was nat heled alderbest,  
It standeth somewhat on the west.”

*Why Come ye nat to Courte*,—*Works*, ii. 63. ed. Dyce.

<sup>k</sup> *The next fair open weather, methinks, this Jew, &c.*] In the last line of this speech, Sympson omitted “he”.—The Editors of 1778 gave it with the following transposition ;

“*Methinks this Jew,  
If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,  
And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces,  
On ev'ry bush, the next fair open weather,  
He might pick a pretty living.*”

<sup>l</sup> *would be*] The first folio has “now be” ; and so the modern editors, though that reading is evidently corrupt.—The second folio “should be.”

<sup>m</sup> *the tub*] “An allusion to the sweating-tub, formerly a universal remedy for the venereal disease.” WEBER. See *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iii. sc. 4, vol. ii. 191.

*Enter, on opposite sides, two Citizens, saluting afar off.*

*Duke.* What are these?

Stand close and mark.

*Boats.* These are no men; they're motions<sup>n</sup>.

*Duke.* What sad and ruthless faces!

*Boats.* How they duck!

This senseless, silent courtesy, metlinks,  
Shews like two Turks saluting one another,  
Upon two French porters' backs.

*Duke.* They are my countrymen,  
And this some forc'd infliction from the tyrant.—  
What are you? why is this? why move thus silent,  
As if you were wandering shadows? why so sad?  
Your tongues seal'd up? are ye of several countries,  
You understand not one another?

*Gun.* That's an Englishman;  
He looks as though he had lost his dog.

*Duke.* Your habits  
Shew ye all Neapolitans; and your faces  
Deliver you oppress'd things: speak boldly:  
Do you groan and labour under this stiff yoke?

*Master.* They shake their heads and weep.

*Duke.* Oh, misery!  
Give plenteous sorrow<sup>o</sup>, and no tongues to shew 'em?  
This is a studied cruelty.

*First Cit.* Begone, sir,  
(It seems you are a stranger,) and save yourself.

*Sec. Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we wonder  
To hear you speak so openly and boldly,  
The king's command being publish'd to the contrary:  
'Tis death here, above two to talk together;  
And that must be but common salutation neither,  
Short, and so part.

*Boats.* How should a man buy mustard,  
If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?

<sup>n</sup> motions] i. e. puppets.

<sup>o</sup> sorrow] Altered by the modern editors to "sorrows", on account of "em": but the phraseology of our text, however improper, was formerly common enough.



*Guard.* [*within*] Clear all the streets before the king !

*First Cit.* Get off, sir,

And shift as we must do.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Duke.* I'll see his glory.

*Master.* Stand fast now, and like men.

*Flourish cornets* P. *Enter CASTRUCCIO, habited as king, in the midst of a Guard, and VILLIO.*

*Cast.* Begin the game, sir,

And pluck me down the row of houses there,—

They hide the view o' the hill ; and sink those merchants,—

Their ships are foul, and stink. '

*Master.* This is a sweet youth !

*Cast.* All that are taken in assemblies,

Their houses and their wives, their wealths, are forfeit,

Their lives at your devotion.—Villains, knaves,

I'll make you bow and shake ; I'll make you kneel, rogues !—

How brave 'tis to be a king !

*Gun.* Here's fine tumbling !

*Cast.* No man shall sit i' the temple near another.

*Boats.* Nor lie with his own wife.

*Cast.* All, upon pain

Of present death, forget to write.

*Boats.* That's excellent ;

Carriers and footposts will be arrant rebels.

*Cast.* No character or stamp, that may deliver

This man's intention to that man i' the country.

*Gun.* Nay, an you cut off, " After my hearty commendations,

Your friend and Oliver," no more.

*Cast.* No man smile,

And wear a face of mirth : that fellow's cunning,

And hides a double heart ; he's your prize ; smoke him.

*Enter VIROLET, RONVERE, ASCANIO, and MARTIA, passing over the stage.*

*Duke.* What base abuse is this ?—Ha ! 'tis her face, sure :

<sup>P</sup> *Flourish cornets*] Both the folios "*Flourish colours*" ; and so the modern editors : but "*colours*" is undoubtedly a misprint for "*cornets*" ; the stage-direction "*Flourish cornets*" occurs repeatedly in this tragedy.

My prisoners with her too!—By Heaven, vild<sup>p</sup> whore,  
Now is my time!

*Master.* Do what you will.

*Duke.* Stay, hold yet:

My country should be serv'd first; let her go:  
We'll have an hour for her, to make her tremble.  
Now shew yourselves<sup>q</sup>, and bless you with your valours.

[*Exeunt VIRO., RONV., ASC., and MARTIA.*]

*Guard.* Here's a whole plump<sup>r</sup> of rogues.

*Duke.* Now for your country!

*Cast.* Away with 'em, and hang 'em! no, no mercy<sup>s</sup>;  
I say, no mercy!

*Duke.* Be it so; upon 'em!

[*They assault CASTRUCCIO, VILLIO, and Guard.*]

*Guard.* Treason, treason, treason!

*Boats.* Cut the slaves to giggets!

*Gun.* Down with the bull-beefs!

*Duke.* Hold, hold, I command you! [Heavens]<sup>t</sup>, look here!

*Cast.* A miserable thing; I am no king, sir.

*Duke.* Sirrah, your fool's face has preserv'd your life:  
Wear no more king's coats; you have scap'd a scouring.

*Boats.* Is't not the king?

*Duke.* No, 'tis a prating rascal;  
The puppy makes him mirth.

*Cast.* Yes, sir, I am

A puppy.

*Boats.* I beseech you, let me hang him;  
I'll do 't in my belt straight.

<sup>p</sup> *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, vol. i. 331. Both the folios "wild"; and so Sympon (though he had "a small suspicion" that '*vild*' was the true reading), and Weber. The Editors of 1778 gave "vile."—The same misprint has frequently occurred before in these plays: see notes, vol. i. 368, vol. ii. 93, vol. iii. 50, 521.

<sup>q</sup> *yourselves*] So the first folio.—The second folio "ourselves"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>r</sup> *plump*] i. e. cluster, group, mass.—The word has been revived by Sir W. Scott.

<sup>s</sup> *no, no mercy*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "shew no mercy"; and so Sympon.—The Editors of 1778 chose to print "know no mercy"; and so Weber.

<sup>t</sup> [*Heavens*] A break here in both the folios.—The Editors of 1778 supplied "Gods"; and so Weber.

*Cast.* As you are honourable !  
It is enough you may hang me.

*Gun.* I 'll hang a squib at 's tail  
That shall blow both his buttocks, like a petar<sup>u</sup>.

*Cast.* Do any thing ; but do not kill me, gentlemen.

*Boats.* Let 's flay him,  
And have him fly-blown.

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Away, and save your lives !  
The king himself is coming on ; if you stay,  
You are lost for ever : let not so much nobleness  
Wilfully perish.

*Duke.* How near ?

*Sec Cit.* He 's here behind you.

*Duke.* We thank you.—Vanish !

[*Exeunt all except CASTRUCCIO, VILLIO, and Guard.*]

*Flourish cornets. Enter FERRAND and RONVERE.*

*Fer.* Double the guards, and take in men that dare :  
These slaves are frightened. Where are the proud rebels ?  
To what protection fled ? what villain leads 'em ?  
Under our nose disturb our rest ?

*Ronv.* We shall hear ;

For such a search I have sent, to hunt the traitors——

*Fer.* Yet better men, I say : we stand too open.—  
How now, Castruccio ! how do you like our glory ?

*Cast.* I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my match,  
sir :

This open glory agrees not with my body ;  
But, if it were i' the castle or some strength,  
Where I might have my swing——

*Vil.* You have been swinge'd, brother :  
How these delights have tickled you ! you itch yet.  
Will you walk out again in pomp ?

<sup>u</sup> *petar*] So the first folio (compare Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4 ;

“ For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

Hooist with his own *petar* ”).

The second folio has “ petard ” ; and so the modern editors.

*Cast.* Good fool——

*Vil.* These rogues must be rebuk'd, they are too saucy,  
These peremptory knaves. Will you walk out, sir,  
And take the remnant of your coronation?  
The people stay to see it.

*Fer.* Do not vex him;  
H 'as grief enough in 's bones.—You shall to the citadel,  
And like myself command: there use your pleasure;  
But take heed to your person.

*Vil.* The more danger,  
Still the more honour, brother.

*Cast.* If I reign not then,  
And like a king—and thou shalt know it, fool,  
And thou shalt feel it, fool.

*Vil.* Fools still are freemen;  
I'll sue for a protection, till thy reign's out.

*Fer.* The people have abus'd the liberty  
I late allow'd; I now proclaim it straiter:  
No men shall walk together, nor salute;  
For they that do shall die.

*Ronv.* You hit the right, sir;  
That liberty cut off, you are free from practice<sup>v</sup>.

*Fer.* Renew my guards.

*Ronv.* I shall.

*Fer.* And keep strict watches.  
One hour of joy I ask!

*Ronv.* You shall have many.      [*Exeunt. Flourish cornets.*]

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SCENE III.—*A room in the house of VIROLET.*

*Enter PANDULPHO and JULIANA, led by two of the Guard, as not yet  
fully recovered.*

*First Guard.* You are now at liberty, in your own house,  
lady,  
And here our charge takes end.

*Pand.* 'Tis now a custom,

<sup>v</sup> *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

We must even woo those men deserve worst of us ;  
And so we thank your labours ; there's to drink ;

[ *Gives money.*

For that and mischief are your occupations,  
And to mean well to no man your chief'st harvests.

*Sec. Guard.* You give liberally : we hope, sir, ere't be long,  
To be oftener acquainted with your bounty ;  
And so we leave you.

*Pand.* Do, for I dote not on ye.

*Jul.* But where's my husband ? what should I do here,  
Or what share have I in this joy call'd liberty,  
Without his company ? why did you flatter me,  
And tell me he was return'd, his service honour'd ?

*First Guard.* He is so, and stands high in the king's favour,  
His friends redeem'd, and his own liberty,  
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd ; his service  
To his own wish rewarded : so, farewell, lady.

[ *Exeunt Guard.*

*Pand.* Go persecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-hounds,  
Ye leeches of the time, suck till ye burst, slaves !—  
How does my girl ?

*Jul.* Weak yet, but full of comfort.

*Pand.* Sit down, and take some rest.

*Jul.* My heart's whole, father ;  
That joys and leaps to hear my Violet,  
My dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.

*Pand.* Those rude hands and that bloody will that did  
this,  
That durst upon thy tender body print  
These characters of cruelty,—hear me, Heaven !—

*Jul.* Oh, sir, be sparing !

*Pand.* I'll speak it, though I burst ;  
And, though the air had ears, and serv'd the tyrant,  
Out it should go.—Oh, hear me, thou great justice !  
The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,  
Let them be numberless ! and no eye pity  
Them, when their souls are loaden, and in labour,  
And wounded through and through with guilt and horror,  
As mine is now with grief ! let men laugh at 'em !

Then, when their monstrous sins, like earthquakes, shake 'em,  
 And those eyes, that forgot Heaven, would look upward,  
 (The bloody 'larums of the conscience beating,)  
 Let mercy fly, and day, struck into darkness,  
 Leave their blind souls to hunt out their own horrors!

*Jul.* Enough, enough: we must forget, dear father;  
 For then we are glorious forms of Heaven, and live<sup>w</sup>,  
 When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.  
 But where's my lord? methinks I have seen this house,  
 And have been in't before.

*Pand.* Thine own house, jewel.

*Jul.* Mine, without him? or his, without my company?  
 I think it cannot be; it was not wont, father.

*Pand.* Some business with the king—let it be good,  
 Heaven!—

[*Aside.*

Retains him, sure.

*Jul.* It must be good and noble;  
 For all men that he treats with taste of virtue:  
 His words and actions are his own and honour's,  
 Not bought, nor compell'd from him.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Pand.* Here's the boy;  
 He can confirm us more. How sad the child looks!—  
 Come hither, Lucio; how and where's thy master?

*Jul.* Speak, gentle boy.

*Pand.* Is he return'd in safety?

*Jul.* If not, and that thou know'st us<sup>x</sup> miserable,  
 Our hopes and happiness declin'd for ever,  
 Study a sorrow excellent as thy master,  
 Then, if thou canst live, leave us.

*Lucio.* Noble madam,  
 My lord is safe return'd; safe to his friends and fortune,

<sup>w</sup> *live*] "i. e. truly enjoy life." *Ed.* 1778.—Heath's explanation (*M.S. Notes*) is "feel ourselves alive". It means, I apprehend,—live both to duty and pleasure.—A wretched alteration of the line was proposed in a note by Sympson and Seward.

<sup>x</sup> *us*] Heath's correction (*M.S. Notes*).—Both the folios "is"; and so the modern editors.

Safe to his country, entertain'd with honour ;  
Is here within the house.

*Jul.* Do not mock me.

*Lucio.* But such a melancholy hangs on his mind,  
And in his eyes inhabit such sad shadows !

But what the cause is——

*Pand.* Go tell him we are here, boy ;  
There must be no cause now.

*Jul.* Hast thou forgot me ?

*Lucio.* No, noblest lady.

*Jul.* Tell him I am here ;  
Tell him his wife is here ; sound my name to him,  
And thou shalt see him start ; speak “Juliana,”  
And, like the sun that labours through a tempest,  
How suddenly he will disperse his sadness !

*Pand.* Go, I<sup>y</sup> command thee, instantly ;  
And charge him on his duty——

*Jul.* On his love, boy.—  
I would fain go to him.

*Pand.* Away, away ! you are foolish.

*Jul.* Bear all my service, sweet boy——

*Pand.* Art thou here still ?

*Jul.* And tell him what thou wilt that shall become thee.

[*Exit* LUCIO.]

*Pand.* I' the house, and know we are here !

*Jul.* No, no, he did not ;

I warrant you, he did not : could you think  
His love had less than wings, (had he but seen me,)  
His strong affection any thing but fire,  
Consuming all weak lets<sup>z</sup> and rubs before it,  
Till he had met my flame, and made one body ?  
If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one man,  
And there erected to their holy uses  
A sacred mind fit for their services,  
Built all of polish'd honour, 'twas in this man :  
Misdoubt him not.

*Pand.* I know he's truly noble ;

<sup>y</sup> Go, I] Qy. “Go, Lucio, I”?

<sup>z</sup> lets] i. e. hindrances.



But why this sadness, when the general cause  
Requires a jubilee of joy ?

*Jul.* I know not.

*Pand.* Pray Heaven you find it not !

*Jul.* I hope I shall not.

Oh, here he comes, and with him all my happiness !

*Enter VIROLET with LUCIO.*

He stays and thinks : we may be too unmannerly ;  
Pray, give him leave.

*Pand.* I do not like this sadness. [*Retires with JULIANA.*]

*Vir.* Oh, hard condition of my misery !  
Unheard-of plagues ! when to behold that woman,  
That chaste and virtuous woman that preserv'd me,  
That pious wife wedded to my afflictions,  
Must be more terrible than all my dangers !  
Oh, Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making,  
The noble building of a man demolish'd,  
And flung me headlong on a sin so base  
Man and mankind condemn ; even beasts abhor it ;  
A sin more dull than drink, a shame beyond it ;  
So foul, and far from faith, I dare not name it,  
But it will cry itself out loud,—ingratitude !— [*Aside.*]  
Your blessing, sir !

*Pand.* You have it in abundance ;  
So is our joy to see you safe.

*Vir.* My dear one !

*Jul.* H 'as not forgot me yet [*Aside*].—Oh, take me to you,  
sir !

*Vir.* Must this be added to increase my misery,  
That she must weep for joy, and lose that goodness <sup>a</sup> ?— [*Aside.*]  
My Juliana, even the best of women,  
Of wives the perfectest ! let me speak this,  
And with a modesty declare thy virtues :  
Chaster than crystal on the Scythian cliffs,  
The more the proud winds court, the more the purer ;

<sup>a</sup> *That she must weep for joy, and lose that goodness* [“i. e. that this goodness should be thrown away, and she should lose the happiness that it deserved to enjoy.” MASON.]

Sweeter in thy obedience than a sacrifice ;  
And in thy mind a saint, that, even yet living,  
Producest miracles ; and women daily,  
With crooked and lame souls, creep to thy goodness,  
Which having touch'd at, they become examples :  
The fortitude of all their sex is fable<sup>b</sup>,  
Compar'd to thine ; and they that fill'd up glory  
And admiration, in the age behind us,  
Out of their celebrated urns are started,  
To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit,  
Wondering what new martyr Heaven has begot,  
To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories<sup>c</sup> :  
Being all these, and excellent in beauty  
(For noble things dwell in the noblest buildings),  
Thou hast undone thy husband, made him wretched ;  
A miserable man, my Juliana,  
Thou hast made thy Violet.

*Jul.* Now goodness keep me !

Oh, my dear lord——

*Pand.* She wrong you ! what's the meaning ?  
Weep not, but speak, I charge you on obedience ;  
Your father charges you : she make you miserable !  
That you yourself confess !

*Vir.* I do ; that kills me ;  
And far less I have spoke her than her merit.

*Jul.* It is some sin of weakness or of ignorance ;  
For, sure, my will——

*Vir.* No, 'tis a sin of excellence.—  
Forgive me, Heaven, that I profane thy blessings !—  
Sit still, I'll shew you all.

[*Exit.*

*Pand.* What means this madness ?  
(For, sure, there is no taste of right man in it.)  
Grieves he our liberty, our preservation ?  
Or has the greatness of the deed he has done  
Made him forget for whom and how he did it,  
And, looking down upon us, scorn the benefit ?  
Well, Violet, if thou be'st proud or treacherous—

<sup>b</sup> *fable*] Seward assures us in a note that " feeble " is the true reading !

<sup>c</sup> *ease their stories*] " i. e. make them more easily credited." MASON.

*Jul.* He cannot, sir, he cannot ; he will shew us,  
And with that reason ground his words——

*Pand.* He comes.

*Re-enter VIROLET, with MARTIA, RONVERE, and Lawyer.*

What masque is this ? what admirable beauty ?  
Pray Heaven his heart be true !

*Jul.* A goodly woman !

*Vir.* Tell me, my dear, and tell me without flattery ;  
As you are nobly honest, speak the truth ;  
What think you of this lady ?

*Jul.* She is most excellent.

*Vir.* Might not this beauty, tell me, (it 's a sweet one,) <sup>d</sup>  
Without more setting-off, as now it is,  
Thanking no greater mistress than mere nature,  
Stagger a constant heart ?

*Pand.* She is full of wonder :  
But yet, yet, Virolet——

*Vir.* Pray, by your leave, sir——

*Jul.* She would amaze——

*Vir.* Oh, would she so ? I thank you.  
Say, to this beauty she have all additions,  
Wealth, noble birth——

*Pand.* Oh, hold there !

*Vir.* All virtues,  
A mind as full of candour as the truth is,  
Ay, and a loving lady——

*Jul.* She must needs  
(I am bound in conscience to confess) deserve much.

*Vir.* Nay, say, beyond all these she be so pious,  
That even on slaves condemn'd she shower her benefits,  
And melt their stubborn bolts with her soft pity ;  
What think you, then ?

*Pand.* For such a noble office,  
At these years I should dote myself. Take heed, boy !

*Jul.* If you be he that have receiv'd these blessings,

<sup>d</sup> tell me, (it 's a sweet one,)] So the second folio.—The first folio has “ tell me that, it 's a sweet one ” ; and so Symson and Weber.

And this the lady, love her, honour her :  
You cannot do too much to shew your gratitude ;  
Your greatest service will shew off too slender.

*Vir.* This is the lady, lady of that bounty,  
That wealth, that noble name, that all, I spoke of ;  
The prince Ascanio and myself, the slaves  
Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by her goodness ;  
And of our liberties you taste the sweetness,—  
Even you she has preserv'd too, lengthen'd your lives.

*Jul.* And what reward do you propose ? it must be a main  
one :

If love will do it, we'll all so love her, serve her—

*Vir.* It must be my love.

*Jul.* Ha !

*Vir.* Mine, my only love,  
My everlasting love.

*Pand.* How !

*Vir.* Pray, have patience.

The recompense she ask'd, and I have render'd,  
Was to become her husband : then I vow'd it,  
And since I have made it good.

*Pand.* Thou durst not !

*Vir.* Done, sir.

*Jul.* Be what you please, this<sup>e</sup> happiness yet stays with  
me,—

You have been mine.—Oh, my unhappy fortune !

*Pand.* Nay, break and die !

*Jul.* It cannot yet : I must live,  
Till I see this man blest in his new love ;  
And then——

*Pand.* What hast thou done, thou base one, tell me ?  
Thou barren thing of honesty and honour,  
What hast thou wrought ? Is not this she, (look on her,  
Look on her with the eyes of gratitude,  
And wipe thy false tears off,) is not this she,  
That three times on the rack, to guard thy safety,  
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the tyrant ;

<sup>e</sup> *this*] Seward's correction.—Both the folios "his."

Thy agèd father here, that shames to know thee,  
 Engag'd i' the jaws of danger ; was not this she,  
 That then gave up her body to the torture,  
 That tender body that the wind sings through ?  
 And three times when her sinews crack'd and tortur'd,  
 The beauties of her body turn'd to ruins,  
 Even then, within her patient heart she lock'd thee,  
 Then hid thee from the tyrant, then preserv'd thee :  
 And canst thou be that slave——

*Mart.* This was but duty ;  
 She did it for her husband, and she ought<sup>e</sup> it ;  
 She has had the pleasure of him many an hour ;  
 And, if one minute's pain cannot be suffer'd——  
 Mine was above all these, a nobler venture  
 (I speak it boldly), for I lost a father,  
 She has one still ; I left my friends, she<sup>f</sup> has many ;  
 Expos'd my life and honour to a cruelty,  
 That, if it had seiz'd on me—racks and tortures,  
 Alas, they are triumphs to it ! and, had it hit,  
 For this man's love, it should have shew'd a triumph :  
 Twice lost, I freed him ; Rossana lost before him,  
 His fortunes with him, and his friends behind him ;  
 Twice was I rack'd myself for his deliverance ;  
 In honour first and name, which was a torture  
 The hangman never heard of ; next at sea,  
 In our escape, where the proud waves took pleasure  
 To toss my little boat up like a bubble,  
 Then like a meteor in the air he hung,  
 Then catch'd, and hugg'd<sup>g</sup> him in the depth of darkness ;  
 The cannon from my incensèd father's ship  
 Ringing our knell, and still, as we peep'd upward,  
 Beating the raging surge with fire and bullet,  
 And I stood fix'd for this man's sake, and scorn'd it :  
 Compare but this !

<sup>e</sup> *ought*] “i. e. owed.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>f</sup> *She* - - - - *she*] Both the folios “He - - - - - he.”

<sup>g</sup> *hugg'd*] The first folio has “hug”.—The second reads “flung” ; and so the modern editors.

*Vir.* 'Tis too true: oh, my fortune!  
That I must equally be bound to either! [Aside.

*Jul.* You have the better and the nobler lady;  
And now I am forc'd a lover of her goodness:—  
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance  
That is my lord, so lovingly and nobly,  
That now methinks I stagger in my title.  
But how with honesty, (for I am poor, lady,  
In all my duteous service but your shadow,  
Yet would be just,) how with fair fame and credit,  
I may go off—I would not be a strumpet——  
Oh, my dear sir, you know——

*Vir.* Oh, Truth, thou know'st too!

*Jul.* Nor have the world suspect I fell to mischief.

*Law.* Take you no care for that; here 's that has done it;  
A fair divorce; 'tis honest too.

*Pand.* The devil!  
Honest! to put her off!

*Law.* Most honest, sir;  
And in this point most strong.

*Pand.* The cause, the cause, sir?

*Law.* A just cause too——

*Pand.* As any is in hell, lawyer.

*Law.* For barrenness; she never brought him children.

*Pand.* Why art not thou divorc'd! thou canst not get 'em;  
Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh, base juggling!  
Is she not young?

*Jul.* Women at more years, sir,  
Have met that blessing; 'tis in Heaven's high power.

*Law.* You never can have any.

*Pand.* Why, quick lawyer?  
My philosophical lawyer?

*Law.* The rack has spoil'd her;  
The distension of those parts hath<sup>h</sup> stopt all fruitfulness.

*Pand.* Oh, I could curse!

*Jul.* And am I grown so miserable

<sup>h</sup> *The distension of those parts hath*] So Symphon.—Both the folios have  
“*The distentions of those parts hath*”; and so the Editors of 1778.—Weber  
printed “*The distentions of those parts have.*”

That mine own piety<sup>1</sup> must make me wretched ?  
 No cause against me but my love and duty ?  
 Farewell, sir ; like Obedience, thus I leave you ;  
 My long farewell !—I do not grudge ; I grieve, sir ;  
 And, if that be offensive, I can die,  
 And then you are fairly free.—Good lady, love him :  
 You have a noble and an honest gentleman ;  
 I ever found him so, the world has spoke him,  
 And let it be your part still to deserve him :  
 Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,  
 And Heaven shall bless you : you shall bless my ashes :  
 I give you up the house, the name of wife,  
 Honour, and all respect I borrow'd from him,  
 And to my grave I turn. One farewell more !  
 Nothing divide your loves, not want of children,  
 Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful !  
 Grow like two equal flames ; rise high and glorious,  
 And in your honour'd age burn out together !  
 To all I know, farewell !

*Ronv.* Be not so griev'd, lady ;  
 A nobler fortune——

*Jul.* Away, thou parasite !  
 Disturb not my sad thoughts : I hate thy greatness.

*Ronv.* I hate not you. [Exit JULIANA.]

I am glad she's off these hinges.— [Aside.]

Come, let's pursue. [Exeunt RONVERE and Lawyer.]

*Pand.* If I had breath to curse thee,  
 Or could my great heart utter—farewell, villain !  
 Thy house nor face again—— [Exit.]

*Mart.* Let 'em all go ;  
 And now let us rejoice : now freely take me,  
 And now embrace me, Virolet ; give the rites  
 Of a brave husband to his love.

*Vir.* I'll take my leave too.

*Mart.* How ! take your leave too !

*Vir.* The house is furnish'd for you ;  
 You are mistress, may command.

<sup>1</sup> piety] Both the folios "pitty."



*Mart.* Will you to bed, sir ?

*Vir.* As soon to hell ; to any thing I hate most.  
You must excuse me ; I have kept my word :  
You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune,  
Which I have done to recompense your bounty ;  
But to yield up those chaste delights and pleasures,  
Which are not mine, but my first vow's——

*Mart.* You jest.

*Vir.* You will not find it so :—to give you those  
I have divorc'd, and lost with Juliana,  
And all fires of that nature——

*Mart.* Are you a husband ?

*Vir.* To question hers, and satisfy your flames,  
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,—  
Good Heaven forgive ! No, no, the strict forbearance  
Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice,  
I offer to the sufferings of my first love.  
Honour, and wealth, attendance, state, all duty,  
Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy ;  
But my afflicted mind, (you must give leave, lady,)  
My weary trunk, must wander.

*Mart.* Not enjoy me !  
Go from me too !

*Vir.* For ever thus I leave you :  
And, howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy ! [Exit.

*Mart.* Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts too,  
Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pity !  
And such a rude demolish'd thing I'll leave thee  
In my revenge—for, foolish love, farewell now,  
And, anger and the spite of woman, enter !  
That all the world shall say, that read this story,  
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory ! [Exit.

1 To question hers, &c.] Altered by Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, to "To jest on hers", &c.—The Editors of 1778 followed the old copies, except that they put an interrogation-point after "forgive" ; and Weber boldly printed "Could Heaven forgive ?"—"By the words, 'To question hers', Virolet evidently alludes to the alleged pretence for his divorce from Juliana, her incapacity to bear children." MASON.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, and Gunner, habited as Switzers.*

*Duke.* He that fears death or tortures, let him leave me :  
The stops that we have met with crown our conquest.  
Common attempts are fit for common men ;  
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted ?  
We that have smil'd at sea at certain ruins,  
Which men on shore, but hazarded, would shake at ?  
We that have liv'd free in despite of fortune,  
Laugh'd at the out-stretch'd arm of tyranny,  
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now ?  
No, my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,  
And that you can, and dare, as much as men.  
Calamity, that severs worldly friendships,  
Could ne'er divide us ; you are still the same,  
The constant followers of my banish'd fortunes,  
The instruments of my revenge, the hands  
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.

*Master.* And such we will be ever.

*Gun.* 'Slight, sir, cram me  
Into a cannon's mouth, and shoot me at  
Proud Ferrand's head ; may only he fall with me,  
My life I rate at nothing.

*Boats.* Could I but get  
Within my sword's length of him, and, if then  
He scape me, may th' account of all his sins  
Be added unto mine !

*Master.* 'Tis not to die, sir,  
But to die unreveng'd, that staggers me ;  
For, were your ends serv'd, and our country free,  
We would fall willing sacrifices.

*Duke.* To rise up  
Most glorious martyrs.

*Boats.* But the reason why  
We wear these shapes ?

*Duke.* Only to get access.  
Like honest men, we never shall approach him,  
Such are his fears ; but thus attir'd like Switzers,  
And fashioning our language to our habits,  
(Bold, bloody, desperate,) we may be admitted  
Among his guard. But, if this fail, I 'll try  
A thousand others, out-do Proteus  
In various shapes, but I will reach his heart,  
And seal my anger on 't.

*Enter RONVERE and Guard.*

*Master.* The lord Ronvere.

*Boats.* Shall we begin with him ?

*Duke.* He is not ripe yet,  
Nor fit to fall : as you see me begin,  
With all care imitate.

*Gun.* We are instructed.

*Boats.* Would we were at it once !

*Ronv.* Keep a strict watch,  
And let the guards be doubled : this last night  
The king had fearful dreams.

*Duke.* 'Tis a good omen  
To our attempts.

*Ronv.* What men are these ?—What seek you ?

*Duke.* Employment.

*Ronv.* Of what nature ?

*Duke.* We are soldiers :  
We have seen towns and churches set on fire,  
The kennels running blood, coy virgins ravish'd,  
The altars ransack'd, and the holy relics,  
Yea, and the saints themselves, made lawful spoils  
Unto the conquerors ; but these good days are past,  
And we made beggars by this idle peace,  
For want of action. I am, sir, no stranger  
To the government of this state ; I know the king  
Needs men that only do what he commands,  
And search no further : 'tis the profession

Of all our nation to serve faithfully  
Where they're best paid ; and, if you entertain us,  
I do not know the thing you can command  
Which we'll not put in act.

*Ronv.* A goodly personage !

*Master.* And, if you have an enemy or so,  
That you would have despatch'd——

*Gun.* They are here can fit you.

*Boats.* Or if there be an itch, though to a man——

*Duke.* You shall tie  
Our consciences in your purse-strings.

*Ronv.* Gentlemen,  
I like your freedom : I am now in haste ;  
But wait for my return.—I like the rascals ;  
They may be useful.

*Duke.* We'll attend you, sir.

*Ronv.* Do, and be confident of entertainment :  
I hope ye will deserve it.

*Duke.* Oh, no doubt, sir.— [*Exeunt RONVERE and Guard.*  
Thus far we are prosperous : we'll be his guard,  
Till tyranny and pride find full reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of JULIANA.*

*Enter PANDULPHO and JULIANA.*

*Pand.* My blessing ! no ; a father's heavy curse  
Pursue and overtake him !

*Jul.* Gentle sir——

*Pand.* My name and family end in myself,  
Rather than live in him !

*Jul.* Dear sir, forbear :  
A father's curses hit far off, and kill too ;  
And, like a murdering-piece<sup>k</sup>, aim<sup>l</sup> not at one,  
But all that stand within the dangerous level.  
Some bullet may return upon yourself too,

<sup>k</sup> *a murdering-piece*] Was the name for a very destructive piece of ordnance, called also a *murderer* : see note, vol. iii. 437.

<sup>l</sup> *aim*] The folios “aymes” and “ayms.”

Though against nature, if you still go on  
In this unnatural course.

*Pand.* Thou art not made  
Of that same stuff as other women are :  
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,  
Yet still thou art a dove.

*Jul.* I know not malice ;  
But, like an innocent, suffer.

*Pand.* More miraculous !  
I'll have a woman chronicled, and for goodness,  
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see :—  
I have no son to inherit after me ;  
Him I disclaim.  
What then ? I'll make thy virtues my sole heir :  
Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too,  
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers :  
A word or two of a kind step-father<sup>m</sup>  
I'll have put in ; good kings and queens shall buy it :  
And, if the actions of ill great women,  
And of the modern times too, are remember'd,  
That have undone their husbands and their families,  
What will our story do ? It shall be so,  
And I will straight about it.

[*Exit.*

*Jul.* Such as love  
Goodness for glory, have it for reward ;  
I love mine for itself : let Innocence  
Be written on my tomb, though ne'er so humble,  
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I  
Forget my vows.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* [to MARTIA within] 'Fore me, you are not modest,  
Nor is this court-like ! Would you take it well,  
If she should rudely press into your closet,  
When from your several boxes you choose paint  
To make a this-day's face with ?

*Jul.* What's the matter ?

*Lucio.* [to MARTIA within] Pray, know her pleasure first.

<sup>m</sup> *step-father*] i. e. father-in-law.

*Jul.* To whom speak you, boy?

*Lucio.* Your ladyship's pardon :—that proud lady-thief,  
That stole away my lord from your embraces,  
(Wrinkles at two-and-twenty on her cheeks for 't,  
Or mereury unallay'd make blisters on it !)  
Would force a visit.

*Jul.* And dare you deny her,  
Or any else that I call mine ? No more !  
Attend her with all reverence and respect :  
The want in you of manners, my lord may  
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you  
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes on.

*LUCIO brings in MARTIA.*

Prepare a banquet.—Madam, thus my duty  
Stoops to the favour you vouchsafe your servant  
In honouring her house.

*Mart.* Is this in scorn ?

*Jul.* No, by the life of Virolet ! (give me leave  
To swear by him, as by a saint I worship,  
But am to know no further ; my heart speaks that.)  
My servants have been rude, and this boy, doting  
Upon my sorrows, hath forgot his duty :  
In which that you may think I have no share,  
Sirrah, upon your knees, desire her pardon.

*Lucio.* I dare not disobey you.

[*Kneels.*

*Mart.* Prithee, rise :

My anger never looks so low.—I thank you,  
And will deserve it : if we may be private—  
I came to see and speak with you.

*Jul.* Begone.—

[*Exit LUCIO.*

Good madam, sit.

*Mart.* I rob you of your place, then.

*Jul.* You have deserv'd a better, in my bed ;  
Make use of this too. Now your pleasure, lady.  
If in your breast there be a worthy pity,  
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly ;  
But, if you come to triumph in your conquest,  
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong

Your other excellencies. Let it suffice,  
That you alone enjoy the best of men,  
And that I am forsaken.

*Mart.* He the best !

The scum and shame of mankind.

*Jul.* Violet, lady ?

*Mart.* Blest in him ! I would my youth had chosen  
Consuming fevers, bed-rid age,  
For my companions, rather than a thing,  
To lay whose baseness open would even poison  
The tongue that speaks it.

*Jul.* Certainly from you

At no part he deserves this : and I<sup>n</sup> tell you,  
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,  
I should not hear this.

*Mart.* He's an impudent villain°,  
Or a malicious wretch ; to you ungrateful,  
To me beyond expression barbarous :  
I more than hate him : from you he deserves  
A death most horrid ; from me, to die for ever,  
And know no end of torments. Would you have comfort ?  
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you  
In being refus'd<sup>p</sup> ? would you redeem your fame,  
Shipwreck'd in his base wrongs ? if you desire this,  
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,  
But by a noble anger, making way  
To a most brave revenge, we may call justice :  
Our injuries are equal ; join with me, then,  
And share the honour.

*Jul.* I scarce understand you ;  
And know I shall be most unapt to learn  
To hate the man I still must love and honour.

<sup>n</sup> *I*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "I'll" ; and so Weber.

° *He's an impudent villain*] "I have no doubt we should read,  
'He's an impotent villain.'

She calls Violet in the next scene,

— 'this base fellow,

This gelded fool.'

He might be both an impudent villain and a malicious wretch ; but Martia ascribes his neglect of her either to his malice or his impotence." MASON.

<sup>p</sup> *refus'd*] i. e. renounced, rejected.



*Mart.* This foolish dotage in soft-hearted women  
Makes proud men insolent : but take your way ;  
I 'll run another course.

*Jul.* As you are noble,  
Deliver his offence.

*Mart.* He has denied  
The rites due to a wife.

*Jul.* Oh me most happy !  
How largely am I paid for all my sufferings !  
Most honest Virolet, thou just performer  
Of all thy promises ! I call to mind now,  
When I was happy in those joys you speak of,  
In a chaste bed, and warranted by law too,  
He oft would swear, that, if he should survive me  
(Which then I knew he wish'd not), never woman  
Should taste of his embraces : this one act  
Makes me again his debtor.

*Mart.* And was this  
The cause my youth and beauty were condemn'd ?  
If I sit down here——well !

*Jul.* I dare thy worst :  
Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him  
Against thy malice. Leave my house, and quickly ;  
Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By virtue,  
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,  
And turn it on thine own accursèd head ;  
Believe 't, I will.

[*Exit.*

*Mart.* But 'tis not in thy power  
To hinder what I have decreed against him.  
I 'll set myself to sale, and live a strumpet,  
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,  
Rather than want an instrument to help me  
In my revenge.—The captain of the guard !  
Blest opportunity courts me.

*Enter RONVERE.*

*Ronv.* Sad and troubled ?  
How brave her anger shews ! how it sets off  
Her natural beauty ! Under what happy star

Was Virolet born, to be belov'd and sought to<sup>p</sup>  
 By two incomparable women? [*Aside*].—Noblest lady,  
 I have heard your wrongs, and pity them; and, if  
 The service of my life could give me hope  
 To gain your favour, I should be most proud  
 To be commanded.

*Mart.* 'Tis in you, my lord,  
 To make me your glad servant.

*Ronv.* Name the means.

*Mart.* 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or courtship :  
 He that desires to reap the harvest of  
 My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,  
 And right my wrongs.

*Ronv.* I apprehend you, madam ;  
 And rest assur'd 'tis done : I am provided  
 Of instruments to fit you. To the king  
 I'll instantly present you ; if I fail,  
 He shall make good your aims. He's less than man  
 That, to atchieve your favour, would not do  
 Deeds fiends would fear to put their agents to. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*A garden.*

*Enter VIROLET, reading.*

*Vir.* *Quod invitatus facis, non est scelus* : 'tis an axiom.  
 Now, whether willingly I have departed  
 With that I lov'd ; with that, above her life  
 Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy husband ;  
 Was full of children, her afflictions,  
 That I begot, that, when our age must perish,  
 And all our painted frailties turn to ashes,  
 Then shall they stand and propagate our honours :  
 Whether this done, and taking to protection  
 A new strange beauty,—it was a useful one<sup>q</sup>——

<sup>p</sup> *sought to*] i. e. solicited, as repeatedly before : see notes, vol. iv. 420, vol. v. 160, &c.

<sup>q</sup> *it was a useful one*] Silently altered by the modern editors to " 'twas an useful one."

How ! to my lust ? If it be so, I am sinful,  
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.  
Was there not in it this fair course of virtue,  
This pious course, to save my friends, my country  
That even then had put on a mourning garment,  
And wept the desolation of her children,  
Her noblest children ? did not she thrust me on,  
And to my duty clapt the spur of honour ?  
Was there a way, without this woman, left me  
To bring 'em off ? the marrying of this woman ?  
If not, why am I stung thus ? why tormented ?  
Or, had there been a wild desire join'd with it,  
How easily both these, and all their beauties,  
Might I have made mine own ? Why am I touched thus,  
Having perform'd the great redemption  
Both of my friends and family ? fairly done it,  
Without base and lascivious ends ? Oh, Heaven,  
Why am I still at war thus ? why this a mischief,  
That honesty and honour had propounded,  
Ay, and absolv'd my tender will, and chid me,  
Nay, then unwillingly flung me on ?

*Enter JULIANA and LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* He's here, madam ;  
This is the melancholy walk he lives in,  
And chooses ever to increase his sadness.

*Jul.* Stand by.

*Vir.* 'Tis she : how I shake now and tremble !  
The virtues of that mind are torments to me.

[*Aside.*

*Jul.* Sir, if my hated face shall stir your anger,  
Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you,  
My love and fair obedience left behind me,  
Your pardon ask'd, I shall return, and bless you.

*Vir.* Pray, stay a little ; I delight to see you.  
May not we yet, though fortune have divided us,  
And set an envious stop between our pleasures,  
Look thus one at another ? sigh and weep thus ?  
And read in one another's eyes the legends  
And wonders of our old loves ? Be not fearful :

Though you be now a saint, I may adore you.  
May I not take this hand, and on it sacrifice  
The sorrows of my heart ? white seal of virtue !

*Jul.* My lord, you wrong your wedlock<sup>r</sup>.

*Vir.* Were she here,  
And with her all-severe eyes to behold us,  
We might do this ; I might name Juliana,  
And to the reverence of that name bow thus ;  
I might sigh Juliana, she was mine once,  
But I too weak a guard for that great treasure ;  
And whilst she has a name, believe me, lady,  
This broken heart shall never want a sorrow.

*Jul.* Forget her, sir ; your honour now commands you :  
You are another's, keep those griefs for her ;  
She richly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.

*Vir.* What is your will ? for nothing you can ask,  
So full of goodness are your words and meanings,  
Must be denied : speak boldly.

*Jul.* I thank you, sir. I come not  
To beg or flatter, only to be believ'd ;  
That I desire ; for I shall tell a story,  
So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one,  
So horrible in nature, and so horrid<sup>s</sup>,  
So beyond wickedness, that, when you hear it,  
It must appear the practice<sup>t</sup> of another,  
The cast and malice of some one you have wrong'd much ;  
And me you may imagine, me accuse too,  
Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings,  
The infinite obedience I have borne you,  
That hates all name and nature of revenge,  
My love, that nothing but my death can sever,  
Rather than hers I speak of.

*Vir.* Juliana,  
To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,

<sup>r</sup> *wedlock*] i. e. wife ; as before, see note, vol. v. 309.

<sup>s</sup> *So horrible in nature, and so horrid*] " This is so wretched and tautological a line, that I cannot think it our author's." SYMPSON. " We should probably substitute ' terrible ' for ' horrible.' " WEBER.

<sup>t</sup> *practice*] See note, p. 364.

After my full experience of your virtues,  
Were to distrust a providence ; to think you can lie,  
Or, being wrong'd, seek after foul reparings,  
To forge a creed against my faith.

*Jul.* I must do so, for it concerns your life, sir ;  
And, if that word may stir you, hear, and prosper !  
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.

*Vir.* What new friend have I found, that dares deliver  
This loaden trunk from his afflictions ?  
What pitying hand, of all that feel<sup>t</sup> my miseries,  
Brings such a benefit ?

*Jul.* Be wise and manly ;  
And with your honour fall, when Heaven shall call you,  
Not by a hellish mischief.

*Vir.* Speak, my blest one.—  
How weak and poor I am, now she is from me ! [ *Aside.*

*Jul.* Your wife——

*Vir.* How's that ?

*Jul.* Your wife——

*Vir.* Be tender of her ;  
I shall believe else——

*Jul.* I must be true. Your ear, sir ;  
For 'tis so horrible, if the air catch it,  
Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters,  
It will disperse itself, and fright resistance. [ *Whispers.*

*Vir.* She seek my life with you ! make you her agent !  
Another love ! Oh, speak but truth !

*Jul.* Be patient ;  
Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.

*Vir.* Forward : 'tis well ; it shall be welcome to me :  
I have liv'd too long, number'd too many days,  
Yet never found the benefit of living ;  
Now when I come to reap it with my service,  
And hunt for that my youth and honour aims at,  
The sun sets on my fortune, red and bloody,  
And everlasting night begins to close me :  
'Tis time to die.

*Jul.* She comes herself.

<sup>t</sup> *feel*] The folios " feeles " and " feels."

*Enter MARTIA and RONVERE.*

*Ronv.* Believe, lady,  
(And on this angel-hand your servant seals it,)  
You shall be mistress of your whole desires,  
And what you shall command.

*Mart.* Ha, minion !  
My precious dame, are you there ? nay, go forward,  
Make your complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,  
Slave-like, to him you serve : I am the same still,  
And what I purpose, let the world take witness,  
Shall be so finish'd, and to such example,  
Spite of your poor preventions—My dear gentleman,  
My honourable man, are you there too ?  
You and your hot desire ? your mercy, sir !  
I had forgot your greatness.

*Jul.* 'Tis not well, lady.

*Mart.* Lord, how I hate this fellow now ! how desperately  
My stomach stands against him ! this base fellow,  
This gelded fool !

*Jul.* Did you never hear of modesty ?

*Mart.* Yes, when I heard of you, and so believ'd it.—  
Thou bloodless, brainless fool !

*Vir.* How !

*Mart.* Thou despis'd fool,  
Thou only sign of man, how I condemn thee !  
Thou woven Worthy in a piece of arras<sup>u</sup>,  
Fit only to enjoy a wall ! thou beast,  
Beaten to use ! Have I preserv'd a beauty,  
A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted ?  
My dotings and the joys I came to offer,  
Must they be lost, and slighted by a dormouse ?

*Jul.* Use more respect, and, woman, 'twill become you ;  
At least, less tongue.

*Mart.* I'll use all violence ;  
Let him look for it.

*Jul.* Dare you stain those beauties,

<sup>u</sup> *Thou woven Worthy in a piece of arras*] "The Nine Worthies [see note, vol. i. 143] were a favourite subject for tapestry." WEBER.



Those heavenly stamps, that raise men up to wonder,  
 With harsh and crooked motions? are you she  
 That over-did all ages with your honour,  
 And in a little hour dare lose this triumph?  
 Is not this man your husband?

*Mart.* He's my halter;  
 Which (having su'd my pardon) I fling off thus,  
 And with him all I brought him, but my anger;  
 Which I will nourish, to the desolation  
 Not only of his folly, but his friends  
 And his whole name.

*Vir.* 'Tis well: I have deserv'd it;  
 And, if I were a woman, I would rail too.

*Mart.* Nature ne'er promis'd thee a thing so noble.  
 Take back your love, your vow; I give it freely;  
 I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please:  
 That, that the dulness of thy soul neglected,  
 Kings sue for now: and mark me, Virolet,  
 Thou image of a man, observe my words well;  
 At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty,  
 This handsomeness thou scorn'st and fling'st away,  
 Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at. Take your house;  
 The petty things you left me, give another;  
 And last, take home your trinket<sup>v</sup>. Fare you well, sir.

*Ronv.* You have spoke like yourself; you're a brave lady.  
 [Exeunt RONVERE and MARTIA.]

*Jul.* Why do you smile, sir?

*Vir.* Oh, my Juliana,  
 The happiness this woman's scorn has given me  
 Makes me a man again; proclaims itself,  
 In such a general joy, through all my miseries,  
 That now methinks——

*Jul.* Look to yourself, dear sir,  
 And trifle not with danger that attends you;  
 Be joyful when you're free.

*Vir.* Did you not hear her?  
 She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;

<sup>v</sup> *trinket*] Meaning, of course, Juliana.—Simpson says it “means the divorce Virolet had procured a little above”!!



I am free, free as air : and, though to-morrow  
Her bloody will meet with my life, and sink it,  
And in her execution tear me piecemeal,  
Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,  
Once more to embrace my best, my noblest, truest ;  
And time that's warranted.

*Jul.* Good sir, forbear it ;  
Though I confess, equal with your desires  
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,  
And to as warm alarums spur my will to <sup>w</sup> :  
Yet pardon me ; the seal o' the church dividing us,  
And hanging like a threatening flame between us,  
We must not meet ; I dare not.

*Vir.* That poor disjointing,  
That only strong necessity thrust on you,  
Not crime, nor studied cause of mine, how sweetly  
And nobly I will bind again and cherish !  
How I will recompense ! One dear embrace now,  
One free affection ! how I burn to meet it !  
Look now upon me.

*Jul.* I behold you willingly,  
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.  
The love you first had was preserv'd with honour,  
The last shall not cry *whore* ; you shall not purchase  
From me a pleasure (that have equally  
Lov'd your fair fame as you) at such a rate  
Your honesty and virtue must be bankrupt.  
If I had lov'd your lust, and not your lustre,  
The glorious lustre of your matchless goodness,  
I would compel you now to bed.—Forgive me <sup>x</sup>,  
Forgive me, sir ! how fondly still I love you !  
Yet nobly too : make the way straight before me,  
And let but holy Hymen once more guide me,

<sup>w</sup> *to*] Silently altered by the Editors of 1778 to "too" ; and so Weber.—  
This repetition is of common occurrence in our early writers : see Gifford's  
note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 301, ed. 1813, and my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's*  
and *Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 66.

<sup>x</sup> *to bed*.—*Forgive me*, &c.] The correction of Theobald and Sympson.—  
Both the folios have "*to be* !—*forgive me*," &c.

Under the axe, upon the rack again,  
Even in the bed of all afflictions,  
Where nothing sings our nuptials but dire sorrows,  
With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,  
Make tyranny and death stand still affrighted,  
And at our meeting souls amaze our mischiefs :  
Till when, high Heaven defend you, and peace guide you !  
Be wise and manly, make your fate your own,  
By being master of a providence  
That may control it.

*Vir.* Stay a little with me :  
My thoughts have chid themselves. May I not kiss you ?  
Upon my truth, I am honest.

*Jul.* I believe you ;  
But yet what that may raise in both our fancies,  
What issues such warm parents breed——

*Vir.* I obey you,  
And take my leave as from the saint that keeps me.  
I will be right again, and once more happy  
In thy unimitable love.

*Jul.* I'll pray for you ;  
And, when you fall, I have not long to follow. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter, on one side, Duke, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner ; on the other, MARTIA and RONVERE.*

*Duke.* Now we have got free credit with the captain—

*Mast.* Soft, soft ; he's here again. Is not that lady—  
Or have I lost mine eyes ? a salt rheum seizes 'em ;  
But I should know that face.

*Boats.* Make him not madder ;  
Let him forget the woman ; steer a-larboard.

*Mast.* He will not kill her.

*Boats.* Any thing he meets ;  
He's like a hornet now, he hums and buzzes  
Nothing but blood and horror.

*Master.* I would save the lady ;  
For such another lady——

*Boats.* There 's the point ;  
And you know there want women of her mettle.

*Master.* 'Tis true ; they bring such children now, such demi-  
lances,  
Their father's socks will make them christening clothes.

*Gun.* No more ; they view us.

*Duke.* You shall play a while,  
And sun yourself in this felicity,  
You shall, you glorious whore ! I know you still :  
But I shall pick an hour when most securely—  
I say no more.

*Ronv.* Do you see those ? those are they  
Shall act your will.—Come hither, my good fellows :  
You are now the king's.—Are they not goodly fellows ?

*Mart.* They have bone enough, if they have stout heart  
to it.

*Master.* Still the old wench.

*Duke.* Pray, captain, let me ask you  
What noble lady's that ? 'tis a rude question ;  
But I desire to know.

*Ronv.* She is for the king, sir ;  
Let that suffice for answer.

*Duke.* Is she so, sir ?  
In good time may she curse it : must I  
Breed hackneys for his grace ?

[*Aside.*

*Ronv.* What wouldst thou do  
To merit such a lady's favour——

*Duke.* Any thing.

*Ronv.* That can supply thy wants, and raise thy fortunes ?

*Duke.* Let her command, and see what I dare execute :  
I keep my conscience here. If any man  
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,  
Whole families between her and her wishes——

*Master.* We have seen bleeding throats, sir, cities sack'd,  
And infants stuck upon their<sup>y</sup> pikes——

*Boats.* Houses a-fire, and handsome mothers weeping.

*Duke.* Which we have heap'd upon the pile like sacrifices :

<sup>y</sup> *their*] Symson proposes in a note "these", "the" or "our."—Something seems to have dropt out here : can "*their*" be a mistake for "the iron" ?

Churches and altars, priests, and all devotions<sup>z</sup>,  
Tumbled together into one rude chaos.

*Gun.* We know no fear, sir, but want of employment.

*Duke.* Nor other faith but what our purses preach.  
To gain our ends we can do any thing,  
And turn our souls into a thousand figures;  
But, when we come to do——

*Mart.* I like these fellows.

*Ronv.* Be ready and wait here; within this hour  
I'll shew you to the king, and he shall like ye:  
And, if you can devise some entertainment  
To fill his mirth, such as your country uses,  
Present it, and I'll see it grac'd.  
After this comic scene we shall employ you;  
For one must die.

*Duke.* What is he, sir? speak boldly;  
For we dare boldly do.

*Ronv.* This lady's husband;  
His name is Virolet.

*Duke.* We shall despatch it. [*Exeunt MARTIA and RONVERE.*]  
Oh, damnèd, damnèd thing! a base whore first,  
And then a murderer? I'll look to you.

*Boats.* Can she be grown so strange?

*Duke.* She has an itch.—  
I'll scratch you, my dear daughter, I'll so claw you!  
I'll curry your hot hide! Married and honour'd?  
And turn those holy blessings into brothels?  
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotness,  
I'll hunt you like a train!

*Master.* We did all pity her.

*Duke.* Hang her! she is not worth man's memory;  
She's false and base, and let her fright all stories.—  
Well, though thou be 'st mine enemy, I'll right thee,  
And right thee nobly.

*Boats.* Faith, sir, since she must go,  
Let's spare as few as may be.

*Duke.* We'll take all,

<sup>z</sup> *devotions*] i. e. consecrated things.

And like a torrent sweep the slaves before us.  
You dare endure the worst ?

*Master.* You know our hearts, sir ;  
And they shall bleed the last, ere we start from you.

*Gun.* We can but die ; and, ere we come to that,  
We shall pick out some few examples for us.

*Duke.* Then wait the first occasion ; and, like Curtius,  
I'll leap the gulph before you, fearless leap it :  
Then follow me like men : and, if our virtues  
May buoy our country up, and set her shining  
In her first state, our fair revenges taken,  
We have our noble ends, or else our ashes. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace, with a gallery.*

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*Enter ASCANIO and MARTIA above.*

*Mart.* As you are noble, keep me from discovery,  
And let me only run a stranger's fortune ;  
For, when the king shall find I am his daughter  
He ever holds most ominous, and hates most,  
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,  
But with his fears and cruelties ?

*Asc.* I have found you :  
Suspect not ; I am bound to what you like best :  
What you intend, I dare not be so curious  
To question now ; and what you are lies hid here.  
The king comes. Make your fortune ; I shall joy in 't.

*Enter FERRAND and RONVERE above.*

*Ronv.* All things are ready, sir, to make you merry ;  
And such a king you shall behold him now !

*Fer.* I long for 't,  
For I have need of mirth.

*Ronv.* The lady, sir.

*Fer.* Now, as I am a king, a sprightly beauty,  
A goodly sweet aspect ! My thanks, Ronvere,  
My best thanks !—On your lips I seal your wishes ;  
Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy :  
And now sit down and smile ;—come, my Ascanio ;—  
And let this monarch enter.

*Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.*

*Ronv.* These are the Switzers,  
I told your grace of.

*Fer.* Goodly promising fellows,  
With faces to keep fools in awe : I like 'em.—  
Go guard the presence well, and do your duties ;  
To-morrow I shall take a further view.

*Duke.* You shall, sir,  
Or I shall lose my will. How the whore's mounted !  
How she sits thron'd ! Thou blazing muddy meteor,  
That fright'st the under-world with lustful flashes,  
How I shall dash thy flames ! [*Aside*].—Away ; no word more !  
[*Exit with Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.*]

*Flourish cornets. Enter CASTRUCCIO in royal robes, VILLIO,  
Doctor, and Guard.*

*Fer.* Now, here he comes in glory. Be merry, masters.  
[*Servants bring in a banquet.*]

A banquet too !

*Ronv.* Oh, he must sit in state, sir !

*Asc.* How rarely he is usher'd ! can he think now  
He is a king indeed ?

*Ronv.* Mark but his countenance.

*Cast.* Let me have pleasures infinite, and to the height ;  
And women in abundance, many women :  
I will disport my grace.

*Enter Ladies.*

Stand there, and long for me.—  
What have ye brought me here ? is this a feast  
Fit for a prince ? a mighty prince ? are these things,  
These preparations, ha !——

*Doctor.* May it please your grace——



*Cast.* It does not please my grace. Where are the marchpanes<sup>a</sup>,

The custards double-royal, and the subtilties ?

Why, what weak things are you to serve a prince thus !

Where be the delicates o' th' earth and air ?

The hidden secrets of the sea ? am I a plough-man,

You pop me up with porridge ? Hang the cooks !

*Fer.* Oh, most kingly !

What a majestic anger !

*Cast.* Give me some wine.

*Asc.* He cools again now.

*Cast.* Fool, where are my players ?

Let me have all in pomp ; let 'em play some love-matter,

To make the ladies itch.—I'll be with you anon, ladies ;

You black eyes, I'll be with you.—Give me some wine, I say !

And let me have a masque of cuckolds enter,

Of mine own cuckolds ;

And let 'em come in, peeping and rejoicing,

Just as I kiss their wives, and somewhat glorying.

Some wine, I say ! Then, for an excellent night-piece,

To shew my glory to my loves and minions,

I will have some great castle burnt.

*Villio.* Hark you, brother ;

If that be to please these ladies, ten to one

The fire first takes upon your own ; look to that ;

Then you may shew a night-piece.

*Cast.* Where 's this wine ?

Why, shall I choke ? do ye long all to be tortur'd ?

*Doctor.* Here, sir.

*Cast.* [*tastes*] Why, what is this ? why, doctor !

*Doctor.* Wine and water, sir :

'Tis sovereign for your heat ; you must endure it.

*Villio.* Most excellent to cool your night-piece, sir.

*Doctor.* You are of a high<sup>b</sup> and cholerick complexion,  
And you must have allays.

*Cast.* Shall I have no sheer wine, then ?

<sup>a</sup> *marchpanes*] See note, vol. iv. 186.

<sup>b</sup> *You are of a high, &c.*] "The humour of this scene is borrowed from one of the like kind in *Don Quixote*." REED.



*Doctor.* Not for a world : I tender your dear life, sir ;  
And he is no faithful subject——

*Villio.* No, by no means :  
Of this you may drink, and never hang nor quarter,  
Nor never whip the fool ; this liquor 's merciful.

*Cast.* I will sit down and eat, then : kings, when they 're  
hungry,  
May eat, I hope ?

*Doctor.* Yes, but they eat discreetly.

*Cast.* Come, taste this dish, and cut me liberally ;  
I like sauce well<sup>c</sup>.

*Doctor.* Fie, 'tis too hot, sir,  
Too deeply season'd with the spice.—Away with 't !—  
You must acquaint your stomach with those diets  
Are temperately nourishing. [Servants take away the dish.

*Cast.* But pray, stay, doctor,  
And let me have my meat again.

*Doctor.* By no means :  
I have a charge concerns my life.

*Cast.* No meat neither !  
Do kings never eat, doctor ?

*Doctor.* Very little, sir,  
And that too very choice.

*Villio.* Your king never sleeps, brother ;  
He must not sleep, his cares still keep him waking :  
Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouse ;  
The third part of a wafer is a week's diet.

*Cast.* Appoint me something, then.

*Doctor.* There.

*Cast.* [eats] This I feel good,  
But it melts too suddenly ; yet——

[Servants take away the dish.

How ! that gone too !

Ye are not mad ? I charge you——

*Doctor.* For your health, sir :  
A little quickens nature, much depresses.

*Cast.* Eat nothing, for my health ! that 's a new diet.

<sup>c</sup> *I like sauce well*] "Read, 'I like the sauce well.'" MASON.

Let me have something, something has some savour :

Why, thou uncourteous doctor, shall I hang thee?

*Doctor.* 'Tis better, sir, than I should let you surfeit :  
My death were nothing.

*Villio.* To lose a king were terrible.

*Cast.* Nay, then, I 'll carve myself ; I 'll stay no ceremonies.  
This is a partridge-pie ; I am sure that 's nourishing,  
Or Galen is an ass. 'Tis rarely season'd : [Eats.  
Ha, doctor, have I hit right ? a mark, a mark there !

[Servants take away the dish.

*Villio.* What ails thy grace?

*Cast.* Retrieve those partridges,  
Or, as I am a king——

*Doctor.* Pray, sir, be patient ;  
They are flown too far.

*Villio.* These are breath'd pies, an't please you,  
And your hawks are such buzzards——

*Cast.* A king, and have nothing,  
Nor can have nothing !

*Villio.* What think you of [a] pudding ?  
A pudding royal ?

*Cast.* To be royally starv'd.—  
Whip me this fool to death ! he is a blockhead.

*Villio.* Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a king ;  
'Twill be enough.

*Cast.* As for you, dainty doctor——

[Servants take away the table.

All gone, all snatch'd away<sup>d</sup>, and I unsatisfied,  
Without my wits<sup>e</sup>, being a king and hungry !

<sup>d</sup> *As for you, dainty doctor——*

[Servants take away the table.

*All gone, all snatch'd away, &c.]* In both the folios thus ;

*"As for you [sec. fol. your] dainty Doctor, the Table taken away,*

*All gone, all snatch'd away," &c.*

and so Symson, and (though the Editors of 1778 had rightly distinguished between what was text and what stage-direction) so Weber !

<sup>e</sup> *Without my wits]* "Symson reads [proposes to read] 'will' instead of 'wits' : but when a man is unsatisfied, it is always without his will. I therefore prefer the present reading. The thought of his being king, and yet to suffer hunger, was enough to put him out of his wits." MASON.

Suffer but this thy treason?—I tell thee, doctor,  
I tell it thee in earnest and in anger,  
I am damnably hungry, my very grace is hungry<sup>f</sup>.

*Villio.* A hungry grace is fittest to no meal, sir.

*Doctor.* Some two hours hence you shall see more: but  
still, sir,

You must retain a strict and excellent diet.

*Villio.* It sharpens you, and makes your wit so poignant,  
Your very words will kill.

*Doctor.* A bit of marmalade,  
No bigger than a pease<sup>g</sup>——

*Villio.* And that well butter'd,  
The air thrice purified, and three times spirited,  
Becomes a king: your rare conserve of nothing  
Breeds no offence.

*Cast.* Am I turn'd king Camelion,  
And keep my court i' th' air?

*Fer.* They vex him cruelly.

*Asc.* In two days more they'll starve him.

*Fer.* Now the women;  
There's no food left but they.

*Asc.* They'll prove small nourishment;  
Yet h'as another stomach, and a great one,  
I see by his eye.

*Cast.* I'll have mine own power here,  
Mine own authority; I need no tutor.  
Doctor, this is no diet.

*Doctor.* It may be, sir.

*Villio.* By'r lady, it may turn to a dry diet;  
And how thy grace will ward that——

*Cast.* Stand off, doctor;  
And talk to those that want faith.

*Fer.* Hot and mighty.

*Asc.* He will cool apace, no doubt.

*Cast.* Fair, plump, and red,

<sup>f</sup> *my very grace is hungry*] “Simpson proposes to read, ‘*my grace is very hungry*’: but the present reading is more pompous and humorous.” MASON.

<sup>g</sup> *pease*] Altered silently to “*pea*” by Simpson; and so the Editors of 1778.

A forehead high, an eye revives the dead ;  
A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.

*Villio.* But oh, the rushy well, below the hill !  
Take heed of that, for, though it never fail,  
Take heed, I say, for thereby hangs a tale !

*Cast.* I'll get ye all with child.

*Villio.* With one child, brother,  
So many men in a blue coat<sup>b</sup>.

*Cast.* Had I fed well,  
And drunk good store of wine, ye had been blest all,  
Blest all with double births. Come, kiss me greedily ;  
And think no more upon your foolish husbands ;  
They are transitory things ; a king's flame<sup>i</sup> meets you.

*Doctor.* Vanish, away ! [Exeunt Ladies.

*Cast.* How ! they gone too !—My guard there !  
Take me this devil doctor, and that fool there,  
And sow 'em in a sack ! Bring back the women,  
The lovely women ! Drown these rogues, or hang 'em !

*Asc.* He is in earnest, sir.

*Fer.* In serious earnest :  
I must needs take him off.

*Re-enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.*

*Duke.* Now, now be free !  
Now liberty ! now, countrymen, shake from ye  
The tyrant's yoke !

*All.* Liberty, liberty, liberty !

*Guard.* Treason, treason, treason !

*Fer.* We are betray'd. Fly to the town, cry "Treason !"   
And raise our faithful friends ! Oh, my Ascanio !

*Asc.* Make haste ; we have way enough.

[Exeunt, above, FERRAND, RONVERE, ASCANIO, and MARTIA.

*Guard.* Treason, treason ! [Exeunt.

<sup>b</sup> *With one child, brother,*

*So many men in a blue coat*] The Editors of 1778 put an interrogation point after "*brother*" and another after "*coat*" ; and so Weber, who offers a very unsatisfactory explanation of the passage.

<sup>i</sup> *flame*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "*fame*."

*Duke.* Spare none ; put all to the sword !—A vengeance  
shake thee !

Art thou turn'd king again ?

*Cast.* I am a rascal :

Spare me but this time ; if ever I see king more,  
Or once believe in king——

*Duke.* The ports are ours,  
The treasure and the port[s]. Fight bravely, gentlemen !  
Cry to the town, cry “ Liberty and honour ! ”  
Waken their persecuted souls ; cry loudly !

[*Exit Boatswain, crying “ Liberty and freedom.”*]

We'll share the wealth among ye.

*Cast.* Do you hear, captain ?

If ever you hear me name a king——

*Duke.* You shall not.

*Cast.* Or, though I live under one, obey him——

*Gun.* This rogue again ?

*Duke.* Away with him, good gunner.

*Cast.* Why, look you, sir ; I'll put you to no charge ;  
I'll never eat.

*Gun.* I'll take a course you shall not.

Come, no more words !

*Cast.* Say nothing when you kill me !

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* He's taken to the tower's strength.

*Duke.* Now stand sure, gentlemen !

We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us ;  
The rest o' the castle's ours.

i *Come, no more words, &c.*] Both the folios thus ;

“ Come, no more words.

*Enter Boatswain.*

*Cast.* Say nothing when you kill me.

*Sess.* He's taken to the Towers strength ;

Now stand sure Gentlemen.”

And so Sympson, though he proposed in a note the alteration which I have given, and which was also adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. If the folios be right here (which I do not believe), we must suppose that the Boatswain on his entrance informs the Duke *aside* of Ferrand's place of retreat.

[*Within.*] Liberty, liberty<sup>j</sup> !

*Duke.* What, is the<sup>k</sup> city up ?

*Boats.* They are up and glorious,  
And rolling like a storm they come ; their tents  
Ring nothing but<sup>l</sup> “ Liberty and freedom ! ”  
The women are in arms too.

*Duke.* Let 'em come all.

Honour and liberty !

*All.* Honour and liberty !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of JULIANA<sup>m</sup>.*

*Enter JULIANA.*

*Jul.* This woman's threats, her eyes even red with fury,  
Which, like prodigious<sup>n</sup> meteors, foretold  
Assur'd destruction, are still before me.  
Besides, I know such natures unacquainted  
With any mean or in their love or hatred ;  
And she, that dar'd all dangers to possess him,  
Will check at nothing to revenge the loss  
Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd  
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,  
And openly profess'd 'em : that in me  
Was but a cold affection ; charity  
Commands so much to all ; for Virolet,  
Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,  
Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength ;  
Then do, not counsel : he is too secure ;  
And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service  
To free him from a deadly enemy,  
Than to get him a friend. I undertook too

<sup>j</sup> *Liberty, liberty*] In both the folios these words form a portion of the Duke's speech ; and as such they were left by Sympson. The Editors of 1778 saw that they were exclamations *within*.

<sup>k</sup> *the*] Both the folios “ this”. <sup>l</sup> *nothing but*] Qy.—“ nothing now but ” ?

<sup>m</sup> *A room in the house of Juliana*] So, after some hesitation, I have marked this scene, which perhaps would with more propriety take place in “ *A garden belonging to the house of Juliana.*” Weber gave “ *A Room in Virolet's House,*” —wrongly, as is shown by the entrance of Pandulpho.

<sup>n</sup> *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

To cross her plots ; oppos'd my piety  
 Against her malice ; and shall virtue suffer ?  
 No, Martia ; wert thou here equally arm'd,  
 I have a cause, spite of thy masculine breeding,  
 That would assure the victory. My angel  
 Direct and help me !

*Enter VIROLET habited like RONVERE. JULIANA retires.*

*Vir.* The state in combustion,  
 Part of the citadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd on ;  
 The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against  
 Their late protected master ; Ferrand fled too,  
 And with small strength, into the castle's tower,  
 The only Aventine<sup>n</sup> that now is left him !  
 And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,  
 Of such a brave and glorious enterprise  
 Are yet unknown : they did proceed like men,  
 I like a child ; and, had I never trusted  
 So deep a practice<sup>o</sup> unto shallow fools,  
 Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana,  
 The honour of this action had been mine,  
 In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

*Jul.* Ronvere ! 'tis he ; a thing, next to the devil,  
 I most detest, and like him terrible ;  
 Martia's right hand ; the instrument, I fear too,  
 That is to put her bloody will into<sup>p</sup> act.  
 Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty ?  
 Weak women's fear, fly from me !

[*Aside.*]

*Vir.* Sure, this habit,  
 This likeness to Ronvere, which I have studied,  
 Either admits me safe to my design,  
 Which I too cowardly have halted after,  
 And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory,  
 Or sinks me and my miseries together ;  
 Either concludes me happy.

<sup>n</sup> *Aventine*] "i.e. security, defence. The Aventine was a post of great strength." Gifford's note on Massinger's *Roman Actor*, act i. sc. i.,—*Works*, ii. 333, ed. 1813, where the word is used in the same metaphorical sense.

<sup>o</sup> *practice*] See note, p. 364.

<sup>p</sup> *into*] Silently altered by Sympson to "in".



*Jul.* He stands musing ;  
Some mischief is now hatching :  
In the full meditation of his wickedness,  
I'll sink his cursèd soul. Guide my hand, Heaven,  
And to my tender arm give strength and fortune,  
That I may do a pious deed, all ages  
Shall bless my name for, all remembrance crown me ! [*Aside.*

*Vir.* It shall be so.

*Jul.* It shall not : take that token, [*Stabs him.*  
And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia !  
Tell her, for Violet's dear sake I sent it.

*Vir.* Oh, I am happy ! let me see thee, that I  
May bless the hand that gave me liberty :  
Oh, courteous hand ! nay, thou hast done most nobly,  
And Heaven has guided thee ; 'twas their great justice.  
Oh, blessèd wound, that I could come to kiss thee !  
How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st !

*Jul.* Oh !

*Vir.* Sigh not,  
Nor weep not, dear ; shed not those sovereign balsams  
Into my blood, which must recover me ;  
Then I shall live, again to do a mischief  
Against the mightiness of love and virtue,  
Some base unhallow'd hand shall rob thy right of.<sup>a</sup>  
Help me ; I faint. So.

*Jul.* Oh, unhappy wench !  
How has my zeal abus'd me ! You that guard virtue,  
Were ye asleep ? or do you laugh at innocence,  
You suffer'd this mistake ? Oh, my dear Violet !  
An everlasting curse follow that form  
I struck thee in ! his name be ever blasted !  
For his accursèd shadow has betray'd  
The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,  
The honour, and the valour ; wither'd for ever  
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind !  
Oh, my dull devil's eyes !

<sup>a</sup> *thy right of*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber (in opposition to both the folios) put a full stop at the end of the preceding line, and a break at the end of this. Here "*right*" means—right to punish.

*Vir.* I do forgive you ; [*Kisses her.*]  
 By this, and this, I do : I know you were cozen'd ;  
 The shadow of Ronvere I know you aim'd at,  
 And not at me ; but 'twas most necessary  
 I should be struck ; some hand above directed you ;  
 For Juliana could not shew her justice,  
 Without depriving high Heaven of his glory,  
 On<sup>a</sup> any subject fit for her but Violet.  
 Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one !  
 This the new marriage<sup>r</sup> of our souls together :  
 Think of me, Juliana ; but not often,  
 For fear my faults should burden your affections.  
 Pray for me, for I faint.

*Jul.* Oh, stay a little,  
 A little, little, sir ! [*Offers to kill herself.*]

*Vir.* Fie, Juliana !

*Jul.* Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd ?

*Vir.* Hold, or thou hat'st my peace ! give me the dagger ;  
 On your obedience and your love, deliver it !  
 If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heaven, sweet ;  
 No guilty blood comes there : kill your intentions,  
 And then you conquer : there, where I am going,  
 Would you not meet me, dear ?

*Jul.* Yes.

*Vir.* And still love me ?

*Jul.* And still behold you.

*Vir.* Live, then, till Heaven calls you :  
 Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise sainted ;  
 Then I, that went before you to prepare,  
 Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you  
 With hymns of holy love.—[*God*]<sup>s</sup>, I go out !—  
 Give me your hand : farewell, in peace, farewell ;  
 Remember me ; farewell ! [*Dies.*]

<sup>a</sup> On] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "Or."

<sup>r</sup> *This the new marriage*] "Sympson says, we should certainly read '*tis* for *this*, 'or the sentence will be as much nonsensical as elliptical'. *This*, for *this* is, is a common ellipsis, and by no means nonsensical." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>s</sup> [*God*] So Weber.—The Editors of 1778 filled up the break of both the folios with "Gods".

*Jul.* Sleep, you sweet glasses<sup>†</sup> !  
 An everlasting slumber crown those crystals !  
 All my delight, adieu ! farewell, dear Violet,  
 Dear, dear, most dear ! Oh, I can weep no more !  
 My body now is fire, and all-consuming.  
 Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,  
 And only wait what Heaven shall turn me to ;  
 For now methinks I should not live.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter PANDULPHO with a book.*

*Pand.* Oh, my sweet daughter,  
 The work is finish'd now I promis'd thee !  
 Here are thy virtues shew'd, here register'd,  
 And here shall live for ever.

*Jul.* Blot it, burn it :  
 I have no virtue ; hateful I am as hell is.

*Pand.* Is not this Violet ?

*Jul.* Ask no more questions :  
 Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

*Pand.* Oh, my son !—  
 Nature turns to my heart again—my dear son !  
 Son of my age ! wouldst thou go out so quickly ?  
 So poorly take thy leave, and never see me ?—  
 Was this a kind stroke, daughter ? could you love him,  
 Honour his father, and so deadly strike him ?—  
 Oh, wither'd timeless youth ! are all thy promises,  
 Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this ?  
 Do I halt still i' the world, and trouble Nature,  
 When her main pieces founder and fail daily ?

*Enter Lucio and three Servants.*

*Lucio.* He does weep certain. What body's that lies by  
 him ?—

How do you, sir ?

*Pand.* Oh, look there, Lucio,  
 Thy master, thy best master !

*Lucio.* Woe is me !  
 They have kill'd him, slain him basely !—Oh, my master !

<sup>†</sup> *Sleep, you sweet glasses*] The only point in the folios is a comma after "glasses".—The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave "*Sleep you, sweet glasses !*" The punctuation proposed by Mason is "*Sleep you, sweet glasses ?*"

*Pand.* Well, daughter, well; what heart you had<sup>u</sup> to do this!

I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,  
And not his fault: for my sake, that have lov'd you—  
But I see now you scorn me too.

*Lucio.* Oh, mistress,  
Can you sit there, and his cold body breathless?  
Basely upon the earth?

*Pand.* Let her alone, boy:  
She glories in his end.

*Lucio.* You shall not sit here,  
And suffer him you lov'd—Ha! good sir, come hither,  
Come hither quickly! heave her up! oh, Heaven, sir!  
Oh, God, my heart! she is cold, cold, and stiff too<sup>v</sup>,  
Stiff as a stake; she's dead!

*Pand.* She's gone; ne'er bend her<sup>w</sup>:  
I know her heart, she could not want his company.  
Blessing go with thy soul! sweet angels shadow it!  
Oh, that I were the third now! what a happiness!  
But I must live, to see you laid in earth both;  
Then build a chapel to your memories,  
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories;  
Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.  
How sweet she looks! her eyes are open smiling;  
I thought she had been alive. You are my charge, sir;  
[*To Lucio.*  
And amongst you I'll see his goods distributed.

[*To the Servants.*  
Take up the bodies: mourn in heart, my friends;  
You have lost two noble succours: follow me:—  
And thou, sad country, weep this misery!

[*Exeunt, with the bodies.*

<sup>u</sup> *you had*] So the first folio.—The second folio "*had you*"; and so Sympon.

<sup>v</sup> *she is cold, cold, and stiff too*] The Editors of 1778 silently printed "*she's cold, cold, cold, and stiff too*"; and so Weber.

<sup>w</sup> *ne'er bend her*] "This expression is explained by our authors in *The Maid's Tragedy*:"

"*I have heard, if there be any life, but bow*

*The body thus, and it will shew itself.*" [act v. sc. 4, vol. i. 422.] Ed. 1778.

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, Gunner, Citizens, Sailors, and Soldiers*<sup>x</sup>.

*Duke.* Keep the ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter  
But such as are known patriots.

*All.* Liberty, liberty !

*Duke.* 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word,  
You men of Naples ; which if once taken from us,  
All other blessings leave us ; 'tis a jewel  
Worth purchasing at the dear rate of life,  
And so to be defended. Oh, remember  
What you have suffer'd since you parted with it !  
And, if again you wish not to be slaves  
And properties to Ferrand's pride and lust,  
Take noble courage, and make perfect what  
Is happily begun.

*First Cit.* Our great preserver !  
You have enfranchis'd us from wretched bondage.

*Sec. Cit.* An't might be known to whom we owe our  
freedom,  
We to the death would follow him.

*Third Cit.* Make him king,  
The tyrant once remov'd.

*Duke.* That's not my end :  
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,  
With these my faithful friends, nor hope of spoil ;  
For when we did possess the tyrant's treasure,  
By force extorted from you, and employ'd  
To load you with most miserable thralldom,  
We did not make it ours ; but with it purchas'd  
The help of these, to get you liberty,  
That for the same price kept you in subjection.  
Nor are we Switzers, worthy countrymen,  
But Neapolitans : now eye me well ; [*Throws off his disguise.*

<sup>x</sup> *Soldiers*] "The old stage-direction (no doubt from the prompter's book) has it, 'Souldiers, as many as may be.'" WEBER.

And, though the reverend emblems of mine age  
 (My silver locks) are shorn, my beard cut off,  
 Partaking yet of an adulterate colour ;  
 Though fourteen years you have not seen this face,  
 You may remember it, and call to mind,  
 There was a Duke of Sesse, a much-wrong'd prince,  
 Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferrand.

*First Cit.* Now I know him.

*Sec. Cit.* 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Sesse !

*Duke.* I thank you.

The injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,  
 Made me forget the love I ow'd this country,  
 For which, I hope, I have given satisfaction,  
 In being the first that stirr'd to give it freedom ;  
 And, with your loves and furtherance, will call back  
 Long-banish'd peace and plenty to this people.

*Sec. Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

*First Cit.* Dare all dangers.

*Enter PANDULPHO, with LUCIO and Servants carrying the bodies of  
 VIROLET and JULIANA upon a hearse.*

*Duke.* What solemn funeral's this ?

*Pand.* There rest a while :—

And, if't be possible there can be added  
 Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,  
 Hear (if my tears will give way to my words)  
 In brief a most sad story.

*Duke.* Speak, what are they ?

I know thee well, Pandulpho.

*Pand.* My best lord !

As far as sorrow will give leave, most welcome !  
 This Virolet was, and, but a son of mine,  
 I might say, the most hopeful of our gentry,  
 And, though unfortunate, never ignoble :  
 But I'll speak him no further. Look on this,

*γ my beard cut off, &c.]* "The Duke's meaning (more familiarly than accurately expressed) is, 'Though my beard is DIMINISHED, and in colour adulterated, to hide my age, yet you may remember,' &c." *Ed.* 1778,—Simpson and Seward having proposed some unnecessary alterations.



This face, that in a savage would move pity,  
The wonder of her sex ; and having said  
'Tis Juliana, eloquence will want words  
To set out her deservings. This blest lady,  
That did endure the rack to save her husband,  
That husband, who, in being fore'd to leave her,  
Endur'd a thousand tortures, by what practice<sup>z</sup>  
I know not (but 'twas sure a cunning one),  
Are made the last, I hope, but sad examples  
Of Ferrand's tyranny.—  
Convey the bodies hence.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO and Servants with the bodies.

*Duke.* Express your sorrow  
In your revenge, not tears, my worthy soldiers :  
That fertile earth, that teem'd so many children  
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded womb  
Can hardly now receive 'em.

*Boats.* We are cold ;  
Cold walls shall not keep him from us.

*Gun.* Were he cover'd  
With mountains, and room only for a bullet  
To be sent level at him, I would speed him.

*Master.* Let 's scale this petty tower : at sea we are falcons,  
And fly unto the main-top in a moment :  
What, then, can stop us here ?

*First Cit.* We 'll tear him piece-meal.

*Sec. Cit.* Or eat a passage to him.

*Duke.* Let discretion  
Direct your anger : that 's a victory  
Which is got with least loss ; let us make ours such :  
And therefore, friends, while we hold parley here,  
Raise your scalado on the other side ;  
But, enter'd, wreak your sufferings.

[*Exeunt* Sailors and Soldiers.

*First Cit.* In our wrongs  
There was no mean——

*Sec. Cit.* Nor in our full revenge  
Will we know any.

<sup>z</sup> *practice*] See note, p. 364.



*Duke.* Be appeas'd, good man : [To PANDULPHO.  
No sorrow can redeem them from Death's prison ;  
What his inevitable hand hath seiz'd on,  
The world cannot recover. All the comfort  
That I can give to you, is to see vengeance  
Pour'd dreadfully upon the author's head,  
Of which their ashes may be sensible  
That have faln by him. [A parley sounded.  
*Pand.* They appear.

*Enter FERRAND, MARTIA, ASCANIO, and RONVERE, on the ramparts  
of the tower of the Castle<sup>a</sup>.*

*Fer.* 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious traitors  
Worthy an answer to their proudest summons,  
That we vouchsafe our presence, or to exchange  
One syllable with 'em ; but to let such know,  
Though circled round with treason, all points bent  
As to their centre at my heart, 'tis free,  
Free from fear, villains ; and in this weak tower  
Ferrand commands as absolute as when  
He trod upon your necks, and as much scorns you :  
And when the sun of majesty shall break through  
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam,  
Instead of comfortable heat, shall send  
Consuming plagues among you, and you call  
That government, which you term'd *tyrannous*,  
Hereafter *gentle*.

*Duke.* Flatter not thyself  
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast !  
Thou art i' the toil, and the glad huntsman prouder,  
By whom thou art taken, of his prey, than if  
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his forest.

*Fer.* What art thou ?

*Duke.* To thy horror, Duke of Sesse.

*Fer.* The devil !

*Duke.* Reserv'd for thy damnation.

*Fer.* Why shakes my love ?

<sup>a</sup> the tower of the Castle] See p. 400, last two speeches ; p. 402, l. 12.

*Mart.* Oh, I am lost for ever !

Mountains divide me from him ! some kind hand  
Prevent our fearful meeting ! or lead me  
To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are bent  
Upon the swelling main ; there let me hide me ;  
And as our bodies then shall be divided,  
May our souls never meet !

*Fer.* Whence grows this, sweetest ?

*Mart.* There are a thousand Furies in his looks ;  
And in his deadly silence more loud horror,  
Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors  
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me !  
It is my father.

*Duke.* Yes, and I will own her, sir,  
Till my revenge. It is my daughter, Ferrand,  
My daughter thou hast whor'd.

*Fer.* I triumph in it :  
To know she's thine, affords me more true pleasure  
Than the act gave me, when, even at the height,  
I crack'd her virgin zone. Her shame dwell on thee  
And all thy family ! may they never know  
A female issue but a whore !—Ascanio,  
Ronvere, look cheerfully ; be thou a man too,  
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,  
And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,  
Nay, the whole world, and make a second chaos !  
And, if from thence a new beginning rise,  
Be it recorded, this did end with us,  
And from our dust hath embrion !

*Ronv.* I liv'd with you,  
And will die with you ; your example makes me  
Equally bold.

*Asc.* And I resolv'd to bear  
Whate'er my fate appoints me.

*Duke.* They are ours :  
Now to the spoil !

*Boats.* Pity the lady ; to all else be deaf.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Within.*] Kill, kill, kill !

[*Alarum, flourish trumpets, retreat sounded, within.*

SCENE IV.—*On the other side of the Castle.*

*Enter Duke with FERRAND's head, Boatswain, Master, [Gunner, Citizens, Sailors, and Soldiers bringing in ASCANIO and MARTIA.*

*Duke.* Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends ;  
And the best sacrifice to Heaven for peace  
Is tyrant's blood. Are those that <sup>b</sup> stuck fast to him,  
Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,  
With him despatch'd ?

*Boats.* They are all cut off.

*Duke.* 'Tis well.

*All.* Thanks to the Duke of Sesse !

*Duke.* Pay that to Heaven,  
And for a general joy give general thanks ;  
For blessings ne'er descend from Heaven, but when  
A grateful sacrifice ascends from men.  
To your devotion ! leave me : there 's a scene  
Which I would act alone. Yet you may stay ;  
For wanting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.  
The rest forbear me.

*Citizens.* Liberty, liberty, liberty !

*Mart.* I would I were as far beneath the centre,  
As now I stand above it ! How I tremble !  
Thrice happy they that died ! I dying live  
To stand the whirlwind of a father's fury :  
Now it moves toward me.

[*Aside.*

*Duke.* Thou—I want a name  
By which to style thee : all articulate sounds  
That do express the mischief of vile woman,  
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak  
To speak thee to the height. Witch ! parricide !  
For thou, in taking leave of modesty,

<sup>b</sup> *Is tyrant's blood. Are those that, &c.*] Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*).—Both the folios have, "*Is tyrants blood: and those that*", &c. (the punctuation shewing that "and" is a misprint for "*are*"); and so the modern editors, but with a comma after "*blood*".

Hast kill'd thy father, and his honour lost ;  
He's but a walking shadow to torment thee.  
To leave and rob thy father, then set free  
His foes, whose slavery he did prefer  
Above all treasure, was a strong defeasance,  
To cut off even the surest bonds of mercy ;  
After all this, (having given up thyself,  
Like to a sensual beast, a slave to lust,)  
To play the whore, and then (high Heaven, it racks me !)  
To find out none to quench thy appetite  
But the most cruel king, whom next to hell  
Thy father hated, and whose black embraces  
Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of Furies !  
What canst thou look for ?

*Mart.* Death ; and 'tis not in you  
To hurt me further : my old resolution,  
Take now the place of fear ! in this I liv'd,  
In this I'll die, your daughter.

*Enter PANDULPHO, with LUCIO and Servants carrying the bodies of  
VIOLET and JULIANA upon a hearse.*

*Pand.* Look but here !  
You had, I know, a guilty hand in this ;  
Repent it, lady.

*Mart.* Juliana dead !  
And Violet !

*Pand.* By her unwilling hand.

*Mart.* Fates, you are equal<sup>c</sup> !—What can now fall on me,  
That I will shrink at ? now unmov'd I dare  
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee  
To ask your pardon : let your rage run higher  
Than billows rais'd up by a violent tempest,  
And be, as that is, deaf to all entreaties :  
They are dead, and I prepar'd ; for in their fall  
All my desires are summ'd up.

*Duke.* Impudent too ?

Die in it, wretch !

[*Offers to kill her.*

<sup>c</sup> equal] i. e. just.

*Boats.* Stay, sir.

[*Boatswain kills her.*]

*Duke.* How dar'st thou, villain,  
Snatch from my sword the honour of my justice ?

*Boats.* I never did you better service, sir ;  
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess  
That she deserv'd to die ; but by whose hand ?  
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,  
It could not make you innocent, had you done it :  
In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime  
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you !  
And in that love I did it.

*Duke.* Thou art noble ;  
I thank thee for 't. The thought of her die with her !

*Asc.* My turn is next : since she could find no mercy,  
What am I to expect ? [Aside.]

*First Cit.* With one voice, sir,  
The citizens salute you with the style  
Of King of Naples.

*Duke.* I must be excus'd ;  
The burden is too heavy for my shoulder<sup>d</sup> :  
Bestow it where 'tis due.—Stand forth, Ascanio :  
It does belong to you ; live long and wear it :  
And, warn'd by the example of your uncle,  
Learn that you are to govern men, not beasts ;  
And that it is a most improvident head  
That strives to hurt the limbs that do support it.—  
Give burial to the dead. For me and mine,  
We will again to sea, and never know  
The place which in my birth first gave me woe.

[*Flourish trumpets. Exeunt.*]

<sup>d</sup> *shoulder*] Silently altered by Weber to “shoulders”.—“And the government shall be upon his *shoulder*”. *Isaiah*, ix. 6.

THE  
HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

*The Humorous Lieutenant.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragi-comedy.*"

*Demetrius and Enanthe, Being the Humorous Lieutenant, a play, by John Fletcher: published from a manuscript dated 1625, and containing passages never before printed. Edited by The Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. London: Thomas Rodd, Great Newport Street. MDCCCXXX.—(Title of the MS.—Demetrius and Enanthe a pleasant comedie written by John Fletcher, Gent.)*

In the notes on the play I have referred to this publication as "MS."



*The Humorous Lieutenant* may be confidently attributed to Fletcher alone: the testimony of Lovelace, Gardiner, and Hills, who ascribe it wholly to that poet, is indeed of little consequence; but the authority of the MS. (see preceding page), which declares it to be "written by John Fletcher", is of the greatest weight. The date of its first production on the stage cannot be ascertained.

"The character of the Humorous Lieutenant," says Langbaine, "refusing to fight after he was cured of his Wounds, resembles the Story of the Souldier belonging to Lucullus describ'd in the *Epistles* of Horace, lib. 2. Ep. 2., but the very story is related in Ford's *Apothegms*, p. 30<sup>a</sup>. How near the poet keeps to the Historian, I must leave to those that will compare the Play with the Writers of the Lives of Antigonus and Demetrius, the Father and the Son. See Plutarch's *Life of Demetrius*, Diodorus, Justin, Appian, &c." *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 209.

This play continued long a favourite with the public. A droll taken from it, and entitled *Forced Valour*, which was performed during the suppression of the theatres, may be found in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 37<sup>b</sup> (see vol. i. 200 of the present work). After the Restoration *The Humorous Lieutenant* enjoyed much popularity: it was the first play that was acted, and that for twelve nights successively, at the opening of the theatre in Drury Lane, April 8, 1663. Langbaine (*ubi supra*) says, that he had "often seen it acted with applause." The Editors of 1778 inform us that it "used, until a few years past, to be sometimes acted at the theatre in Covent Garden." In 1817 an alteration of it was brought out at the last-mentioned theatre, but with slight success.

<sup>a</sup> See a note by Reed on act iii. sc. 3.

<sup>b</sup> In the Catalogue at the end of the vol. it is wrongly stated to be taken from *A King and No King*.



## PROLOGUE.

---

WOULD some man would instruct me what to say !  
For this same prologue, usual to a play,  
Is tied to such an old form of petition,  
Men must say nothing now beyond commission ;  
The cloaks<sup>a</sup> we wear, the legs<sup>b</sup> we make, the place  
We stand in, must be one, and one the face,—  
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded ; if it be,  
A general hiss hangs on our levity.  
We have a play, a new play, to play now,  
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow ;  
We bow to beg your suffrage and kind ear.  
If it were naught, or that it might appear  
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,  
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.  
Let them speak then have power to stop a storm ;  
I never lov'd to feel a house so warm.  
But for the play, if you dare credit me,  
I think it well : all new things you shall see,  
And those dispos'd to all the mirth that may ;  
And short enough we hope : and such a play  
You were wont to like. Sit nobly, then, and see :  
If it miscarry, pray, look not for me.

<sup>a</sup> *cloaks*] i. e. the black velvet cloaks worn by the speakers of prologues : see Prologue to  
*The Woman-Hater*, vol. i.

<sup>b</sup> *legs*] i. e. bows.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ANTIGONUS, king of Asia Minor.

DEMETRIUS, his son.

SELEUCUS,	}	Kings, sharers with ANTIGONUS of the dominions of Alex- ander the Great.
LYSIMACHUS,		
PTOLEMY,		

LEONTIUS, an old warrior.

TIMON,

CHARINTHUS,	}	Courtiers.
MENIPPUS,		

LIEUTENANT.

Ambassadors.

Magician.

Physicians.

Ushers.

Citizens.

Host.

Lords.

Gentlemen.

Herald, Trumpet, Soldiers, Grooms,  
and Attendants.

Spirits.

ENANTHE, under the name of CELIA,  
daughter to SELEUCUS.

LEUCIPPE, wife to MENIPPUS.

Maids, attending on her.

Governess to CELIA.

A Country Woman.

PHŒBE, her daughter.

Citizens' Wives.

Ladies.

SCENE—*Asia Minor.*

*The principal actors were—*

Henry Condel.  
John Lowin.  
Richard Sharpe.  
Robert Benfield.

Joseph Taylor.  
William Egglestone.  
John Underwood.  
Thomas Pollard.

Fol. 1679.

THE  
HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The capital.—The audience-chamber in the Palace.*

---

*Enter two Ushers, and Grooms with perfumes*<sup>a</sup>.

*First Usher.* Round, round, perfume it round ; quick. Look  
ye diligently

The state<sup>b</sup> be right. Are these the richest cushions ?

Fie, fie ! who waits i' the wardrobe ?

*Sec. Usher.* But, pray, tell me,  
Do you think for certain these ambassadors  
Shall have this morning audience ?

*First Usher.* They shall have it !  
Lord, that you live at court, and understand not !  
I tell you, they must have it.

*Sec. Usher.* Upon what necessity ?

<sup>a</sup> *Grooms with perfumes*] MS. has "Seruants, w<sup>th</sup> perfumes, &c."

<sup>b</sup> *The state*] "Neither the last editors [of 1778] nor Mr. Mason are right in their explanation of this word. It is neither the state-chair, or throne, nor the canopy under which it is placed, but a raised platform upon which the throne, with the canopy over it, was placed. Mr. Gifford observes [note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 16, ed. 1813], that the word is used in the first edition of Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, and that it occurs, for the last time, in Swift's *History of John Bull*." WEBER. The explanation of the Editors of 1778, "the state-chair, or throne", cannot be termed wrong, though they ought to have added that the chair was "raised." Mason's interpretation, "the canopy under which the throne is placed", is what the word sometimes signifies, but certainly not in the present passage.

*First Usher.* Still you are off the trick<sup>c</sup> of court: sell your place,  
And sow your grounds; you are not for this tillage.—

*Enter Ladies and Gentlemen*<sup>d</sup>.

Make all things perfect: would you have these ladies,  
They that come here to see the show, these beauties  
That have been labouring to set off their sweetness,  
And wash'd and curl'd, perfum'd, and taken glisters  
For fear a flaw of wind might overtake 'em,  
Lose these and all their expectations<sup>e</sup>?——  
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;  
There you may see at ease.

*Ladies.* We thank you, sir. [*Exeunt Ladies and Gentlemen.*]

*First Usher.* Would you have all these slighted? who  
should report, then,  
The ambassadors were handsome men? his beard a neat one<sup>f</sup>;  
The fire of his eyes quicker than lightning,  
And, where<sup>g</sup> it breaks, as blasting; his legs, though little ones,  
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?  
Who shall commend<sup>h</sup> their clothes? who shall take notice  
Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?  
You live a raw man here.

*Sec. Usher.* I think I do so.

*Enter two Citizens and Wives*<sup>i</sup>.

*First Usher.* Why, whither would ye all press?

<sup>c</sup> *are off the trick*] So MS.—The first folio has “*are of the tricke*”.—The second “*are out of the trick*”; and so Theobald.

<sup>d</sup> *Enter Ladies and Gentlemen*] MS. has “*Enter 2 or 3 Ladies.*”

<sup>e</sup> *Make all things perfect, &c.*

*Lose these and all their expectations*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.—In this passage “*a flaw of wind*” means—a gust of wind.

<sup>f</sup> *The ambassadors were handsome men? his beard a neat one, &c.*] Here I have followed the metrical arrangement of the MS.—“In speaking these lines, the emphasis must be laid on the word ‘*his*’, to shew that the praises they contain are to be applied to different persons, not all to one man; and, for the same reason, that word should be printed in Italics.” MASON. Weber, accordingly, gave “*his*” in Italics.

<sup>g</sup> *where*] So MS.—Both the folios “*when*”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>h</sup> *commend*] MS. “*survey*”.

<sup>i</sup> *Enter two Citizens and Wives*] MS. has “*Enter diuers Cittizens and their wives*”.

*First Cit.* Good master usher—

*Sec. Cit.* My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours here—

*First Usher.* Prithee, begone, thou and thy honest neighbours :

'Thou look'st like an ass : why, whither would you, fish-face ?

*Sec. Cit.* If I might have but the honour to see you at my poor house, sir,

A capon<sup>j</sup> bridled and saddled, I'll assure your worship,

A shoulder of mutton and a pottle of wine, sir :

I knew<sup>k</sup> your brother ; he was as like you,

And shot the best at butts—

*First Usher.* A [pox]<sup>i</sup> upon thee !

*Sec. Cit.* Some music I'll assure you too ; my toy, sir, Can play o' the virginals<sup>m</sup>.

*First Usher.* Prithee, good toy, Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-blown ; And, shoulder, take thy flap along ; here's no place for ye.— Nay, then, you had best be knock'd. [Beats them out.

*Enter CELIA<sup>n</sup>.*

*Celia.* I would fain see him :

The glory of this place makes me remember—

But, die those thoughts, die all but my desires !

<sup>j</sup> *First Usher.* *Prithee, begone, thou and thy honest neighbours : Thou look'st like an ass : why, whither would you, fish-face ?*

*Sec. Cit.* *If I might have but the honour to see you at my poor house, sir, A capon, &c.]* So arranged in the MS.—In both the folios, the words, "*If I might have*" stand on a line by themselves ; and the Editors of 1778 and Weber regulate the whole thus ;

"1 *Usher.* Prithee, begone,  
Thou and thy honest neighbours ; thou look'st like an ass.  
Why, whither would you, fish-face ?

2 *Cit.* If I might have  
But the honour to see you at my poor house, sir,  
A capon," &c.

The arrangement of the MS. is doubtless the right one : in the comic dialogue of these plays we frequently meet with lines which are greatly over-measure.

<sup>k</sup> *knew]* Both the folios "know" (this line is not in the MS.).

<sup>i</sup> *pox]* A break here in both the folios (this speech is not in the MS.).

<sup>m</sup> *the virginals]* An instrument of the spinnet kind : see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

<sup>n</sup> *Enter Celia]* MS. adds "*in poore attire*".



Even those to death are sick too. He's not here,  
Nor how my eyes may guide me—— [Aside.]

*First Usher*<sup>o</sup>. What's your business?—

Who keeps the outward door there? here's fine shuffling!—  
You waistcoateer<sup>p</sup>, you must go back.

*Celia*. There is not,  
There cannot be,—six days, and never see me!—  
There must not be desire [Aside].—Sir, do you think  
That if you had a mistress——

*First Usher*. Death, she is mad!

*Celia*. And were yourself an honest man——It cannot——  
[Aside.]

*First Usher*. What a devil hast thou to do with me or my  
honesty?

*Celia*. I crave your mercy; I meant no such thing to you:  
But, if you were a gentleman——

*Sec. Usher*. Alas, poor woman!

Pray, do not thrust her so.

*Celia*. Nay, even continue,  
And do not let your office fall, sir, I beseech you,  
For want of indiscretion and ill manners:  
You would have made a notable sturdy beadle.

*First Usher*. She must go out.

*Celia*. I am out already, sir,  
Out of my wits, you say: pray Heaven it prove not,  
If this fell fit afflict me<sup>q</sup>!

*First Usher*. Will you be jogging,  
Good nimble-tongue?—My<sup>r</sup> fellow door-keeper!

*Sec. Usher*. Prithee, let her alone.

*First Usher*. The king is coming;  
And shall we have an agent from the suburbs<sup>s</sup>  
Come to crave audience too?

<sup>o</sup> *First Usher*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "2 Usher."

<sup>p</sup> *waistcoateer*] i. e. strumpet of the lowest kind: see note, vol. i. 39.

<sup>q</sup> *Celia*. *I crave your mercy, &c.*

*If this fell fit afflict me*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

<sup>r</sup> *My*] So both the folios and MS.: but *qy*. "Why"?

<sup>s</sup> *the suburbs*] Which, in all great towns, are the resort of harlots.

*Celia.* Before, I thought you  
To have a little breeding, some tang<sup>t</sup> of gentry,  
And did forgive that hereditary folly  
Belongs to your place<sup>u</sup>; but now I take you plainly,  
Without the help of any pèrspective<sup>v</sup>,  
For that you cannot alter.

*First Usher.* What's that?

*Celia.* An ass, sir: you bray as like one,  
And, by my troth, methinks, as you stand now,  
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me  
Just with that kind of gravity and wisdom.  
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,  
But, if ever any of that butter stick to your bread—

*Sec. Usher.* You must be modester.

*Celia.* Let him use me nobler,  
And wear good clothes to do good offices;  
They hang upon a fellow of his virtue  
As though they hung on gibbets.

*Sec. Usher.* A parlous<sup>w</sup> wench!

*First Usher.* Thrust her into a corner; I'll no more on her.

*Sec. Usher.* You have enough.—Go, pretty maid, stand close,  
And use that little tongue with a little more temper.

*Celia.* I thank you, sir.

*Sec. Usher.* When the shows are past<sup>x</sup>,  
I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,—  
A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!—  
And there we'll be as merry! Can you be merry?

*Celia.* Oh, very merry, sir<sup>y</sup>!

*Sec. Usher.* Only ourselves;  
This churlish fellow shall not know.

<sup>t</sup> tang] i. e. taste, tincture.

<sup>u</sup> And did forgive that hereditary folly  
Belongs to your place] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

<sup>v</sup> pèrspective] i. e. perspective glass.

<sup>w</sup> parlous] i. e. perilous—dangerously shrewd. So MS.—Both the folios “perilous”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>x</sup> shows are past] So the first folio.—The second has “show's past”; and so Theobald.—MS. reads “showes are past ye”.

<sup>y</sup> sir] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

*Celia.* By no means.

*Sec. Usher.* And can you love a little?

*Celia.* Love exceedingly:

I have cause to love you dear, sir<sup>y</sup>.

*Sec. Usher.* Then I'll carry you,  
And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,  
The lodgings, gardens, and the walks; and then, sweet,  
You shall tell me where you lie.

*Celia.* Yes, marry, will I.

*Sec. Usher.* And 't shall go hard but I'll send you a venison  
pasty,  
And bring a bottle of wine along.

*First Usher.* Make room there!

*Sec. Usher.* Room there afore!—Stand close; the train is  
coming.

*Celia.* Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, MENIPPUS, *and* Attendants.

Yet, yet I see him not. Oh, what a misery

Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

[*Aside.*

*Ant.* Conduct in the ambassadors.

*First Usher.* Make room there! [*Exeunt* Attendants.

*Ant.* They shall not wait long answer<sup>z</sup>.

*Celia.* Yet he comes not.

[*Flourish.*

*Enter three* Ambassadors, *with* Attendants.

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes

Follow to make these wonders<sup>a</sup>? Oh, good gods!

What would these look like, if my love were here?

But I am fond<sup>b</sup>, forgetful.

[*Aside.*

<sup>y</sup> *to love you dear, sir*] The first folio has no point except after "sir".—In the second folio the words happen to be pointed, "*love you, dear sir*"; and so the modern editors!

<sup>z</sup> *wait long answer*] Silently altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*long wait answer*"; and so Weber.

<sup>a</sup> *to make these wonders*] Mason advises that a comma should be put after "*these*", to make the meaning clear: but the meaning is evident enough without such improper punctuation.

<sup>b</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

*Ant.* Now your grievances<sup>c</sup> ;  
Speak short, and have as short despatch.

*First Amb.* Then thus, sir :  
In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,  
You have done injustice, broke the bonds<sup>d</sup> of concord ;  
And from their equal shares (from Alexander  
Parted, and so possess'd) you have hedg'd in  
(Not like a brother, but an open enemy)  
Whole provinces<sup>e</sup> ; mann'd<sup>f</sup> and maintain'd these injuries ;  
And daily<sup>g</sup> with your sword, though they still honour you,  
Make bloody roads<sup>h</sup>, take towns, and ruin castles ;  
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

*Sec. Amb.* We, therefore,  
As yet the ministers of peace, of friendship,  
As yet our masters' swords and angers sleeping,  
All former injuries forgot and buried,  
As yet to stop that swelling tide of blood,  
(Oh, mighty sir !) that when it comes, like tempests  
Broke from the raging north, beats all before it,  
We yet crave restitution of those lands,  
Those cities sack'd, those prisoners, and that prey  
The soldier by your will stands master of<sup>i</sup>.  
Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,

<sup>c</sup> *grievances*] So MS.—Both the folios “grievance” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *bonds*] Silently altered by Weber to “bounds” !

<sup>e</sup> (from Alexander

*Parted, and so possess'd*) you have hedg'd in

(*Not like a brother, but an open enemy*)

*Whole provinces*] So MS.—Both the folios have,

“from Alexander

*Parted, and so possess'd, not like a brother,*

*But as an open enemy, ye have hedged in*

*Whole provinces*” ;

and so the modern editors.—“*Parted*’ here means *divided into parts*.” *Ed.* 1778.—Weber suspects that we should read “*by Alexander parted*” : but the division in question was not made by Alexander.

<sup>f</sup> *mann'd*] i. e. strengthened.

<sup>g</sup> *daily*] Weber printed “duly” !

<sup>h</sup> *roads*] i. e. inroads.

<sup>i</sup> *We, therefore, &c.*

*The soldier by your will stands master of*] So MS. (except that in the seventh line it has “*all before 'em*”, and in the last line “*The soldiers*”).—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

You late held<sup>j</sup> with our masters ; think of that strength,  
 When you were all one body, all one mind ;  
 When all your swords struck one way ; when your angers,  
 Like<sup>k</sup> so many brother-billows, rose together,  
 And, curling up your foaming crests, defied  
 Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em :  
 Oh, think of these ! and you that have been conquerors,  
 That ever led your fortunes open-ey'd,  
 Chain'd fast by confidence ; you that Fame courted ;  
 Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,  
 Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye !

*Third Amb.* Choose which you will, or peace or war :—  
 though rather

I could afford your age so much discretion  
 To leave off brawling now : the wars are doubtful ;  
 And on our horsemen's staves Death looks as grimly  
 As on your keen-edg'd swords ; our darts sure-pointed,  
 And from our sinewy bows we can raise showers  
 Of bloody shafts shall hide the face of heaven,  
 And cast as deep eclipses o'er the day  
 And terrible as yours ; our strengths are equal,  
 Our hopes as high and wanton ; even our men  
 The same in labours and in sufferance ;  
 Hunger they dare condemn as well as yours,  
 And, where they find no meat, feed on their angers ;  
 March on the edge of danger ; rest and sleep  
 (The souls of soft and tender bodies) they  
 Shake off as well as yours ; and when tir'd nature  
 Locks up their spirits, yet, like storms far off,  
 Even in their rest they raise a warlike murmur<sup>l</sup> :—  
 We come prepar'd for either.

<sup>j</sup> *You late held*] So MS.—The first folio “Yourselfe hold”.—The second “Yourself held” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>k</sup> *Like*] “This worse than superfluous ‘Like’ is very like an interpolation of some matter-of-fact critic—all *pus, prose atque venenum*. The ‘your’ in the next line, instead of ‘their’, is likewise yours, Mr. Critic !” Coleridge’s *Remains*, ii. 302. But the MS. agrees here exactly with the two folios.

<sup>l</sup> *though rather*

*I could afford your age, &c.*

*Even in their rest they raise a warlike murmur*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

*First Usher.* Room for the prince there !

*Celia.* Was it the prince they said? how my heart trembles<sup>m</sup> !

*Enter DEMETRIUS with a javelin in his hand, and Gentlemen.*

'Tis he, indeed : what a sweet noble fierceness  
Dwells in his eyes ! young Meleager-like,  
When he return'd from slaughter<sup>n</sup> of the boar,  
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,  
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.  
Who could deny him love ?

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Hail, royal father !

*Ant.* You are welcome from your sport, sir.—Do you see  
this gentleman,

You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earthquakes,  
To shake and totter my designs ? Can you imagine,  
You men of poor and common apprehensions,  
Whilst I admit this man, my son, this nature,  
That in one look carries more fire and fierceness  
Than all your masters' lives<sup>o</sup> ; dare I admit him,  
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,  
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him<sup>p</sup>,  
And all hopes hang about his head ; thus place him,  
His weapon hatch'd<sup>q</sup> in blood ; all these attending  
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden,  
In any expedition he shall point 'em,  
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding ;  
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy ?  
Fear your great master ? yours ? or yours ?

*Dem.* Oh, Hercules !

Who says you do, sir ? is there any thing  
In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,  
Able to work such wonders ?

<sup>m</sup> trembles] So MS.—Both the folios “trembled” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>n</sup> from slaughter] Weber chose to print “from the slaughter” !

<sup>o</sup> masters' lives] So MS.—Both the folios “masters in their lives” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> cry him] “i. e. cry him up, speak loudly in his praise.” WEBER.

hatch'd] Equivalent to—coloured, stained : see note, vol. iii. 32.



*Celia.* Now a god speaks<sup>r</sup> !

Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever ! [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* You call 'em kings : they never wore those royalties,  
Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet  
At any thought of king ; imperial dignities,  
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,  
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,  
Than I can with this mortal hand hold heaven :  
Poor petty men ! nor have I yet forgot  
The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em :  
Lysimachus, your master, at his<sup>s</sup> best,  
His highest, and his hopeful'st dignities,  
Was but grand-master of the elephants ;  
Seleucus of the treasure ; and for Ptolemy,  
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,  
Some master of munition<sup>t</sup> : and must these men—

*Celia.* What a brave confidence flows from his spirit !  
Oh, sweet young man ! [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* Must these hold pace<sup>u</sup> with us,  
And on the same file<sup>v</sup> hang their memories<sup>w</sup> ?  
Must these examine what the wills of kings are ?  
Prescribe to their desires<sup>x</sup>, and chain their actions  
To their restraints ? be friends and foes when they please ?  
Send out their thunders and their menaces,  
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs ?—  
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,  
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em  
Their barren countries, ruin their vast<sup>y</sup> cities ;  
And tell 'em, out of love we mean to leave 'em,

<sup>r</sup> *Now a god speaks*] So MS.—The first folio has “*Now 'a speaks*”. The second “*Now he speaks*” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>s</sup> *his*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio has “*the*” ; and so Theobald.

<sup>t</sup> *munition*] So MS. ; and so Theobald from conjecture.—The folios have “*amunition*” and “*ammunition*” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>u</sup> *pace*] Altered by Theobald to “*place*”.

<sup>v</sup> *file*] So MS. and second folio.—The first folio “*field*”.

<sup>w</sup> *memories*] i. e. memorials.

<sup>x</sup> *desires*] So MS.—The folios “*designes*” and “*designs*” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>y</sup> *vast*] So both the folios and MS.—Silently altered by Theobald to “*waste*” ;



Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on  
 Than they have able wits and powers to manage ;  
 And so we shall befriend 'em.—Ha ! what does she there ?

[*Aside.*

*First Amb.* This is your answer, king ?

*Ant.* 'Tis like to prove so.

*Dem.* Fie, sweet ! what make you here ? [*Aside to CELIA.*

*Celia.* Pray you, do not chide me.

*Dem.* You do yourself much wrong, and me.

*Celia.* Pray you, pardon me :

I feel my fault, which only was committed  
 Through my dear love to you. I have not seen you,  
 (And how can I live, then ?) I have not spoke to you—

*Dem.* I know, this week you have not. I will redeem all :  
 You are so tender now ! think where you are, sweet.

*Celia.* What other light have I left ?

*Dem.* Prithee, Celia,—

Indeed, I'll see you presently.

*Celia.* I have done, sir.

You will not miss ?

*Dem.* By this, and this, I will not. [*Kisses her.*

*Celia.* 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.

*Dem.* No more of these assemblies.

*Celia.* I am commanded.

*First Usher.* Room for the lady there !—Madam, my service—

*First Gent.* My coach, an't please you, lady—

*Sec. Usher.* Room before, there !

*Sec. Gent.* The honour, madam, but to wait upon you—

My servants and my state<sup>z</sup>——

*Celia.* Lord, how they flock now !

Before, I was afraid they would have beat me :

How these flies play i' the sun-shine ! [*Aside*].—Pray ye, no  
 services ;

Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses,

so the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber, who thinks “ the alteration is certainly proper.” But “ *vast* ” is here equivalent to “ waste ”.

<sup>z</sup> *My servants and my state*] “ These words are properly given to the Second Gentleman in the second folio. In the first, they formed part of Celia's speech.”

WEBER.

Seek out some beauty that affects 'em. Fare ye well<sup>a</sup> :  
 Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen ; I am old enough  
 To go alone at these years without crutches. [Exit.

*Sec. Usher.* Well, I could curse now : but that will not  
 help me :

I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately—  
 Do but consider how the devil has cross'd me !

"Meat for my master," she cries. Well——

*Third Amb.* Once more, sir,

We ask your resolutions ; peace or war yet ?

*Dem.* War, war, my noble father !

*First Amb<sup>b</sup>.* Thus I fling it :

And, fair-ey'd Peace, farewell !

*Ant.* You have your answers<sup>c</sup>.——

Conduct out the ambassadors, and give 'em convoys.

*Dem.* Tell your high-hearted masters, they shall not seek us,  
 Nor cool i' the field in expectation of us ;

We'll ease your men those marches : in their strengths,  
 And full abilities of mind and courage,

We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.

*Third Amb.* You will find so hot a soldier's welcome, sir,  
 Your favour shall not freeze.

*Sec. Amb.* A forward gentleman :  
 Pity the wars<sup>d</sup> should bruise such hopes.

*Ant.* Conduct 'em. [Exeunt Ambassadors with Attendants.  
 Now, for this preparation : where's Leontius ?  
 Call him in presently ; for I mean in person<sup>e</sup>,  
 [Exit an Attendant.

Myself, with my old fortune——

<sup>a</sup> *Fare ye well*] So MS.—Both the folios "Farewell" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>b</sup> *First Amb.*] So both the folios.—MS. "*Emb.*"—The Editors of 1778 chose to give this speech to "*Ant.*"—Weber observes that "Antigonus would not have exclaimed "fair-ey'd Peace, farewell!" he being from the beginning determined for war".

<sup>c</sup> *answers*] So MS.—Both the folios "answer" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *wars*] So both the folios and MS.—Silently altered to "war" by the modern editors.

<sup>e</sup> *in person*] So MS.—Both the folios "*in person* Gentlemen" ; and so the modern editors.

*Dem.* Royal sir,  
 Thus low I beg that<sup>f</sup> honour. Fame already  
 Hath every where rais'd trophies to your glory,  
 And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following  
 The weary marches and the bloody shocks  
 You daily set her in : 'tis now scarce honour  
 For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,  
 To sparkle<sup>g</sup> such poor people. The royal eagle,  
 When she hath tried<sup>h</sup> her young ones 'gainst the sun,  
 And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey ;  
 How to command on wing, and check below her  
 Even birds of noble plume : I am your own, sir ;  
 You have found my spirit ; try it now, and teach me<sup>i</sup>  
 To stoop whole kingdoms<sup>j</sup>. Leave a little for me ;  
 Let not your glory be so greedy, sir,  
 To eat up all my hopes : you gave me life ;  
 If to that life you add not what 's more lasting,  
 A noble name, for man you have made a shadow.  
 Bless me this day : bid me go on, and lead ;  
 Bid me go on, no less fear'd than Antigonus ;  
 And to my maiden sword tie fast your fortune ;  
 I know 'twill fight itself then. Dear sir, honour me :  
 Never fair virgin long'd so.

[*Kneels.*

*Ant.* Rise, and command, then ; [DEM. rises.  
 And be as fortunate as I expect you :  
 I love that noble will. Your young companions,  
 Bred up and foster'd with you, I hope, Demetrius,  
 You will make soldiers too ; they must not leave you.

*Sec. Gent.* Never till life leave us, sir.

<sup>f</sup> *that*] So MS.—Both the folios “this” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>g</sup> *sparkle*] “i. e. scatter, disperse [as before, see note, p. 25.]” THEOBALD.

<sup>h</sup> *tried*] “The Editors [of 1778] have not altered the text, but suspect that the right word is ‘tired’, not ‘tried’, as the whole passage is an allusion to falconry. But to *tire*, in falconry, is to prey upon [see note, vol. iii. 383], which would not be sense in this place. To *prey upon against the sun* would be absolute nonsense.” MASON.

<sup>i</sup> *me*] So MS.—Both the folios “it” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>j</sup> *To stoop whole kingdoms*] “Theobald says, that this means, to make whole kingdoms stoop. But that is not the meaning : the image here is taken from falconry. When a hawk descends upon her prey, she is said to *stoop* ; and Demetrius means to request that his father would teach him to make whole kingdoms his quarry.” MASON. See note, p. 12.

*Enter LEONTIUS, with Attendant.*

*Ant.* Oh, Leontius,  
Here 's work for you in hand !

*Leon.* I am even right glad, sir ;  
For, by my troth, I am now grown old with idleness.  
I hear we shall abroad, sir.

*Ant.* Yes, and presently :  
But who, think you, commands now ?

*Leon.* Who commands, sir !  
Methinks, mine eye should guide me. Can there be,  
If you yourself will spare him so much honour,  
Any found out to lead before your armies  
So full of faith and fire as brave Demetrius ?  
King Philip's son, at his years, was an old soldier :  
'Tis time his fortune be a-wing<sup>k</sup> ; high time, sir ;  
So many idle hours as here he loiters,  
So many ever-living names he loses :  
I hope 'tis he.

*Ant.* 'Tis he, indeed ; and nobly  
He shall set forward. Draw you all those garrisons  
Upon the frontiers as you pass ; to those  
Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers ;  
And, as you go, press all the provinces.

*Leon.* We shall not need : believe 't<sup>l</sup>, this hopeful gentleman  
Can want no swords nor honest hearts to follow him :  
We shall be full, no fear, sir.

*Ant.* You, Leontius,  
Because you are an old and faithful servant,  
And know the wars, with all his vantages<sup>m</sup>,  
Be near to his instructions<sup>n</sup> ; lest his youth  
Lose Valour's best companion, staid Discretion :

<sup>k</sup> *a-wing*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio has “o' wing”.—The modern editors print “o' th' wing”.

<sup>l</sup> *believe 't*] So MS.—The folios “beleeve” and “believe” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>m</sup> *And know the wars, with all his vantages*] “We should read, ‘And know the war, with all his vantages.’” MASON.—An alteration adopted by Weber : but the MS. agrees with the two folios in having “the Warrs” ; and so, I believe, the author wrote.

<sup>n</sup> *instructions*] “We should surely read ‘instruction’.” MASON.—Not only both the folios, but the MS. also, have “instructions”.

Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety ;  
 In execution not to break nor scatter,  
 But with a provident anger follow nobly ;  
 Not covetous of blood and death, but honour :  
 Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,  
 And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour.—  
 Love him, and think it no dishonour, my Demetrius,  
 To wear this jewel near thee ; he is a tried one,  
 And one that, even in spite of time, that sunk him  
 And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,  
 And with the proudest of thine enemies  
 Exchange for blood, and bravely : take his counsel.

*Leon.* Your grace hath made me young again and wanton.

*Ant.* Did not you mark a woman my son riss to ?

*Char.* I saw her, sir.

*Ant.* Do you know her ?

*Char.* No, believe 't, sir.

*Ant.* Did you observe her, Timon ?

*Tim.* I look'd on her :

But what she is——

*Ant.* I must have that found.

*Tim.* Well, sir.

*Ant.* When you have done, come in and take your leave, sir,  
 And some few prayers along. [To DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* I know my duty.— [Exeunt ANT., TIM., CHAR.,  
 You shall be half my father °. MEN., and Attendants.

° *Leon.* Your grace hath made me young again and wanton.

*Ant.* Did not you mark a woman my son riss to ?

*You shall be half my father*] —riss, i. e. rose ; as before, see notes, vol. iv. 7, 97.—So MS., except that it prefixes "*Gent.*" (which certainly means either Charinthus or Menippus) to the third and fifth of these speeches, and omits the word "And" before "some few prayers along".—The first folio has ;

"*Leo.* Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

*Ant.* She must be known and suddenly ; when you have done  
 Come in and take your leave sir, and some few  
 Prayers along.

*Ant.* Do ye know her ?

*Gent. Char.* No, beleeve sir.

*Ant.* Did you observe her Tymon ?

*Tym.* I look'd on her,  
 But what she is—

*Leon.* All your servant.—

Come, gentlemen, you are resolv'd, I am sure,  
To see these wars.

*First Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,  
Though most assurèd death hung round about us.

*Leon.* That bargain 's yet to make.  
Be not too hasty when ye face the enemy,  
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly ;  
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies,  
And you shall see what sport we 'll make these madcaps :  
Ye shall have game enough, I warrant ye ;  
Every man's cock shall fight.

*Dem.* I must go see her <sup>P</sup>.— [ *Aside.*  
Brave sir, as soon as I have taken leave,  
I 'll meet you in the park : draw the men thither.—  
Wait you upon Leontius.

*Gentlemen.* We 'll attend, sir.

*Leon.* But, I beseech your grace, with speed ; the sooner  
We are i' the field——

*Dem.* You could not please me better. [ *Exit.*

*Leon.* You never saw the wars yet ?

*Ant.* I must have that found.

*Tym.* Well sir.

*Dem.* I know my duty, [ *Exit Ant.*

You shall be halfe my father."

The second folio reads ;

" *Leo.* Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

*Ant.* She must be known and suddenly :

Do ye know her ? [ *To Minippus.*

*Gent. Char.* No, believe Sir.

*Ant.* Did you observe her, Timon ?

*Tim.* I look'd on her,

But what she is—

*Ant.* I must have that found.

Come in and take your leave.

*Tim.* And some few Prayers along.

*Dem.* I know my duty, [ *Exit Ant.*

You shall be half my father."

Theobald followed the second folio, except that he silently printed "But what she is, *sir*—".—The Editors of 1778 followed the second folio, except that they gave the speech, "And some few prayers along" to "*Leon*." ; and so Weber.

<sup>P</sup> her] So MS. ; and so the modern editors from Theobald's conjecture.—  
Both the folios "*sir*".



*First Gent.* Not yet, colonel.

*Leon.* These foolish mistresses do so hang about ye,  
So whimper and so hug, (I know it, gentlemen,)  
And so entice ye, now ye are i' the bud !  
And that sweet tilting war with eyes and kisses,  
Th' alarums of soft vows and sighs, and fiddle-faddles <sup>q</sup>,  
Spoils all our trade. You must forget these knick-knacks :  
A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye,  
She is necessary ; but make no business of her.

*Enter* LIEUTENANT.

How now, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* Oh, sir, as ill as ever !

We shall have wars, they say ; they are mustering yonder :  
Would we were at it once !—Fie, how it plagues me !

*Leon.* Here 's one has serv'd now under Captain Cupid,  
And crack'd <sup>r</sup> a pike in 's youth : you see what 's come on 't.

*Lieut.* No, my disease will never prove so honourable.

*Leon.* Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.

*Lieut.* If I have 'em,

I am sure I got 'em in the best company :  
They are pox of thirty coats.

*Leon.* Thou hast mew'd 'em <sup>s</sup> finely.—

Here 's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,  
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,  
Which I believe we may : this poor Lieutenant,  
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,  
Or what a devil it be, I 'll say this for him,  
There fights no braver soldier under sun, gentlemen :  
Shew him an enemy, his pain 's forgot straight ;  
And where <sup>t</sup> other men by beds and baths have ease,  
And easy rules of physic ; set him in a danger,  
A danger that 's a fearful one indeed,

<sup>q</sup> *Th' alarums of soft vows and sighs, and fiddle-faddles*] “The second folio unmetrically reads—‘*Th' alarms,*’ &c.; and the modern editors, instead of consulting the first edition, silently omit the first ‘*and*’.” WEBER.

<sup>r</sup> *crack'd*] MS. “trayld”.

<sup>s</sup> *mew'd 'em*] i. e. made them moult, and given them a new attire (in allusion to “*coats*”, which the Lieutenant has used in the sense of—coats of arms, but which Leontius chooses to understand as—garments). See note, p. 358.

<sup>t</sup> *where*] i. e. whereas.



Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye !  
 Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,  
 Ye have his heart ; and then he works it bravely,  
 And throughly bravely, not a pang remember'd.  
 I have seen him do such things belief would shrink at.

*First Gent.* 'Tis strange he should do<sup>s</sup> all this, and diseas'd so.

*Leon.* I am sure 'tis true.—Lieutenant, canst thou drink well ?

*Lieut.* Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel this !

*First Gent.* I would take physie.

*Lieut.* But I would know my disease first.

*Leon.* Why, it may be the colic : canst thou blow backward ?

*Lieut.* There 's never a bagpipe in the kingdom better.

*First Gent.* Is 't not a pleurisy ?

*Lieut.* 'Tis any thing

That has the devil and death in 't. Will ye march, gentlemen ?

The prince has taken leave.

*Leon.* How know you that ?

*Lieut.* I saw him leave the court, despatch his followers,  
 And met him after in a by-street : I think  
 He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over  
 Before he go. Would I had such another,  
 To draw this foolish pain down !

*Leon.* Let 's away, gentlemen ;  
 For, sure, the prince will stay us<sup>t</sup>.

*Gentlemen.* We 'll attend, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*A room in the lodgings of CELIA.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CELIA.*

*Celia.* Must you needs go ?

*Dem.* Or stay with all dishonour.

*Celia.* Are there not men enough to fight ?

<sup>s</sup> do] MS. "be".

<sup>t</sup> stay us] i. e. stay, wait, for us. So MS.—Both the folios "*stay on us*"; and so the modern editors.

*Dem.* Fie, Celia!

This ill becomes the noble love you bear me :

Would you have your love a coward ?

*Celia.* No, believe, sir ;

I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.

*Dem.* Wouldst have it thus, or thus ? [*Kisses her.*]

*Celia.* If that be fighting——

*Dem.* You wanton fool ! when I come home again,  
I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon, Celia,  
And conquer thee too.

*Celia.* That you have done already ;  
You need no other arms to me but these, sir.  
But will you fight yourself<sup>u</sup> ?

*Dem.* Thus deep in blood, wench,  
And through the thickest ranks of pikes.

*Celia.* Spur bravely  
Your fiery courser, beat the troops before you,  
And cram the mouth of Death with executions<sup>v</sup> :

*Dem.* I would do more than these. But, prithee, tell me,  
Tell me, my fair, where gott'st thou this male spirit ?  
I wonder at thy mind.

*Celia.* Were I a man, then,  
You would wonder more.

*Dem.* Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier,  
And some great leader.

<sup>u</sup> *fight yourself*] So MS.—Both the folios add “sir” (the compositor of the first folio having caught the word from the preceding line) ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>v</sup> *cram the mouth of Death with executions*] “This is an allusion to a very popular story introduced by Shakespeare, or whoever was the author of the First Part of *Sir John Oldecastle*, into that play. [It was the joint-production of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathaway.] The story is told of one of the attendants of Bogo de Clare, in the reign of Edward I. And Nashe, as Mr. Mason [*Malone, Sup. to Shakespeare*, ii. 288] observes, says he once saw Robert Greene, a facetious author of his day, ‘make an apparitor eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served ’twixt two dishes’.” WEBER.—What a strange fancy ! The meaning of “*cram the mouth of Death with executions*” is merely—gorge Death with slaughter. We have afterwards,

“And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,

In our best trim, *fill up the mouth of ruin.*” p. 446.

and,

“methought, I saw ye

Even in the jaws of *Death.*” p. 457.

*Celia.* Sure, I should do somewhat ;  
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,  
Extremely envious of your youth and honour.

*Dem.* And fight against me ?

*Celia.* Ten to one, I should do it.

*Dem.* Thou wouldst not hurt me ?

*Celia.* In this mind I am in,  
I think, I should be hardly brought to strike you ;  
Unless 'twere thus : but, in my man's mind——

*Dem.* What ?

*Celia.* I should be friends with you too, now I think better.

*Dem.* You are a tall<sup>w</sup> soldier. Here, take these, and these ;  
This gold to furnish you ; and keep this bracelet.  
Why do you weep now ? you a masculine spirit !

*Celia.* No, I confess I am a fool, a woman :  
And ever when I part with you——

*Dem.* You shall not :  
These tears are like prodigious<sup>x</sup> signs, my sweet one !  
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.

*Celia.* I hope you shall. But then, my dear Demetrius,  
When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy  
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence ;  
Say, then, your eye, surveying all your conquest,  
Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,  
A constant face, that in the midst of ruin,  
With a fore'd smile, both scorns at fate and fortune ;  
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,  
And in her figure all the sweets of nature——

*Dem.* Prithee, no more of this ; I cannot find her.

*Celia.* That shews as far beyond my wither'd beauty,  
And will run mad to love you too——

*Dem.* Do you fear me ?  
And do you think, besides this face, this beauty,  
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——

*Celia.* I dare not ;  
No, sure, I think you honest, wondrous honest :  
Pray, do not frown ; I'll swear you are.

*Dem.* You may choose.

<sup>w</sup> tall] See note, p. 80.

<sup>x</sup> prodigious] i. e. portentous.

*Celia.* But how long will you be away?

*Dem.* I know not.

*Celia.* I know you are angry now: pray, look upon me:

I'll ask no more such questions. [*Drums beat at a distance.*]

*Dem.* The drums beat;

I can no longer stay.

*Celia.* They do but<sup>y</sup> call yet:

How fain you would leave my company!

*Dem.* I would not,

Unless a greater power than Love commanded;

Commands my life, mine honour.

*Celia.* But a little!

*Dem.* Prithee, farewell, and be not doubtful of me.

*Celia.* I would not have you hurt: and you are so venturous——

But, good sweet prince, preserve yourself; fight nobly,

But do not thrust this body—('tis not yours, now,

'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek wounds, sir;

For every drop of blood you bleed——

*Dem.* I will, *Celia*,

I will be careful.

*Celia.* My heart, that loves you dearly——

*Dem.* Prithee, no more; we must part: hark, they march now! [*Drums beat a march.*]

*Celia.* Pox<sup>z</sup> on these bawling drums! I am sure you'll kiss me;

But one kiss! What a parting's this!

*Dem.* Here, take me,

And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;

But still remember, if your fooling with me

Make me forget the trust——

*Celia.* I have done: farewell, sir!

Never look back; you shall not stay, not a minute.

<sup>y</sup> but] So both the folios and MS. — "The Editors [of 1778] suspect that we ought to read '*not*'; but no amendment is required. *Celia* means to say, that the drums beat only to call the men together, not to make them march; and accordingly, when they beat a second time, Demetrius says, 'Hark, they march now'." MASON.

<sup>z</sup> Pox] MS. has "Fye": but we have already had the former exclamation put into the mouth of a lady; see vol. iv. 445.

*Dem.* I must have one farewell more.

*Celia.* No, the drums beat ;

I dare not slack your honour ; not a hand more !

Only this look : the gods preserve and save you !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, CHARINTHUS, *and* TIMON.

*Ant.* What, have you found her out ?

*Char.* We have hearken'd after her.

*Ant.* What 's that to my desire ?

*Char.* Your grace must give us  
Time and a little means.

*Tim.* She is, sure, a stranger :  
If she were bred or known here——

*Ant.* Your dull endeavours  
Should never be employ'd : how are you certain  
She is a stranger ?

*Tim.* Being so young and handsome,  
And not made privy to your grace's pleasures ;  
For, I presume, under your gracious favour,  
You have not yet, sir——

*Ant.* What, sir ?

*Tim.* As they say, sir,  
Made any sally on her, or delighted  
Your royal body——

*Ant.* You prate like a coxcomb.

*Tim.* Sure, I think I do, sir ; but, howsoever,  
I speak within my compass : in these matters  
That concern party and party, and no farther,  
That reach but to the mere instruction  
And garnishing of youth——

*Ant.* You 'll hold your prating ?

*Tim.* I know not : for these twenty years, I am sure on 't,

I think these five and twenty, I have serv'd you,  
 And serv'd you with as good and gracious pleasure,  
 Like a true subject, ever cautelous  
 That nothing you receiv'd from me to sport you  
 But should endure all tests and all translations ;  
 I think I have done so, and I think I have fitted you ;  
 And, if a coxcomb can do these things handsomer——<sup>a</sup>

*Enter MENIPPUS.*

*Ant.* Welcome, Menippus !

*Men.* I have found her, sir ;

I mean, the place she is lodg'd in : her name is Celia ;  
 And much ado I had to purchase that too.

*Ant.* Dost think Demetrius loves her ?

*Men.* Much I fear it ;

But nothing that way yet can win for certain.

I'll tell your grace within this hour.

*Ant.* A stranger ?

*Men.* Without all doubt.

*Ant.* But how should he come to her ?

*Men.* There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.

*Ant.* Hast thou been with thy wife ?

*Men.* No, sir ; I am going to her.

*Ant.* Go, and despatch, and meet me in the garden,  
 And get all out you can.

*Men.* I'll do my best, sir.

*[Exeunt ANTIGONUS and MENIPPUS severally.]*

*Tim.* Blest be thy wife ! thou wert an arrant ass else.

*Char.* Ay, she is a stirring woman indeed : there's a brain,  
 brother !

*Tim.* There's not a handsome wench of any mettle  
 Within an hundred miles, but her intelligence  
 Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her

<sup>a</sup> *how are you certain*

*She is a stranger ?*

- - - - -

*And, if a coxcomb can do these things handsomer—]*—*cautelous*, i. e. artfully cautious.—So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

As confident <sup>b</sup> to court as to a sanctuary.

What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,

Had not she beaten it out o' the flint to fasten him ?

*Char.*<sup>c</sup> They say she keeps an office of concealments <sup>d</sup>.

*Tim.* There is no young wench, let her be a saint,  
(Unless she live i' the centre <sup>e</sup>) but she finds her,  
And every way prepares addresses to her.

If my wife would have follow'd her course, Charinthus,

Her lucky course,—I had the day before him,—

Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother !

But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,

These things of honest thrift, groans, “ Oh, my conscience !

The load upon my conscience ! ” when, to make us cuckolds,

They have no more burden than a brood-geese, brother.

But let's do what we can : though this wench fail us,

Another of a new way will be look'd at <sup>f</sup>.

Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains : time may,

For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Near the field of battle. Drums and alarums within.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS.*

*Dem.* I will not see 'em fall thus : give me way, sir ;  
I shall forget you love me else.

*Leon.* Will you lose all ?

For me to be forgotten, to be hated,

Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing,

<sup>b</sup> *confident*] So MS.—Both the folios “ confidently ” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>c</sup> *Char.*] So MS.—Both the folios give this line to Timon ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *an office of concealments*] See note, vol. iii. 449.

<sup>e</sup> *the centre*] See note, p. 322.

<sup>f</sup> *Another of a new way will be look'd at*] “ We much suspect the poets [poet] wrote, ‘ of a new day ’. So, immediately after,

—————<sup>c</sup> *Time may,*

*For all his wisdom, yet give us a day ’.* Ed. 1778. The old reading (in which the MS. agrees with both the folios) is doubtless right.



So you, and those we have preserv'd from slaughter,  
Come safely off.

*Dem.* I have lost myself——

*Leon.* You are cozen'd.

*Dem.* And am most miserable.

*Leon.* There's no man so,  
But he that makes himself so.

*Dem.* I will go on.

*Leon.* You must not : I shall tell you, then,  
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern  
That cannot guide himself. You lead an army,  
That have not so much manly sufferance left you  
To bear a loss !

*Dem.* Charge but once more, Leontius :  
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.

*Leon.* Nay, give 'em lost ; I saw 'em off their horses,  
And the enemy master of their arms ; nor could then  
The policy nor strength of man redeem 'em.

*Dem.* And shall I live to <sup>g</sup> know this, and stand fooling ?

*Leon.* By my dead <sup>h</sup> father's soul, you stir not, sir !  
Or, if you do, you make your way through me first.

*Dem.* Thou art a coward.

*Leon.* To prevent a madman.  
None but your father's son durst call me so :  
'Death, if he did——Must I be scandal'd by you,  
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save you ?  
That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,  
Both search'd it out, and singled it, unedg'd it,  
For fear it should bite you ? am I a coward ?  
Go, get you up, and tell 'em you are the king's son ;  
Hang all your <sup>i</sup> lady's favours on your crest,  
And let them fight their shares ; spur to destruction,—  
You cannot miss the way ; be bravely desperate,  
As <sup>j</sup> your young friends before you that lost this battle,

<sup>g</sup> *live to*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

<sup>h</sup> *dead*] Silently altered by Theobald to "dear" ; and so Weber !

<sup>i</sup> *Hang all your*] MS. has "*Hang out your*".

<sup>j</sup> *As*] So MS.—Both the folios "And" ; and so the modern editors.

Your honourable friends that knew<sup>k</sup> no order ;  
 Cry out, " Antigonus, the old Antigonus,  
 The wise and fortunate Antigonus,  
 The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,  
 Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,  
 To bury in an hour his age of honour ! "

*Dem.* I am asham'd.

*Leon.* 'Tis ten to one, I die with you ;  
 The coward will not long be after you :  
 I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,  
 And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,  
 To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,  
 Of what a prince we had, how bravely-spirited,  
 How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you ;  
 And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,  
 In our best trim<sup>l</sup>, fill up the mouth of ruin.  
 Will this faith satisfy your folly ? can this shew you,  
 'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,  
 To fall forgotten in a multitude ?  
 If you will needs tempt Fortune, now she has held you,  
 Held you, from sinking, up——

*Dem.* Pray, do not kill me :

These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer,  
 The smarting wounds of loss.

*Leon.* You are too tender :

Fortune has hours of loss and hours of honour,  
 And the most valiant feel them both : take comfort ;  
 The next is ours ; I have a soul describes<sup>m</sup> it :  
 The angry bull never goes back for breath,  
 But when he means to arm his fury double.  
 Let this day set, but not the memory,  
 And we shall find a time——

*Enter* LIEUTENANT, *wounded.*

How now, Lieutenant ?

<sup>k</sup> *knew*] MS. "know".

<sup>l</sup> *like sacrifices,*

*In our best trim*] The author was thinking here of Shakespeare's *Henry IV. Part I.*, act iv. sc. 1,—

"They come *like sacrifices* in their trim".

<sup>m</sup> *describes*] MS. "designes".

*Lieut.* I know not; we are<sup>n</sup> maul'd; we are bravely beaten;  
All our young gallants lost.

*Leon.* Thou art hurt.

*Lieut.* I am pepper'd:

I was i' the midst of all, and bang'd of all hands;  
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;  
Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have fam'd it;  
I have got immortal fame: but I'll no more on't;  
I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.  
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;  
And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,  
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still. I am hurt plaguily:  
But now I have nothing near so much pain, colonel;  
They have slic'd me for that malady.

*Dem.* All the young men lost?

*Lieut.* I am glad you are here; but they are all i' the  
pound, sir;

They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it:  
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,  
And such careering with their mistress' favours!  
And here must he be pricking out<sup>o</sup> for honour,  
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,  
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit*;  
Another spurs in there, cries, "Make room, villains!  
I am a lord!" scarce spoken, but, with reverence,  
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him—  
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!

*Leon.* Now, sir,

Do you find this truth?

*Dem.* I would not.

*Lieut.* Pox upon it!

They have such tender bodies too, such cullises<sup>p</sup>,  
That one good handsome blow breaks 'em a-pieces<sup>q</sup>.

<sup>n</sup> *we are*] So MS.—Both the folios have "I am"; and so the modern editors: but see what follows.

<sup>o</sup> *pricking out*] i. e. spurring out, speeding out.

<sup>p</sup> *cullises*] i. e. bodies soft as jelly: a *cullis* (as already noticed) was a restorative broth, strained and made clear.

<sup>q</sup> *a-pieces*] Silently altered by the modern editors to "in pieces" (which indeed is the reading of MS.).

*Leon.* How stands the enemy ?

*Lieut.* Even cool enough too ;  
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated ;  
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.

*Leon.*<sup>r</sup> He marches not i' the tail on 's ?

*Lieut.* No ; plague take him<sup>s</sup> !  
He 'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,  
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,  
We will belabour you a little better,  
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs<sup>t</sup>.  
Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,  
Most wicked madrigals ; and, ten to one, colonel,  
Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes——

*Leon.* Thou art merry,  
Howe'er the game goes.—Good sir, be not troubled ;  
A better day will draw this back again :  
Pray, go and cheer those left, and lead 'em off ;  
They are hot and weary.

*Dem.* I 'll do any thing. [*Exit*<sup>u</sup>.

*Leon.* Lieutenant, send one presently away  
To the king, and let him know our state : and, hark you,  
Be sure the messenger advise his majesty  
To comfort up the prince ; he 's full of sadness.

*Lieut.* When shall I get a surgeon ? this hot weather,  
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, colonel.

*Leon.* Go ; I 'll prepare thee one.

*Lieut.* If you catch me, then,  
Fighting again, I 'll eat hay with a horse. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The capital. A room in the house of MENIPPUS ;  
LEUCIPPE reading, and two Maids writing, at a table.*

*Leu.* Have you written to Merione ?

*First Maid.* Yes, madam.

<sup>r</sup> *Leon*] MS. "*Dem.*"

<sup>s</sup> *No ; plague take him*] MS. "*Noe, noe, hang him*".

<sup>t</sup> *coxcombs*] "i. e. heads". WEBER. See note, p. 155.

<sup>u</sup> *Exit*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

*Leu.* And let her understand the hopes <sup>v</sup> she has,  
If she come speedily?

*First Maid.* All these are specified.

*Leu.* And of the chain is sent her,  
And the rich stuff, to make her shew more handsome here?

*First Maid.* All this is done, madam.

*Leu.* What have you despatch'd there?

*Sec. Maid.* A letter to the country maid, an 't please you.

*Leu.* A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish.  
Have you bought the embroider'd gloves and the <sup>w</sup> purse for  
her,  
And the new eurl?

*Sec. Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.

*Leu.* Her maidenhead will yield me—let me see now—

[Turning over a book.

She is not fifteen, they say—for her complexion—

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe—here I have her—*Cloe*,

[Reads.

*The daughter of a country gentleman;*

*Her age upon fifteen:* now her complexion—

*A lovely brown—here 'tis—eyes black and rolling;*

*The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,*

*Sings most enticingly:* these helps consider'd,

Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,

Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handsomely.

Her father's poor; some little share deducted,

To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.—

Who takes care of the merchant's wife?

*First Maid.* I have wrought her.

*Leu.* You know for whom she is?

*First Maid.* Very well, madam;

Though very much ado I had to make her

Apprehend that happiness.

*Leu.* Those <sup>x</sup> kind are subtle.

Did she not cry and blubber when you urg'd her?

*First Maid.* Oh, most extremely! and swore she would  
rather perish.

<sup>v</sup> *hopes*] Weber chose to print "hope".

<sup>w</sup> *the*] So MS.—Both the folios "that"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>x</sup> *Those*] So MS.—Both the folios "These"; and so the modern editors.

*Leu.* Good signs, very good signs, symptoms of easy nature.  
Had she the plate?

*First Maid.* She look'd upon 't, and left it;  
And turn'd again, and view'd it.

*Leu.* Very well still.

*First Maid.* At length she was content to let it lie there,  
Till I call'd for 't, or so.

*Leu.* She will come?

*First Maid.* Do you take me  
For such a fool, I would part without that promise?

*Leu.* The chambers <sup>x</sup> next the park.

*Sec. Maid.* The widow, madam,  
You bad me look upon——

*Leu.* Hang her, she is musty;  
She is no man's meat: beside, she is poor and sluttish.  
Where lies old Thisbe now? you are so long <sup>y</sup> now!

*Sec. Maid.* Thisbe, Thisbe, This—agent Thisbe—oh, I  
have her; [Turning over a book.  
She lies now in Nicopolis.

*Leu.* Despatch a packet,  
And tell her, her superior here commands her  
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd  
Here to our use some twenty young and handsome,  
As also able, maids, for the court service,  
As she will answer it: we are out of beauty,  
Utterly out, and rub the time away here  
With such blown <sup>z</sup> stuff, I am asham'd to vend <sup>a</sup> it.

[Knocking within.

Who 's that? look out; to <sup>b</sup> your business, maid;  
There 's nothing got by idleness. [Exit First Maid.

<sup>x</sup> *chambers*] So the first folio.—The second folio has “chamber's”; and so the modern editors.—MS. reads “chamber”.

<sup>y</sup> *so long*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio “so so long.”

<sup>z</sup> *blown*] “i. e. fly-blown.” WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *vend*] The correction of MASON.—Both the folios, and the MS. also, “send”; and so the modern editors.—That “vend” is the right reading I have not the slightest doubt: see notes, vol. iii. 164, 410, and my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 20, where I have given various instances of mistakes in words commencing with the letter v.

<sup>b</sup> *to*] MS. “follow”.



There is a lady,  
Which if I can but buckle with—Altea—  
A, A, A, A<sup>c</sup>—*Altea, young and married, [Turning over a book.*  
*And a great lover of her husband—well—*  
*Not to be brought to court.* Say you so? I am sorry :  
The court shall be brought to you, then.

*Re-enter First Maid.*

How now ! who is 't ?

*First Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending,  
A pretty girl, but out of clothes ; for a little money,  
It seems, she would put her to your bringing-up, madam.  
*Leu.* Let her come in.

*First Maid brings in Country Woman and PHÆBE.*

Would you aught with us, good woman ?  
I pray, be short ; we are full of business.

*C. Wom.* I have a tender girl here, an't please your honour——

*Leu.* Very well.

*C. Wom.* That hath a great desire to serve your worship.

*Leu.* It may be so : I am full of maids.

*C. Wom.* She is young, forsooth ;

And, for her truth, and, as they say, her bearing——

*Leu.* You say well.—Come you hither, maid ; let me feel  
your pulse :

'Tis somewhat weak ; but nature will grow stronger.

Let me see your leg ;—she treads but low i' the pasterns.

*C. Wom.* A cork heel, madam——

*Leu.* We know what will do it,

Without your aim<sup>d</sup>, good woman. What do you pitch her at ?  
She's but a slight toy<sup>e</sup> ; cannot hold out long.

*C. Wom.* Even what you think is meet.

<sup>c</sup> *A, A, A, A,*] “The list was alphabetical, which accounts for her repeating the letter A in this manner when she is looking for *Altea*.” WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> *aim*] MS. “*help*”.

<sup>e</sup> *She's but a slight toy, &c.*] “‘This examination,’ says Sir Richard Steele, ‘of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy, though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe’s baseness more odious.’ *Spectator*, vol. iv., No. 266.” REED.



*Leu.* Give her ten crowns ; we are full of business :  
She is a poor woman ; let her take a cheese home.  
Enter the wench i' the office.

[*Exeunt C. Woman and First Maid.*]

*Sec. Maid.* What's your name, sister ?

*Phæbe.* Phœbe, forsooth.

*Leu.* A pretty name ; 'twill do well :

Go in, and let the other maid instruct you, Phœbe.

[*Exit PHŒBE.*]

Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her,  
(I'll put her into action,) for a waistcoat<sup>f</sup> :  
And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace  
Shall sail for gold, and good store too. [*Knocking within.*  
Who's there ?

Lord, shall we never have any ease in this world ?  
Still troubled ! still molested !

*Enter MENIPPUS.*

What would you have ?

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able ;  
An you were my husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.  
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning  
For several parts of the kingdom ; I can do no more  
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

*Men.* Prithee, good sweetheart——

I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee ;  
I know, thou labour'st truly : hark in thine ear. [*Whispers.*

*Leu.* Ha !

<sup>f</sup> *Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her,*

(*I'll put her into action,*) *for a waistcoat*] So the passage is rightly pointed in MS.—The first folio has,

*“ Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her,  
I'll put her into action for a waseoate ”.*

The second folio differs from the first only in having a full stop at the end of the first line ; and so the modern editors,—those of 1778, and Weber, supposing that there was an allusion to the dress of a strumpet ; and Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 303) as erroneously explaining “ *waistcoat* ” here to mean “ what we call a riding-habit,—some mannish dress.”—But a waistcoat was formerly part of a fine lady's attire (see p. 72 and note), and Leucippe desires her old velvet skirt to be made into one for Phœbe.

What<sup>g</sup> do you make so dainty on 't? look there;

I am an ass, I can do nothing!

[*Shewing him a book.*

*Men. Celia!*—

[*Reads.*

Ay, this is she—a stranger born.

*Leu.* What would you give for more now?

*Men.* Prithee, my best Leucippe—there's much hangs on 't.—

*Lodg'd at the end of Mars's Street*—that's true, too— [Reads.

*At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier,*

*Preserv'd a prisoner; and by prince Demetrius*

*Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd.*—

How came you by this knowledge?

*Leu.* Poor weak man,

I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleeping)

Abroad, and full of business.

*Men.* You never tried her?

*Leu.* No, she is beyond my level; so hedg'd in

By the prince's infinite love and favour to her—

*Men.* She is a handsome wench.

*Leu.* A delicate, and knows it;

And out of that proof-arms herself<sup>h</sup>.

*Men.* Come in, then:

I have a great design from the king to you,

And you must work like wax now.

*Leu.* On this lady?

*Men.* On this, and all your wits call home.

*Leu.* I have done

Toys in my time of some note: old as I am,

I think my brains will yet<sup>i</sup> work without barm.—

Take up the books.

*Men.* As we go in, I'll tell you.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>g</sup> *What*] i. e. for what, why; as before, see note, vol. v. 334.

<sup>h</sup> *proof-arms herself*] “i. e. puts on armour which is proof against my attacks.” WEBER.

<sup>i</sup> *yet*] So MS. (which adds “boy” to this line).—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Palace.**Enter* ANTIGONUS, TIMON, Lords, *and* a Soldier.

*Ant.* No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him),  
 Nor no man miss a friend : I know his nature  
 So deep impress'd with grief for what he has suffer'd,  
 That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.—  
 His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier ?

*Sol.* Faith, neither great, nor out of indiscretion<sup>i</sup>.  
 The young men, out of heat——

*Ant.* I guess the manner.

*First Lord*<sup>j</sup>. The prince, an't like your grace.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, *and* LIEUTENANT.

*Ant.* You are welcome home, sir !  
 Come, no more sorrow : I have heard your fortune,  
 And I myself have tried the like : clear up, man ;  
 I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted  
 Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,  
 Basely besought their mercies——

*Leon.* No, no ; by this hand, sir,  
 We fought like honest and tall<sup>k</sup> men.

*Ant.* I know 't, Leontius.—Or if I thought  
 Neglect of rule, having his counsel with you,  
 Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,  
 Your men forgot and scatter'd——

*Leon.* None of these, sir ;  
 He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,  
 Every way apt to rule.

*Ant.* These being granted,  
 Why should you think you have done an act so heinous,  
 That nought but discontent dwells round about you ?  
 I have lost a battle.

*Leon.* Ay, and fought it hard too.

*Ant.* With as much means as man——

<sup>i</sup> *indiscretion*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio "discretion".

<sup>j</sup> *First Lord*] The first folio "Lord Men."—The second folio and MS. "Lord."

<sup>k</sup> *tall*] See note, p. 80.

*Leon.* Or devil could urge it.

*Ant.* Twenty to one, of<sup>l</sup> our side now.

*Leon.* Turn tables;

Beaten like dogs<sup>m</sup> again, like owls. You take it  
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;  
And, to say truth<sup>n</sup>, 'twas no flight neither, sir;  
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk. I have tumbled,  
With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,  
And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver,  
Blooded and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,  
And glad I have got off then. Here 's a mad shaver;  
He fights his share, I am sure, whene'er he comes to 't;  
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly<sup>o</sup> too,  
And cry, "The devil take the hindmost ever!"

*Lieut.* I learn'd it of my betters.

*Leon.* Boudge at this<sup>p</sup>?

*Ant.* Has Fortune but one face?

*Lieut.* In her best vizard,  
Methinks, she looks but lousily.

*Ant.* 'Chance, though she faint now,  
And sink below our expectations,  
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?

<sup>l</sup> of] i. e. on.—Silently altered to "on" by Theobald; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>m</sup> *Beaten like dogs, &c.*] So both the folios as well as MS.; the meaning being—and then they are beaten like dogs, &c.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes very plausibly to read, "Beat 'em like dogs," &c.

<sup>n</sup> *to say truth*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio "*to say the truth*"; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

<sup>o</sup> *tithly*] i. e. tightly: see note, p. 65.—Silently altered by Theobald to "tightly"; which was retained by the Editors of 1778, and by Weber (who mentions the reading of the old eds. as a misprint!).

<sup>p</sup> *Boudge at this*] So both the folios and MS.—"Perhaps *budge*, from the French *bouger*, to stir, or move off the place . . . metaphorically applied to the grief of Demetrius; as we still use the modern word *moved*, to paint the emotions of the mind." *Ed.* 1778.—"I believe we should read, '*Boude* at this?' from the French word *bouder*, which signifies to pout or be out of humour." MASON.—"'*Boude* at this!' occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, where, by an error of the press, it is printed '*boudge*.' *Boude*, *boute*, and *pout*, are the same word." Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iv. 222.—Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) gives "*Boudge*. To budge, or move"; observing that in the present passage it seems to mean—"to start, or be moved at", and declaring (as Weber had previously done) his disbelief that *boud* ever was adopted as an English word.

*Dem.* 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy,  
And lost my people, left mine honour murder'd,  
My maiden honour, never to be ransom'd,  
(Which, to a noble soul, is too too sensible,)  
Afflicts me with this sadness ; most of these  
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,  
And new swords cut new ways to nobler fortunes :  
But <sup>a</sup> I have lost——

*Ant.* As you are mine, forget it :  
I do not think it loss.

*Dem.* Oh, sir, forgive me !  
I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred with me ;  
I have lost myself (they were the pieces of me) ;  
I have lost all arts (my schools are taken from me),  
Honour and arms, no emulation left me !  
I liv'd to see these men lost, look'd upon it ;  
These men that twin'd their loves to mine, their virtues ;  
Oh, shame of shames ! I saw, and could not save 'em !  
This carries sulphur in 't, this burns, and boils me,  
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory.

*Ant.* This was hard fortune ; but, if alive and taken,  
They shall be ransom'd, let it be at millions.

*Dem.* They are dead, they are dead !

*Lieut.* When would he weep for me thus ?  
I may be dead and powder'd.

*Leon.* Good prince, grieve not :  
We are not certain of their deaths : the enemy,  
Though he be hot and keen, yet holds good quarter.——  
[*A great shout within.*

What noise is this ?

*Lieut.* He does not follow us ?  
Give me a steeple-top <sup>r</sup> !

*Enter Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* They live, they live, sir !

*Ant.* Hold up your manly face : they live ; they are here,  
son.

<sup>a</sup> *But*] So MS.—Both the folios "O" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>r</sup> *Give me a steeple-top*] "The Lieutenant, supposing the noise proceeds from the pursuing enemy, wishes for the top of a steeple to retire to". WEBER.

*Dem.* These are the men !

*First Gent.* They are ; and live to honour you.

*Dem.* How scap'd ye, noble friends ? methought, I saw ye  
Even in the jaws of Death.

*Sec. Gent.* Thanks to our folly  
That spurr'd us on : we were indeed hedg'd round in 't ;  
And, even beyond the hand of succour, beaten,  
Unhors'd, disarm'd : and what we look'd for then, sir,  
Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell knoll,  
And see the grave a-digging, tell.

*Dem.* For Heaven-sake,  
Delude mine eyes no longer ! how came ye off ?

*First Gent.* Against all expectation. The brave Seleucus,  
I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,  
When through the troops he saw you shoot like lightning,  
And at your manly courage all take <sup>s</sup> fire ;  
And after that, the misery we fell to,  
The never certain fate of war, considering,  
As we stood all <sup>t</sup> before him, fortune's ruins,  
Nothing but death expecting, a short time  
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes :  
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,  
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unhardened,  
Unfitted for such fatal ends ; he cried out to us,  
“ Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,  
To the most high and hopeful prince Demetrius ;  
Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against me  
This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,  
Deserves even from an enemy this courtesy,  
Your lives and arms ; freely I <sup>u</sup> give 'em : thank him.”  
And thus we are return'd, sir.

*Leon.* Faith, 'twas well done ;  
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part, sir ?

*Lieut.* Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on 't :  
These noble tricks, I never durst trust 'em yet.

<sup>s</sup> take] So MS.—Both the folios “ took ” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> all] MS. “ then ”.

<sup>u</sup> I] So MS.—The folios “ I'le ” and “ I 'll ” ; and so the modern editors.



*Leon.* Let me not live, an 'twere not a fam'd honesty <sup>v</sup> ;  
It takes me such a tickling way ! Now would I wish, Heaven,  
But e'en the happiness, e'en that poor blessing,  
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,  
But e'en i' the head o' the field to take Seleucus !  
I should do something memorable.—Fie ! sad still <sup>w</sup> ?

*First Gent.* Do you grieve we are come off ?

*Dem.* Unransom'd, was it ?

*Sec. Gent.* It was, sir.

*Dem.* And with such a fame to me ?

Said you not so ?

*Leon.* <sup>x</sup> You have heard it.

*Dem.* Oh, Leontius !

Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,  
And all my father's hopes !

*Leon.* Mercy upon you !

What ail you, sir ? 'Death, do not make fools on 's !

Neither go to church, nor tarry at home <sup>y</sup> ?

That 's a fine hornpipe.

*Ant.* What 's now your grief, Demetrius ?

*Dem.* Did he not beat us twice ?

*Leon.* He beat a pudding !

Beat us but once <sup>z</sup>.

*Dem.* H 'as beat me twice, and beat me to a coward ;  
Beat me to nothing !

*Lieut.* Is not the devil in him ?

*Leon.* I pray it be no worse.

*Dem.* Twice conquer'd me !

*Leon.* Bear witness, all the world, I am a dunce here.

<sup>v</sup> *honesty*] "Is here used in the sense of *honnêteté* in French, and means a liberal, generous proceeding." MASON.

<sup>w</sup> *still*] MS. adds "sir".

<sup>x</sup> *Leon.*] MS. "*Gent*" ; and rightly perhaps.

<sup>y</sup> *Neither go to church, nor tarry at home* ?] "We suppose this to have been a familiar old saying, and to be applied by Leontius to Demetrius's being pleased neither way ; being distressed at their loss, and grieved at their recovery." Ed. 1778.

<sup>z</sup> *He beat a pudding* !

*Beat us but once.*] So arranged in both the folios, as also in MS.—The modern editors make these words a single line.



*Dem.* With valour first he struck me, then with honour :  
That stroke, Leontius, that stroke ! dost thou not feel it ?

*Leon.* Whereabouts was it ? for I remember nothing yet.

*Dem.* All these gentlemen  
That were his prisoners—

*Leon.* Yes ; he set 'em free, sir,  
With arms and honour<sup>a</sup>.

*Dem.* There, there ; now thou hast it :  
At mine own weapon, courtesy, h'as beaten me,  
At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd me ;  
Hotter than all the dint o' the fight he has charg'd me :  
Am I not now a wretched fellow ? think on't ;  
And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,  
And find'st no door left open to requite this,  
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten.

*Ant.* I have observ'd your way, and understand it,  
And equal love it as Demetrius :  
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue ;  
I and my power will sink first. You, Leontius,  
Wait for a new commission : you shall out again,  
And instantly ; you shall not lodge this night here ;  
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with you,  
Before you be i' the field. The enemy is up still,  
And still in full design : charge him again, son,  
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,  
Or leave thy body by him.

*Dem.* Now you raise me<sup>b</sup> ;—  
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.

*Leon.* Ay, ay, sir ; I am thinking who we shall take of 'em,

<sup>a</sup> *Leon.* Whereabouts was 't ? for, &c.

*With arms and honour*] Such is the arrangement in both the folios.—The modern editors make the two last speeches each a single line.—MS. has ;

“ *Leo.* Whereabouts was it ? for I remember nothing yet.

All theis gentlemen—

*Dem.* That were his prisoners—

*Leo.* Yes, he set 'em free, sir,

With armes and honor.”

<sup>b</sup> *Now you raise me*] So MS.—Both the folios have “ *Ie raise me* ” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Theobald silently printed “ *Sir, ye raise me* ”.

To make all straight, and who we shall give to the devil.—  
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* I say nothing.—

Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?

I find my constitution mightily alter'd,

Since I came home: I hate all noises too,

Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well

As any living man; why not as valiant?

To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;

It goes against my stomach.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Good sir, presently!

You cannot do your son so fair a favour.

*Ant.* 'Tis my intent: I'll see you march away too.—

Come, get your men together presently, Leontius,

And press where't<sup>e</sup> please you, as you march.

*Leon.* We go, sir.

*Ant.* Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your command,  
And then<sup>d</sup> to fortune give you up.

*Dem.* You love me. [*Exeunt ANT., DEM., TIM., and Lords.*

*Leon.* Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieutenant.

*Lieut.* Hark you, sir;

I have a foolish business they call marriage—

*Leon.* After the wars are done.

*Lieut.* The party stays, sir;

I have given the priest his money too: all my friends, sir,  
My father and my mother—

*Leon.* Will you go forward?

*Lieut.* She brings a pretty matter with her.

*Leon.* Half a dozen bastards.

*Lieut.* Some forty, sir—

*Leon.* A goodly company<sup>e</sup>.

*Lieut.* I mean, sir, pounds a year. I'll despatch the matter;  
'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you, sir.

*Leon.* The two old legions? yes.—Where lies the horse-  
quarter?

<sup>e</sup> *where't*] So MS.—Both the folios “where”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *then*] MS. “there”.

<sup>e</sup> *company*] So MS.—Both the folios “competency”; and so the modern editors.

*Lieut.* And, if it be a boy, I'll even make bold, sir——

*Leon.* Away with your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue<sup>f</sup>,

Now you are cur'd and well, must you be clicketing?

*Lieut.* I have broke my mind to my ancient<sup>g</sup>; in my absence,

He's a sufficient gentleman.

*Leon.* Get forward.

*Lieut.* Only receive her portion!

*Leon.* Get you forward;

By this good light<sup>h</sup>, I'll bang you forward.

*Lieut.* Strange, sir,

A gentleman and an officer cannot have the liberty  
To do the office of a man.

*Leon.* Shame light on thee<sup>i</sup>!

How came this whore into thy head?

*Lieut.* This whore, sir!

'Tis strange, a poor whore——

*Leon.* Do not answer me:

Troop, troop away! do not name this whore again,  
Or think there is a whore——

*Lieut.* That's very hard, sir.

*Leon.* For, if thou dost,—look to 't,—I'll have thee gelded.  
I'll walk you out before me: not a word more! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A room in the house of MENIPPUS.*

*Enter LEUCIPPE and Governess<sup>j</sup>.*

*Leu.* You are the mistress of the house, you say,  
Where this young lady lies?

<sup>f</sup> *a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue*] MS. has "*your musty whore! you rogue.*"

<sup>g</sup> *ancient*] i. e. ensign: see note, vol. ii. 218.

<sup>h</sup> *By this good light*] So MS.—Both the folios have merely "Else"; and so the modern editors,—those of 1778 and Weber, in order to rectify the measure, dividing the next speech thus,—

"*Lieut.* Strange, sir, a gentleman  
And an officer cannot have the liberty  
To do the office of a man."

<sup>i</sup> *Shame light on thee*] MS. "*Out upon thee.*"

<sup>j</sup> *Governess*] MS. here, and elsewhere, "*Hostisse.*"

*Gov.* For want of a better.

*Leu.* You may be good enough for such a purpose.  
When was the prince with her? answer me directly.

*Gov.* Not since he went a-warring.

*Leu.* Very well, then :

What carnal copulation are you privy to  
Between these two? Be not afraid; we are women,  
And may talk thus amongst ourselves; no harm in 't.

*Gov.* No, sure, there's no harm in 't, I conceive that;  
But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman  
Otherwise given than a hopeful gentlewoman——

*Leu.* You'll grant me, the prince loves her?

*Gov.* There I am with you;  
And (the gods bless him<sup>k</sup>!) promises her mightily.

*Leu.* Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?

*Gov.* Extremely;  
And truly makes a very saint of her.

*Leu.* I should think now,  
(Good woman, let me have your judgment with me;  
I see 'tis none of the worst—come, sit down by me,)  
That these two cannot love so tenderly——

*Gov.* Being so young as they are too——

*Leu.* You say well—  
But that, methinks, some further promises——

*Gov.* Yes, yes;  
I have heard the prince swear he would marry her.

*Leu.* Very well still. They do not use to fall out?

*Gov.* Heaven knows<sup>l</sup>, the tenderest chickens to one another!  
They cannot live an hour asunder.

*Leu.* I have done, then;  
And be you gone. You know your charge, and do it:  
You know whose will it is: if you transgress it,  
That is, if any have access, or see her,  
Before the king's will be fulfill'd——

*Gov.* Not the prince, madam?

*Leu.* You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure you.

<sup>k</sup> him] So MS.—Both the folios “her”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>l</sup> Heaven knows] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

*Gov.* But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey you.

*Leu.* Away, and to your business, then !

*Gov.* 'Tis done, madam. [*Exeunt severally.*]

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I. — *The garden of the Palace.*

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*Enter ANTIGONUS and MENIPPUS.*

*Ant.* Thou hast taken wondrous pains ; but yet, Menippus, You understand not of what blood and country ?

*Men.* I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.

A Greek, I am sure, she is ; she speaks this language.

*Ant.* Is she so excellent handsome ?

*Men.* Most enticing.

*Ant.* Sold for a prisoner ?

*Men.* Yes, sir ; some poor creature.

*Ant.* And he loves tenderly ?

*Men.* They say extremely.

*Ant.* 'Tis well prevented, then. Yes, I perceiv'd it : When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops, Desir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute ; Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business ; I knew 'twas she he hunted on : this journey, man, I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended, And would not give him time to breathe. When comes she ?

*Men.* This morning, sir.

*Ant.* Lodge her to all delight, then ; For I would have her tried to the test : I know, She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffic<sup>m</sup> ; Which when we have found, the shame will make him leave her ; Or we shall work a nearer way : I'll bury him, And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,

<sup>m</sup> *not fit his traffic*] i. e. (as Weber saw) not fit for his traffic. The Editors of 1778 proposed in a note some very unnecessary alterations.

Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.  
 You know which way to bring her : I'll stand close there,  
 To view her as she passes : and, do you hear, Menippus,  
 Observe her <sup>n</sup> with all sweetness ; humour her ;  
 'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.  
 Away, and take what helps you please.

*Men.* I am gone, sir.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The lodgings of CELIA.*

*Enter CELIA and Governess.*

*Celia.* Governess, from whom was this gown sent me ?  
 Prithee, be serious, true : I will not wear 't else :  
 'Tis a handsome one.

*Gov.* As though you knew <sup>o</sup> not !

*Celia.* No, faith :

But I believe, for certain too—yet I wonder,  
 Because it was his caution, this poor way,  
 Still to preserve me from the curious searchings  
 Of greedy eyes.

*Gov.* You have it : does it please you ?

*Celia.* 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. Prithee, tell me.

*Gov.* From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady ;  
 These are no gifts to be put off with poutings.

*Celia.* Poutings, and gifts ! is it from any stranger ?

*Gov.* You are so curious that there is no talk to you.  
 What if it be, I pray you ?

*Celia.* Unpin, good governess ;  
 Quick, quick.

*Gov.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Celia.* Quick, good governess :  
 Fie on 't, how beastly it becomes me ! poorly !  
 A trick <sup>p</sup> put in upon me ? Well said <sup>q</sup>, governess !

<sup>n</sup> *Observe her*] i. e. obsequiously attend on her.

<sup>o</sup> *knew*] So MS.—Both the folios “know” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> *trick*] MS. “trap”.

<sup>q</sup> *Well said*] Equivalent to—Well done (as before, see notes, vol. i. 328, vol. iv. 75, &c.),—the Governess having begun, though reluctantly, to give some slight assistance in unpinning the gown.

I vow, I would not wear it—out ! it smells musty,—  
Are these your tricks?—now I begin to smell it<sup>r</sup>,  
Abominable musty. Will you help me ?

The prince will come again——

*Gov.* You are not mad, sure ?

*Celia.* As I live, I 'll cut it off: a pox upon it<sup>s</sup> !  
For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you bring me liveries ?  
Stales<sup>t</sup> to catch kites? dost thou laugh too, thou base  
woman ?

*Gov.* I cannot choose, if I should be hang'd.

*Celia.* Abuse me,  
And then laugh at me too ?

*Gov.* I do not abuse you :  
Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty ?  
You want clothes ; is it such a heinous sin, I beseech you,  
To see you stor'd ?

*Celia.* There is no greater wickedness  
Than this way.

*Gov.* What way ?

*Celia.* I shall curse thee fearfully,  
If thou provok'st me further : and take heed, woman ;  
My curses never miss.

*Gov.* Curse him that sent it.

*Celia.* Tell but his name——

*Gov.* You dare not curse him.

*Celia.* Dare not !

By this fair light——

*Gov.* You are so full of passion——

*Celia.* Dare not be good ! be honest ! dare not curse him !

*Gov.* I think you dare not ; I believe so.

*Celia.* Speak him.

*Gov.* Up with your valour, then, up with it bravely,  
And take your full charge.

*Celia.* If I do not, hang me !  
Tell but his name.

<sup>r</sup> now I begin to smell it] MS. "how I begin to sweatt now !"

<sup>s</sup> a pox upon it] MS. "out upon it !" See note, p. 441.

<sup>t</sup> Stales] i. e. decoys.



*Gov.* 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it :  
Now, now, give fire ; kill him i' th' eye<sup>u</sup> now, lady !

*Celia.* Is he come home ?

*Gov.* It seems so. But, your curse now !

*Celia.* You do not lie, I hope.

*Gov.* You dare not curse him.

*Celia.* Prithee, do not abuse me : is he come home indeed ?  
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.

*Gov.* Nay, you may choose. Alas, I deal for strangers,  
That send you scurvy, musty gowns, stale liveries !  
I have my tricks !

*Celia.* 'Tis a good gown, a handsome one :  
I did but jest. Where is he ?

*Gov.* He that sent it —

*Celia.* How ! he that sent it ! is 't come to that again ?  
Thou canst not be so foolish : prithee, speak out ;  
I may mistake thee.

*Gov.* I said, he that sent it——

*Celia.* Curse o' my life<sup>v</sup>, why dost thou vex me thus ?  
I know thou mean'st Demetrius ; dost thou not ?  
I charge thee speak truth : if it be any other——  
Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and the justice  
His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this ;  
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman,  
Thou beastly woman ! and thou shalt know too late too,  
And feel too sensibly<sup>w</sup>, I am no ward<sup>x</sup>,  
No stale stuff<sup>y</sup> for your money-merchants<sup>z</sup> that sent it.  
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——  
*Gov.* What you please ;

<sup>u</sup> *kill him i' th' eye*] “So in *Philaster* ; ‘He forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he *killed in the eye*. [act iv. sc. 2, vol. i. 267].” WEBER.

<sup>v</sup> *Curse o' my life*] MS. “Beshrew thy hart.”

<sup>w</sup> *sensibly*] So MS.—Both the folios “sensible” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>x</sup> *I am no ward*] “An allusion to the feudal laws. The wardship of an heiress was frequently sold, and she was often given in marriage by her guardian for a stipulated sum paid by the husband.” WEBER.

<sup>y</sup> *stale stuff*] So MS. ; and so Weber, silently, from conjecture.—Both the folios “sale stuff” ; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

<sup>z</sup> *money-merchants*] MS. “money marts.”

For this is ever the reward of service.

The prince shall bring the next himself.

*Celia.* 'Tis strange

That you should deal so peevishly : beshrew you,  
You have put me in a heat.

*Gov.* I am sure you have kill'd me ;

I ne'er receiv'd such language : I can but wait upon you,  
And be your drudge ; keep a poor life to serve you.

*Celia.* You know my nature is too easy, governess ;

And you know now I am sorry too. How does he ?

*Gov.* Oh, God, my head<sup>z</sup> !

*Celia.* Prithee, be well, and tell me,

Did he speak of me since he came ? nay, see now,  
If thou wilt leave this tyranny ! good, sweet governess,  
Did he but name his Celia ?—look upon me ;  
Upon my faith, I meant no harm : here, take this,  
And buy thyself some trifles—did he, good wench ?

*Gov.* He loves you but too dearly.

*Celia.* That's my good governess !

*Gov.* There's more clothes making for you.

*Celia.* More clothes !

*Gov.* More ;

Richer and braver<sup>a</sup> ; I can tell you that news ;  
And twenty glorious things.

*Celia.* To what use, sirrah<sup>b</sup> ?

*Gov.* You are too good for our house now : we, poor wretches,  
Shall lose the comfort of you.

*Celia.* No, I hope not.

*Gov.* For ever lose you, lady.

*Celia.* Lose me ! wherefore ?

I hear of no such thing.

*Gov.* 'Tis sure, it must be so :

You must shine now at court : such preparation,  
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——

<sup>z</sup> *Gov.* *Oh, God, my head !* &c.] A recollection of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 5,—

“ *Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches ! ”, &c.

<sup>a</sup> *braver*] i. e. finer, more splendid.

<sup>b</sup> *sirrah*] See note, p. 43.

*Celia.* To the court, wench !

Was it to the court, thou saidst ?

*Gov.* You'll find it so.

*Celia.* Stay, stay ; this cannot be.

*Gov.* I say, it must be.

I hope to find you still the same good lady<sup>c</sup>.

*Celia.* To the court ! this stumbles me. Art sure for me,  
wench,

This preparation is ?

*Gov.* She is perilous<sup>d</sup> crafty ;

I fear, too honest for us all too [*Aside*].—Am I sure I live ?

*Celia.* To the court ! this cannot down : what should I do  
there ?

Why should he on a sudden change his mind thus,  
And not make me acquainted ?—(sure, he loves me)—  
His vow was made against it, and mine with him ;  
At least, while this king liv'd. He will come hither,  
And see me, ere I go ?

*Gov.* Would some wise woman  
Had her in working ! [*Aside*].—That I think he will not,  
Because he means with all joy there to meet you.  
You shall hear more within this hour.

*Celia.* A courtier !

What may that meaning be ? Sure, he will see me  
If he be come ; he must. Hark you, good governess ;  
What age is the king of ?

*Gov.* Now the devil's in her<sup>e</sup> !—— [*Aside*.  
He's an old man, and full of business.

*Celia.* I fear, too full indeed. What ladies are there ?  
I would be loath to want good company.

<sup>c</sup> *To the court, wench ! &c.*

*I hope to find you still the same good lady*] MS. has ;

“ *Cel.* To th' court, wench ! was it to th' court, thou saidst ?

Stay, stay, this cannot be.

*Hos.* You'll find, I said soe.

I say it must be ; the more my greif, Heaven knowes :

I hope to find ye still the same good lady.”

<sup>d</sup> *perilous*] MS. “mightie.”

<sup>e</sup> *Gov.* *Now the devil's in her*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would desire ;  
And, when you are acquainted, the best company !

Celia. 'Tis very well. Prithee, go in ; let's talk more ;——  
For, though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it. [Aside.

Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this doe down. [Aside.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Near the field of battle.*

*Enter* LIEUTENANT and LEONTIUS<sup>f</sup>. *Drums within.*

Leon. You shall not have your will, sirrah : are you running<sup>g</sup> ?

Have you gotten a toy in your heels ? is this a season,  
When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up  
After your whore, your hobby-horse ?

Lieut. Why, look you now ;  
What a strange man are you ! would you have a man fight  
At all hours all alike<sup>h</sup> ?

Leon. Do but fight something,  
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't ;  
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em.

Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out : I thank you  
heartily ;  
You are my dear friend.

<sup>f</sup> *Leontius*] MS. adds "*running after him.*"

<sup>g</sup> *running*] Mason says that the whole tenor of this speech (which he misquotes) shews that we ought to read "*rutting*" !!

<sup>h</sup> *would you have a man fight*

*At all hours all alike*] "The character of the Lieutenant refusing to fight after he was cured of his bodily malady, (as Mr. Langbaine tells us in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*) resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the *Epistles* of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. But the very story is related in *A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, represented in a Collection of Apothegmes Pleasant and Profitable*, by Thomas Forde, 8vo. 1660, p. 30, in these words : 'Antigonus, observing a sickly souldier to be very valiant, procured his physician to heal him ; who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing as formerly ; which Antigonus noting, demanded the reason. The souldier answered, O Antigonus, thou art the reason ! before I ventured nothing but a diseased corpse, and then I chose rather to die quickly, than to live sickly ; I invited Death to do me a courtesie : now it is otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose.' " REED (who borrowed the earlier part of the note from Theobald).

*Leon.* What a devil ails thee?  
Dost long to be hang'd?

*Lieut.* Faith, sir, I make no suit for 't:  
But, rather than I would live thus out of charity,  
Continually in brawling——

*Leon.* Art thou not he  
(I may be cozen'd)——

*Lieut.* I shall be discover'd.

[*Aside.*]

*Leon.* That, in the midst of thy most hellish pains,  
When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at wonders?  
When thou wert mad with pain?

*Lieut.* You have found the cause out;  
I had ne'er been mad to fight else: I confess, sir,  
The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,  
Made me as daily careless what became of me,  
Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eas'd me;  
'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well now,  
And take some pleasure in my life: methinks, now,  
It shew'd<sup>i</sup> as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,  
And kill one another foolishly for honour,  
As 'twas to you to see me play the coxcomb.

*Leon.* And wilt thou ne'er fight more?

*Lieut.* I' the mind I am in.

*Leon.* Nor never be sick again?

*Lieut.* I hope I shall not.

*Leon.* Prithee, be sick again; prithee, I beseech thee,  
Be just so sick again.

*Lieut.* I'll just be hang'd first.

*Leon.* If all the arts that are can make a colic  
(Therefore look to 't), or if imposthumes (mark me)  
As big as footballs——

*Lieut.* Heaven<sup>j</sup> deliver me!

*Leon.* Or stones of ten pound weight i' the kidneys,  
Through ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,  
I'll feed you up myself, sirrah<sup>k</sup>; I'll prepare you:  
You cannot fight, unless the devil tear you?

<sup>i</sup> *shew'd*] So MS.—Both the folios “shews”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>j</sup> *Heaven*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

<sup>k</sup> *sirrah*] So MS.—Both the folios “sir”; and so the modern editors.

You shall not want provocatives<sup>1</sup> ; I'll scratch you ;  
I'll have thee have the tooth-ache and the head-ache——

*Lieut.* Good colonel, I'll do any thing.

*Leon.* No, no, nothing :—

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of smiths' bellows,  
(Because you shall be sure to have a round gale with you,)  
Fill'd full of oil o' devil and aquafortis ;  
And let these work ; these may provoke<sup>m</sup>.

*Lieut.* Good colonel—

*Leon.* A coward in full blood ! Prithee, be plain with me ;  
Will roasting do thee any good ?

*Lieut.* Nor basting neither, sir.

*Leon.* Marry, that goes hard.

*Enter First Gentleman.*

*First Gent.* Where are you, colonel ?  
The prince expects you, sir : h'as hedg'd the enemy  
Within a strait, where all the hopes and valours  
Of all men living cannot force a passage :  
He has 'em now.

*Leon.* I knew all this before, sir ;  
I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you see that thing there ?

*Lieut.* Nay, good sweet colonel,—I'll fight a little.

*Leon.* That thing ?

*First Gent.* What thing ? I see the brave Lieutenant.

*Leon.* Rogue, what a name hast thou lost !

*Lieut.* You may help it ;  
Yet you may help't : I'll do you any courtesy ;  
I know you love a wench well.

*Enter Second Gentleman.*

*Leon.* Look upon him.—  
Do you look too.

*Sec. Gent.* What should I look on ?  
I come to tell you, the prince stays your direction :  
We have 'em now i' the coop, sir.

<sup>1</sup> *provocatives*] So MS.—Both the folios “ provocations ” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>m</sup> *provoke*] MS. adds “ ye.”

*Leon.* Let 'em rest there,  
And chew upon their miseries. But, look first——

*Lieut.* I cannot fight, for all this.

*Leon.* Look on this fellow.

*Sec. Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant, brave Lieutenant.

*Leon.* Canst thou hear this, and play the rogue? Steal off  
Quickly, behind me quickly; neatly do it;  
And rush into the thickest of the enemy,  
And, if thou kill'st but two<sup>n</sup>——

*Lieut.* You may excuse me;

'Tis not my fault; I dare not fight.

*Leon.* Be rul'd yet;

I'll bate thee one<sup>o</sup>; go, wink and fight: a plague upon your  
sheep's heart<sup>p</sup>!

*Sec. Gent.* What's all this matter?

*First Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew you.

*Leon.* Here's twenty pound; go but smell to 'em.

*Lieut.* Alas, sir,

I have taken such a cold I can smell nothing!

*Leon.* I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal:

Fie, how he stinks, stinks like a tir'd jade<sup>q</sup>!

*Sec. Gent.* What, sir?

*Leon.* Why, that, sir, that<sup>r</sup>; do not you smell him?

*Sec. Gent.* Smell him!

*Lieut.* I must endure.

*Leon.* Stinks like a dead dog, carrion:

There's no such damnable smell under Heaven

As the faint sweat of a coward.—Will you fight yet?

<sup>n</sup> *Leon.* Canst thou hear this, &c.

— — — — —  
And, if thou kill'st but two——] MS. has;

“*Leo.* Canst thou heare this, and play the roague? steale off quickly,  
Behind me quickly, quickly, neatly doe it.

*Leiu.* And run into the thickest of the enemy?

*Leo.* And, if thou killst but two——”

<sup>o</sup> *I'll bate thee one*] So MS.—Both the folios “*Ile beat thee on*”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> *a plague upon your sheep's heart*] MS. has merely “for shame!”

<sup>q</sup> *jade*] MS. “Girole.”

<sup>r</sup> *that*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.



*Lieut.* Nay, now I defy you ; you have spoke the worst you can of me ;

And, if every man should take what you say to the heart—

*Leon.* God-a-mercy,

God-a-mercy, with all my heart<sup>s</sup> ! here I forgive thee ;

And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with us,

And keep my dog.

*Lieut.* I love a good dog naturally.

*First Gent.* What 's all this stir, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* Nothing, sir,

But a slight matter of argument<sup>t</sup>.

*Leon.* Pox take thee !

Sure, I shall love this rogue, he 's so pretty a coward.—

Come, gentlemen, let 's up now, and, if Fortune

Dare play the slut again, I 'll never more saint her.—

Come, play-fellow, come ; prithee, come up, come, chicken :

I have a way shall fit you<sup>u</sup> :—a tame knave !——

Come, look upon us.

*Lieut.* I 'll tell ye who does best, boys.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*The capital. The court of the Palace*<sup>v</sup>.

*Enter ANTIGONUS and MENIPPUS, above.*

*Men.* I saw her coming out.

<sup>s</sup> *Lieut.* Nay, now I defy you, &c.

*God-a-mercy, with all my heart*] So the first of these speeches is arranged in MS., and no doubt rightly (see note, p. 423.) In both the folios it is divided thus ;

“ *Lieut.* Nay, now I defie ye ; ye have spoke the worst ye can

Of me, and if every man should take what you say

To the heart—”

and so the modern editors,—those of 1778 and Weber adding to it “ *God-a-mercy* ” from the beginning of the next speech,—an alteration which the reading of the MS. (as follows) proves to be wrong ;

“ *Leo.* I thanek thee,

I thanek thee with *all my hart*,” &c.

<sup>t</sup> *argument*] MS. adds “ a toy ”,—omitting the commencement of the next speech, “ *Pox take thee.* ”

<sup>u</sup> *you*] Both the folios “ yet ” ; and so the modern editors.—MS. “ ye ”.

<sup>v</sup> *The court of the Palace*] Weber gave “ *A state room in the Palace, with a Gallery* ” : but see Celia's speech, p. 475, l. 8.

*Ant.* Who waits upon her ?

*Men.* Timon, Charinthus, and some other gentlemen,  
By me appointed.

*Ant.* Where's your wife ?

*Men.* She's ready  
To entertain her here, sir ; and some ladies  
Fit for her lodgings.

*Ant.* How shews she in her trim now ?

*Men.* Oh, most divinely sweet !

*Ant.* Prithee, speak softly.

How does she take her coming ?

*Men.* She bears it bravely ;  
But what she thinks—For Heaven-sake, sir, preserve me !  
If the prince chance to find this——

*Ant.* Peace, you old fool.

She thinks to meet him here ?

*Men.* That's all the project.

*Ant.* Was she hard to bring ?

*Men.* No, she believ'd it quickly,  
And quickly made herself fit. The gown a little,  
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,  
At least in this place, where she liv'd a prisoner,  
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But, believe me, sir,  
She has worn as good, they sit<sup>w</sup> so apted to her,  
And she is so great a mistress of disposure.  
Here they come now : but take a full view of her.

*Enter CELIA, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, and Gentlemen.*

*Ant.* How cheerfully she looks ! how she salutes all !  
And how she views the place ! she is very young, sure :  
That was an admirable smile, a catching one ;  
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung in it<sup>x</sup> :  
She has two-edg'd eyes ; by Heaven<sup>y</sup>, they kill o' both sides.

*Men.* She makes a stand, as though she would speak.

*Ant.* Be still, then.

<sup>w</sup> sit] MS. "fit".

<sup>x</sup> sung in it] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio has "sung to it" ;  
and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>y</sup> by Heaven] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

*Celia.* Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further ;  
I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend here.

*Tim.* You may meet many, lady.

*Celia.* Such as you are,  
I covet few or none, sir.

*Char.* Will you walk this way,  
And take the sweets o' the garden ? cool and close, lady.

*Celia.* Methinks, this open air 's far better.—Tend ye that  
way ?— [ *Aside.*

Pray, where 's the woman came along ?

*Char.* What woman ?

*Celia.* The woman of the house I lay at.

*Tim.* Woman !

Here was none came along, sure.

*Celia.* Sure, I am catch'd, then.— [ *Aside.*

Pray, where 's the prince ?

*Ch.* He will not be long from you :

We are his humble servants.

*Celia.* I could laugh now,  
To see how finely I am cozen'd : yet I fear not ;  
For, sure, I know a way to scape all dangers. [ *Aside.*

*Tim.* Madam, your lodgings lie this way.

*Celia.* My lodgings !

For Heaven-sake, sir, what office do I bear here ?

*Tim.* The great commander of all hearts.

*Celia.* You have hit it :

I thank your sweet heart<sup>z</sup> for it !

*Enter LEUCIPPE and Ladies.*

Who are these now ?

*Char.* Ladies, that come to serve you.

*Celia.* Well consider'd.—

Are you my servants ?

*First Lady.* Servants to your pleasures.

*Celia.* I dare believe ye, but I dare not trouble<sup>a</sup> ye.—

<sup>z</sup> *sweet heart*] Happens to be given in the first folio "*sweet-heart*" ; and so Weber !

<sup>a</sup> *trouble*] So MS.—Both the folios "*trust*" ; and so the modern editors.

Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it patiently.—

[*Aside.*

Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the people  
Of so<sup>a</sup> refin'd a size——

*Tim.* This is no poor rogue.

*Leu.* Were it a paradise<sup>b</sup>, to please your fancy,  
And entertain the sweetness you bring with you—

*Celia.* Take breath; you are fat, and many words may  
melt you.—

This is three bawds beaten into one: bless me, Heaven,  
What shall become of me! I am i' the pitfall:  
O' my conscience<sup>c</sup>, this is the old viper, and all these little  
ones

Creep every night into her belly [*Aside.*—Do you hear, plump  
servant,

And you, my little sucking ladies? you must teach me  
(For I know you are excellent at carriage)

How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.

But, you say, the prince will come?

*First Lady.* Will fly to see you.

*Celia.* For, look you, if a great man, say the king now,  
Should come and visit me——

*Men.* She names you.

*Ant.* Peace, fool.

*Celia.* And offer me a kindness, such a kindness——

*Leu.* Ay, such a kindness!

<sup>a</sup> *so*] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. “such.”

<sup>b</sup> *Were it a paradise, &c.*] “The Editors did not understand the passage: it is not an imperfect sentence, as they suppose; but implies a wish, and should be pointed thus—

‘Were it a paradise to please your fancy,  
And entertain the sweetness you bring with you!’

That is, I wish it were a paradise, &c.” MASON,—wrongly. The first folio has a semi-colon after “bring with you”, to shew that the sentence is incomplete; and Celia evidently interrupts Leucippe here.

<sup>c</sup> *O' my conscience, &c.*] Such is the arrangement not only in both the folios but also in MS.—The Editors of 1778 and Weber regulate the lines thus;

“On my conscience, this is the old viper,  
And all these little ones creep every night  
Into her belly.—Do you hear, plump servant,  
And you, my little sucking ladies? you  
Must teach me (for I know you are excellent at carriage).”

*Celia.* True, lady, such a kindness :—  
What shall that kindness be now ?

*Leu.* A witty lady !—  
Learn, little ones, learn.

*Celia.* Say it be all his favour——

*Leu.* And a sweet saying 'tis.

*Celia.* And I grow peevish ?

*Leu.* You must not be neglectful.

*Celia.* There 's the matter,  
There 's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it :  
Or a kind handsome gentleman——

*Leu.* You say well.

*Celia.* They 'll count us basely bred.

*Leu.* Not freely nurtur'd.

*Celia.* I 'll take thy counsel.

*Leu.* 'Tis an excellent woman.

*Celia.* I find a notable volume here, a learnèd one.  
Which way ? for I would fain be in my chamber :  
In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary ; fie,  
How hot the air beats on me !

*First Lady.* This way, madam.

*Celia.* Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

*Leu.* Your fans, sweet gentlewomen, your fans !

*Celia.* Since I am fool'd,  
I 'll make myself some sport, though I pay dear for 't. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt all below.*

*Men.* You see now what a manner of woman she is, sir.

*Ant.* Thou art an ass !

*Men.* Is this a fit love for the prince ?

*Ant.* A coxcomb !—

Now, by my crown, a dainty wench, a sharp wench,  
And of <sup>d</sup> a matchless spirit ! how she jeer'd 'em !  
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em !—Use her nobly :—  
I would I had not seen her !—wait anon,  
And then you shall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt above.*

<sup>d</sup> of] So MS. ; and so Theobald, silently, from conjecture.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

SCENE V.—*The camp of DEMETRIUS.**Enter LEONTIUS, and two Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* We must keep a round, and a strong watch to-night ;  
 The prince will not charge the enemy till the morning :  
 But, for the trick I told ye for this rascal,  
 This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a coward——

*First Gent.* Ay, if it take.

*Leon.* Ne'er fear it : the prince has it e,  
 And, if he let it fall, I must not know it ;  
 He will suspect me presently ; but you two  
 May help the plough.

*Sec. Gent.* That he is sick again ?

*Leon.* Extremely sick ; his disease grown incurable,  
 Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

*Sec. Gent.* Well, we have it ;  
 And here he comes.

*Enter LIEUTENANT.*

*Leon.* The prince has been upon him :  
 What a flatten<sup>f</sup> face he has now ! it takes, believe it :  
 How like an ass he looks !

*Lieut.* I feel no great pain ;  
 At least, I think I do not ; yet I feel sensibly,  
 I grow extremely faint : how cold I sweat now !

*Leon.* So, so, so.

*Lieut.* And now, 'tis even too true, I feel a pricking,  
 A pricking, a strange pricking : how it tingles !  
 And as it were a stitch too. The prince told me,  
 And every one cried out, I was a dead man :  
 I had thought I had been as well——

<sup>e</sup> *the prince has it, &c.*] “That is, ‘the prince has undertaken the business, and, if the Lieutenant drops any mention of his imaginary illness, I must appear to be a stranger to it, to avoid suspicion ; but you may assist openly in carrying on the plot upon him.’” *Ed.* 1778. Surely, rather—The prince is informed of the design, and, if he (the prince) drop any expressions intended to lead to its accomplishment, I must appear ignorant on the subject, that the Lieutenant may not suspect me, &c.

<sup>f</sup> *flatten*] May be right : but *qy.* “fleeten” ? see note, vol. v. 442.—MS. ‘slotten’.

*Leon.* Upon him now, boys !  
And do it most demurely.

*First Gent.* How now, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* I thank ye, gentlemen.

*First Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man !——  
How dost thou, good Lieutenant ?

*Sec. Gent.* I ever told ye  
This man was never cur'd ; I see it too plain now.—  
How do you feel yourself ? you look not perfect.—  
How dull his eye hangs !

*First Gent.* That may be discontent.

*Sec. Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not suffer now  
The tithe of those pains this man feels—mark his forehead ;  
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon 't !

*Lieut.* I have it,  
Again I have it : how it grows upon me !  
A miserable man I am.

*Leon.* Ha, ha, ha ! a miserable man thou shalt be.  
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled. [*Aside.*]

*Enter two Physicians.*

*First Phy.* This way he went.

*Sec. Phy.* Pray Heaven, we find him living !  
He's a brave fellow ; 'tis pity he should perish thus.

*First Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a notable suffer-  
ance.

*Lieut.* Oh, oh !

*First Gent.* How now ? how is it, man ?

*Lieut.* Oh, gentlemen,  
Never so full of pain——

*Sec. Gent.* Did I not tell ye ?

*Lieut.* Never so full of pain, gentlemen !

*First Phy.* He is here.—  
How do you, sir ?

*Sec. Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier ;  
The prince has sent us to you.

*Lieut.* Do you think I may live ?

*Sec. Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.

*First Phy.* Yes, you may live : but——

*Leon.* Finely butted, doctor !



*First Gent.* Do not discourage him.

*First Phy.* He must be told truth ;

'Tis now too late to trifle.

*Sec. Gent.* Here the prince comes.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and Gentlemen.*

*Dem.* How now, gentlemen ?

*Sec. Gent.* Bewailing, sir, a soldier,  
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part with :  
But every living thing——

*Dem.* 'Tis true, must perish ;  
Our lives are but our marches<sup>s</sup> to our graves.—  
How dost thou now, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* Faith, 'tis true, sir ;  
We are but spans and candles' ends.

*Leon.* He 's finely mortified.

*Dem.* Thou art heart-whole yet, I see.—He alters strangely,  
And that apace too ; I saw it this morning in him,  
When he, poor man, I dare swear——

*Lieut.* No, believe 't, sir,  
I never felt it.

*Dem.* Here lies the pain now : how he is swell'd !

*First Phy.* The imposthume,  
Fed with a new malignant humour now,  
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible ;  
The compass of a bushel will not hold it ;  
And with such a hell of torture it will rise too——

*Dem.* Can you endure me touch it ?

*Lieut.* Oh, I beseech you, sir !  
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.

*Dem.* He 's finely wrought [*Aside*].—He must be cut, no  
cure else,

And suddenly ; you see how fast he blows out.

*Lieut.* Good master doctor<sup>h</sup>, let me be beholding<sup>i</sup> to you :  
I feel I cannot last——

<sup>s</sup> *marches*] MS. "watches."

<sup>h</sup> *master doctor*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio has "*master doctors*" ; and so Theobald.

<sup>i</sup> *beholding*] See note, p. 40.—Altered to "beholden" by the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.

*Sec. Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* But even for half a dozen cans of good wine,  
That I may drink my will out: I faint hideously.

*Dem.* Fetch him some wine: and, since he must go,  
gentlemen, [*Exit a Gent. who presently returns.*]  
Why, let him take his journey merrily.

*Lieut.* That's even the nearest way.

*Leon.* I could laugh dead now. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Servant, with wine.*

*Dem.* Here, off with that.

*Lieut.* These two I give your grace; [*Drinks.*]  
A poor remembrance of a dying man, sir;  
And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.

*Dem.* I will, soldier:  
These are fine legacies.

*Lieut.* Among the gentlemen,  
Even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,  
Yet something for remembrance; four a-piece, gentlemen:  
And so my body—where you please. [*Drinks.*]

*Leon.* It will work.

*Lieut.* I make your grace my executor, and, I beseech you,  
See my poor will fulfill'd: sure, I shall walk else.

*Dem.* As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.

*First Gent.* The wine will<sup>k</sup> tickle him.

*Lieut.* I would hear a drum beat,  
But to see how I could endure it.

*Dem.* Beat a drum there! [*Drum within.*]

*Lieut.* Oh, heavenly music! I would hear one sing to't:  
I am very full of pain.

*Dem.* Sing! 'tis impossible.

<sup>j</sup> *Drinks*] MS. has here "*he drinks 2 Kans,*" but gives no other stage-directions about the Lieutenant's drinking. According to the Editors of 1778, the legacies given by the Lieutenant are "the empty cans," and the context seems to support that explanation; but Weber maintains that the legacies "consist of the wine he is drinking."

<sup>k</sup> *will*] MS. "begins to."

*Lieut.* Why, then, I would drink a drum-full.  
Where lies the enemy?

*Sec. Gent.* Why, here, close by.

*Leon.* Now he begins to muster.

*Lieut.* And dare he fight?

Dare he fight, gentlemen?

*First Phy.* You must not cut him ;  
He's gone then in a moment : all the hope left is,  
To work his weakness into sudden anger,  
And make him raise his passion above his pain,  
And so dispose him on the enemy ;  
His body then, being stirr'd with violence,  
Will purge itself, and break the sore ;—

*Dem.* 'Tis true, sir.

*First Phy.* And then, my life for his<sup>l</sup>.

*Lieut.* I will not die thus.

*Dem.* But he is too weak to do——

*Lieut.* Die like a dog !

*Sec. Phy.* Ay, he is weak ; but yet he's heart-whole<sup>m</sup>.

*Lieut.* Hem !

*Dem.* An excellent sign.

*Lieut.* Hem !

*Dem.* Stronger still, and better.

*Lieut.* Hem, hem ! ran, tan, tan, tan, tan ! [Exit.]

*First Phy.* Now he's i' the way on 't.

*Dem.* Well, go thy ways ; thou wilt do something, certain.

*Leon.* And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.  
He's finely wrought<sup>n</sup>.

<sup>l</sup> *His body then, being stirr'd with violence,  
Will purge itself, and break the sore ;—*

*Dem.* 'Tis true, sir.

*First Phy.* *And then, my life for his*] Distributed thus in MS. ;

“ His body then, being stird with violence—

*Dem.* Will purge itself, and breake the sore.

*Phis.* 'Tis true, sir :

And then, my life for his.”

<sup>m</sup> *Ay, he is weak ; but yet he's heart-whole*] MS. “ I know he's weake ; but yet his hart's whole.”

<sup>n</sup> *Dem.* *Well, go thy ways, &c.*

— — — — —  
*He's finely wrought*] MS. thus ;

*Dem.* Let 's after him.<sup>o</sup>

*Leon.* Ay, pray, sir<sup>p</sup> :

But how the<sup>q</sup> rogue, when this cloud 's melted in him,  
And all discover'd—

*Dem.* That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away<sup>r</sup> !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the field of battle.*

*Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, and Soldiers.*

*Sel.* Let no man fear to die ; we love to sleep all,  
And death is but the sounder sleep : all ages,  
And all hours call us ; 'tis so common, easy,  
That little children tread those paths before us.  
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,  
Nor go we out, like tedious tales, forgotten :  
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,  
And, as the sun that sets in blood, let 's fall.

*Lysim.* 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot scape 'em,  
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.  
Dishonourable ends we can scape though,  
And, worse than those, captivities : we can die ;  
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us  
These<sup>s</sup> clods of flesh, that are too massy burdens,  
Our living souls fly crown'd with living conquests.

[*Alarum within*<sup>t</sup>.

*Ptol.* They have begun: fight bravely, and fall bravely;

*Dem.* Well, goe thy waies ; thou wilt doe something, certaine,  
And some brave thing, or let mine eares be cutt off.

*Leo* He's *fairly* wrought."

<sup>o</sup> *Let's after him*] The Editors of 1778 chose to give these words to Leontius.

<sup>p</sup> *Ay, pray, sir*] Weber was the first to suspect that the "I pray, sir," of the old copies ought to be in modern orthography "Ay, pray, sir" ; though he did not make that alteration in the text.

<sup>q</sup> *the*] So MS.—Both the folios "this" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>r</sup> *Away, away, away*] Omitted in MS.

<sup>s</sup> *These*] Weber chose to print "Those."

<sup>t</sup> *Alarum within*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

And may that man, that seeks to save his life now  
By price or promise, or by fear falls from us,  
Never again be blest with name of soldier !

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sel.* How now ? who charges<sup>s</sup> first ? I seek a brave hand  
To set me off in death.

*Sold.* We are not charg'd, sir ;  
The prince lies still.

*Sel.* How comes this 'larum up, then ?

*Sold.* There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him  
(He never durst do this else), has broke into us,  
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,  
There five or six ; ventures upon whole companies.

*Ptol.* And is not seconded ?

*Sold.* Not a man follows.

*Sel.* Nor cut a-pieces ?

*Sold.* Their wonder yet has stay'd 'em.

*Sel.* Let 's in and see this miracle.

*Ptol.* I admire it.

SCENE VII.—*On the other side of the same.*

*Enter LEONTIUS and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Fetch him off, fetch him off ! I am sure he 's clouted<sup>t</sup>.  
Did I not tell you how 'twould take ?

*First Gent.* 'Tis admirable.

*Enter LIEUTENANT, with colours in his hand, pursuing three or four  
Soldiers who exeunt.*

*Lieut.* Follow that blow, my friend ; there's at your cox-  
comb<sup>u</sup> !

I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.

*Leon.* How the knave curries 'em !

<sup>s</sup> *charges*] So MS.—Both the folios “charged” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> *clouted*] Which Weber erroneously explained “aimed at,”—means—struck, banged : so again in *Women Pleased*, act ii. sc. 6 ; “Pay him o' the pate, clout him for all his courtesies.”

<sup>u</sup> *coxcomb*] So MS. (and rightly, as the preceding “my friend” shews).—Both the folios “coxcombs” ; and so the modern editors.

*Lieut.* You cannot, rogues,  
Till you have my diseases, fly my fury :  
Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me ?  
An my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,  
Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies !

*Enter DEMETRIUS, Physicians, and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Enough, enough, Lieutenant ! thou hast done bravely.

*Dem.* Mirror of men<sup>v</sup> !

*Lieut.* There 's a flag for you, sir :

I took it out o' the shop, and never paid for 't.

I'll to 'em again ; I am not come to the text yet.

*Dem.* No more, my soldier.—Beshrew my heart, he is hurt  
sore<sup>w</sup>.

*Leon.* Hang him, he 'll lick all these<sup>x</sup> whole.

*First Phy.* Now will we take him,

And cure him in a trice.

*Dem.* Be careful of him.

*Lieut.* Let me live but two years, and do what ye will  
with me :

I never had but two hours yet of happiness.

Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour ;

For I am even as weary of this fighting——

*Sec. Phy.* You shall have nothing. Come to the prince's  
tent,

And there the surgeons presently shall search you ;

Then to your rest.

*Lieut.* A little handsome litter

To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

*Leon.* Look to him.

[*Exeunt* LIEUTENANT and Physicians<sup>y</sup>.

*Dem.* I do believe a horse begot this fellow ;

<sup>v</sup> *Mirror of men*] So MS.—Both the folios “*Mirroure of man*” ; and so the modern editors. (Towards the end of this scene Ptolemy calls Demetrius “*Mirror of noble minds*”.)

<sup>w</sup> *sore*] MS. “shrewdly.”

<sup>x</sup> *these*] i. e. his wounds.—So MS.—Both the folios “those” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>y</sup> *Exeunt Lieutenant and Physicians*] The MS. has “*Ex<sup>t</sup>.*”—The folios have no stage-direction here ; nor do the modern editors add any !

He never knew his strength yet.—Come, Leontius,  
Let's now up to these conquerors<sup>z</sup>: they are our own.

*Leon.* I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now  
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.

*Dem.* Only their lives.

*Leon.* Pray you, take no way of peace now,  
Unless it be with infinite advantage.

*Dem.* I shall be rul'd. Let the battles now move forward;  
Ourselves will give the signal.—Stay; a trumpet<sup>a</sup>.

*Enter Trumpet and Herald.*

Now, Herald, what's your message?

*Her.* From my masters  
This honourable courtesy, a parley  
For half an hour, no more, sir.

*Dem.* Let 'em come on;  
They have my princely word.

*Her.* They are here to attend you.

*Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, Attendants, and Soldiers.*

*Dem.* Now, princes, your demands?

*Sel.* Peace, if it may be  
Without the too-much tainture of our honours<sup>b</sup>;  
Peace; and we'll buy it too.

*Dem.* At what price?

*Lysim.* Tribute.

*Ptol.* At all the charge of this war.

*Leon.* That will not do it<sup>c</sup>.

*Sel.* Leontius, you and I have serv'd together,  
And run through many a fortune with our swords,  
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;

<sup>z</sup> *Come, Leontius,*

*Let's now up to these conquerors]* So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

<sup>a</sup> *Stay; a trumpet]*—*trumpet*, i. e. trumpeter.—So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

<sup>b</sup> *honours]* So MS.—Both the folios “honour”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>c</sup> *it]* Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.—MS. gives the passage thus;

“*Dem.* That will not do it.

*Sel.* You and I have serv'd together, Leontius.”



One tent a thousand times from cold night cover'd us ;  
Our loves have been but one ; and, had we died then,  
One monument had held our names and actions :  
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,  
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such trophies ?  
Have we forgot to die ? or are our virtues  
Less in afflictions constant than our fortunes ?  
You are deceiv'd, old soldier.

*Leon.* I know your worths,  
And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.  
Were these my wars, or led my power in chief here,  
I knew then how to meet your memories<sup>d</sup> :  
They are my king's employments ; this man fights now,  
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service ;  
This man that fled before ye. Call back that,  
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,  
And then an easy peace may sheathe our swords up.  
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,  
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye :  
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,  
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,  
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.  
Will ye unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners ?

*Sel.* We never knew what that sound meant : no gyves  
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces ;  
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on me.

*Leon.* Expect our charge, then.

*Lysim.* 'Tis the nobler courtesy :  
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless us !

*Dem.* Stay : have you any hope ?

<sup>d</sup> *memories*] "I have observed that our poets frequently employ the word *memory* in an uncommon and abstracted sense. I think *Leontius* means here, that then he could meet the *remembrance* of those occurrences which are summed up by *Seleucus* in his preceding speech." THEOBALD. "Theobald has justly explained this passage : it is certain, that the word *memory* is frequently used by Shakespeare [and other early writers ; see notes, p. 208, p. 514] in the sense of memorial ; but that is not [as the Editors of 1778 suppose] the meaning in this place." MASON. I think Theobald's explanation quite wrong : "*your memories*" (those of *Lysimachus* and *Ptolemy* as well as of *Seleucus*) must mean—the honourable remembrance which attends your achievements,—your memorized greatness.

*Sel.* We have none left us,  
But that one comfort of our deaths together :  
Give us but room to fight.

*Leon.* Win it, and wear it.

*Ptol.* Call from the hills those companies hang o'er us  
Like bursting clouds, and then break in, and take us.

*Dem.* Find such a soldier will forsake advantage,  
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble,  
And hang a light out to ye in this darkness,  
(The light of peace), give up those cities, forts,  
And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.

*Sel.* Is this the peace ? traitors to those that feed us,  
Our gods and people, give our countries from us ?

*Lysim.* Begin the knell ; it sounds a great deal sweeter.

*Ptol.* Let loose your servant Death.

*Sel.* Fall Fate upon us,  
Our memories shall never stink behind us. [ *Going.*

*Dem.* Seleucus ! great Seleucus !

*First Sold.* The prince calls, sir.

*Dem.* Thou stock of nobleness and courtesy,  
Thou father of the war !

*Leon.* What means the prince now ?

*Dem.* Give me my standard here.

*Lysim.* His anger 's melted.

*Dem.* You, gentlemen, that were his prisoners,  
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,  
Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,  
The standard of the kingdom.—Take it, soldier.

*Ptol.* What will this mean ?

*Dem.* Thou hast won it ; bear it off ;  
And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee.

*Sel.* You shall have all our countries.

*Lysim. Ptol.* All, by Heaven, sir !

*Dem.* I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble :  
No ; in the way of courtesy I'll start ye.—  
Draw off, and make a lane through all the army,  
That these, that have subdu'd us, may march through us.  
*Sel.* Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness ;  
I'll bear your standard for you, follow you.

*Dem.* I swear<sup>e</sup> it shall be so : march through me fairly,  
And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus !

*Ptol.*<sup>f</sup> Mirror of noble minds !

*Dem.* Nay, then, you hate me <sup>g</sup>.

[*Exeunt, with drums and shouts, all except LEONTIUS.*

*Leon.* I cannot speak now :

Well, go thy ways ! at a sure piece of bravery  
Thou art the best. These men are won by the necks now.  
I 'll send a post away<sup>h</sup>. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The capital. An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS disguised, and MENIPPUS.*

*Ant.* No aptness in her ?

*Men.* Not an immodest motion ;  
And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted<sup>i</sup>,  
Makes as wild witty answers——

*Ant.* This more fires me :

I must not have her thus.

*Men.* We cannot alter her.

*Ant.* Have you put the youths upon her ?

*Men.* All that know any thing,  
And have been studied how to catch a beauty ;  
But, like so many whelps about an elephant——  
The prince is coming home, sir.

*Ant.* I hear that too ;

But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well ?

*Men.* Not to be known, I think, sir.

*Ant.* I must see her.

<sup>e</sup> *I swear*] MS. "By Heaven".

<sup>f</sup> *Ptol.*] MS. "Lis. *Ptol.*

<sup>g</sup> *Dem. Nay, then, you hate me*] Omitted in MS.

<sup>h</sup> *I 'll send a post away*] Omitted in MS.

<sup>i</sup> *And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted*] So MS.; and so Weber from conjecture.—The first folio has "*And yet when she is as free, and when she is courted*". The second folio has merely "*And yet when she is courted*"; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,  
I tried her through all the points o' the compass, I think<sup>k</sup>.

*Sec. Gent.* She studies to undo the court, to plant here  
The enemy to our age, Chastity<sup>l</sup>:  
She is the first that e'er balk'd a close harbour,  
And the sweet contents within: she hates curl'd heads too;  
And setting up of beards she swears is idolatry.

*First Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze;  
Yet she would make one think——

*Sec. Gent.* True, by her carriage;  
For she's as wanton as a kid, to the outside,  
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,  
Walk'd with her half an hour.

*First Gent.* She heard me sing,  
And sung herself too; she sings admirably<sup>m</sup>:  
But still, when any hope was, as 'tis her trick  
To minister enough of those, then presently,  
With some new flam or other, nothing to the matter,  
And such a frown as would sink all before her,  
She takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be the last fools.

*Sec. Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope: 'tis a strange wench.  
[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Ant.* This screws me up still higher.

*Men.* Here she comes, sir.

<sup>j</sup> *two Gentlemen*] Both the folios add "or Lords".

<sup>k</sup> *I think, &c.*] Mason would distribute the dialogue thus;

"*Sec. Gent.* I think she studies to undo the court,  
To plant here the enemy to our age, Chastity", &c.

MS. assigns these speeches as follows;

"1 *Gent.* I offer'd - - - -"

I tryde - - - -"

She studies - - - -"

The enemie - - - -"

2 *Gent.* She is the first - - - -"

And those sweete - - - -"

And setting up - - - -"

1 *Gent.* I never see so faire a face so frozen;

Yet, &c.

<sup>l</sup> *The enemy to our age, Chastity*] Theobald silently printed, "*The enemy to our age, cold Chastity*"!

<sup>m</sup> *admirably*] MS. "daintely."

*Enter CELIA and Ladies.*

*Ant.* Then, be you gone, and take the women with you;  
And lay those jewels in her way.

[MENIPPUS *lays the jewels on a table, and then exit with Ladies.*

*Celia.* If I stay longer,  
I shall number as many lovers<sup>n</sup> as Laïs did.  
How they flock after me ! upon my conscience,  
I have had a dozen horses given me this morning :  
I'll even set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.  
A good discreet wench now, that were not hide-bound,  
Might raise a fine estate<sup>o</sup> here, and suddenly ;  
For these warm things will give their souls——I can go no  
where,

Without a world of offerings to my excellence :  
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what ;  
And no constellation in all heaven but I outshine it :  
And they have found out now I have no eyes,  
No<sup>p</sup> mortal lights ; but certain influences,  
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts at ;  
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,  
With as much ease now——Ha ! what are these ? new  
projects ? [*Sees the jewels.*

Where are my honourable ladies ? are you out too ?  
Nay, then, I must buy the stock<sup>q</sup> ; send me good carding !  
I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport :  
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,  
And that, that troubles me : all these were recreations,  
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me.—  
What fellow's that ? another apparition ?  
This is the loving'st age ! I should know that face ;  
Sure, I have seen 't before ; not long since neither. [*Aside.*

*Ant.* She sees me now. Oh, Heaven, a most rare creature !  
[*Aside.*

*Celia.* Yes, 'tis the same : I will take no notice of you ;

<sup>n</sup> *lovers*] MS. "loves".

<sup>o</sup> *estate*] MS. "state" (see note, p. 351).

<sup>p</sup> *No*] So MS.—Both the folios "Of" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>q</sup> *I must buy the stock*] "i. e. I must play out the *game* ; I must take in the *cards* : *buying the stock* is a term used at an old-fashioned game called *gleeck*." THEOBALD.—"At *gleeck*, and other games, when part of the cards only is used, the remainder was called the *stock*." Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for 't.

Is all this cackling for your egg<sup>r</sup>? they are fair ones,

Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may stumble

A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.— [Aside.]

My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?

*Ant.* Set 'em off, lady!

*Celia.* I mean, sell 'em here, sir?

*Ant.* She's very quick [Aside].—For sale they are not meant, sure.

*Celia.* For sanctity, I think, much less. Good even, sir.

*Ant.* Nay, noble lady, stay: 'tis you must wear 'em:

Never look strange; they are worthy your best beauty.

*Celia.* Did you speak to me?

*Ant.* To you, or to none living:

'To you they are sent, to you they are sacrific'd.

*Celia.* I'll never look a horse i' the mouth that's given:

I thank you, sir: I'll send one to reward you.

*Ant.* Do you never ask who sent 'em?

*Celia.* Never I;

Nor never care. If it be an honest end,

That end's the full reward, and thanks but slubber it:

If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.

*Ant.* This has a soul, indeed [Aside].—Pray, let me tell you.

*Celia.* I care not if you do, so you do it handsomely,

And not stand picking of your words.

*Ant.* The king sent 'em.

*Celia.* Away, away! thou art some foolish fellow:

And now, I think, thou hast stole 'em too. The king sent 'em!

Alas, good man! wouldst thou make me believe

He has nothing to do with things of these worths,

But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,

A good old man, they say, too: I dare swear,

Full many a year ago he left these gambols.

Here, take your trinkets.

<sup>r</sup> egg] After this word, Weber put a stage-direction, "*Sees the jewels*": but Celia saw them before, when she exclaimed "Ha! what are these? new projects?" The plural "they" applied to the preceding "egg", might be defended by many passages in these plays.



*Ant.* Sure, I do not lie, lady.

*Celia.* I know thou liest extremely, damnably :  
Thou hast a lying face.

*Ant.* I was never thus rattled. [ *Aside.*

*Celia.* But, say I should believe ; why are these sent me ?  
And why art thou the messenger ? who art thou ?

*Ant.* Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider  
Who can send such as these, but a king only ?  
And to what beauty can they be oblations  
But only yours ? For me, that am the carrier,  
'Tis only fit you know I am his servant,  
And have fulfill'd his will.

*Celia.* You are short and pithy.  
What must my beauty do for these ?

*Ant.* Sweet lady,  
You cannot be so hard of understanding,  
When a king's favour shines upon you gloriously,  
And speaks his love in these——

*Celia.* Oh, then, love's the matter ;  
Sir-reverence, love<sup>t</sup> ! Now I begin to feel you :  
And I should be the king's whore ; a brave title !  
And go as glorious as the sun ; oh, brave still !  
The chief commandress of his concubines,  
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures !

*Ant.* A devilish subtle wench ; but a rare spirit. [ *Aside.*

*Celia.* And when the good old sponge had suck'd my youth  
dry,  
And left some of his royal aches in my bones ;  
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life up,  
And cast long furrows in my face to sink me——

*Ant.* You must not think so, lady.

*Celia.* Then can these, sir,  
These precious things, the price of youth and beauty,  
This shop here of sin-offerings, set me off again ?  
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent ?  
Purge me to what I was ? add to my memory

<sup>t</sup> *Sir-reverence, love*] See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Save-reverence*.—The modern editors print "*Sir-reverence Love*".



An honest and a noble fame? The king's device<sup>u</sup> .  
 The sin 's as universal as the sun is,  
 And lights an everlasting<sup>v</sup> torch to shame me.

*Ant.* Do you hold so slight account of a great king's favour,  
 That all knees bow to purchase?

*Celia.* Prithee, peace:

If thou knew'st how ill-favouredly thy tale becomes thee,  
 And what ill root it takes——

*Ant.* You will be wiser.

*Celia.* Could the king find no shape to shift his pandar  
 into,

But reverend age? and one so like himself too?

*Ant.* She has found me out.

[*Aside.*

*Celia.* Cozen the world with gravity!

Prithee, resolve<sup>w</sup> me one thing; does the king love thee?

*Ant.* I think he does.

*Celia.* It seems so, by thy office:

He loves thy use, and, when that 's ended, hates thee.

Thou seem'st to me a soldier.

*Ant.* Yes, I am one.

*Celia.* And hast fought for thy country?

*Ant.* Many a time.

*Celia.* May be, commanded too?

*Ant.* I have done, lady.

*Celia.* Oh, wretched man, below the state of pity!

Canst thou forget thou wert begot in honour?

A free companion for a king? a soldier?

Whose nobleness dare feel no want but enemies?

Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,

<sup>u</sup> *The king's device*] Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed, "*The king's vice*"; and so the Editors of 1778.—"The old reading, which the modern editors all concur in rejecting, is the true one. '*Device*' does not mean the design or contrivance of the king, as Seward supposes, but his ensign armorial; a common acceptance of the word. - - - The device of Antigonus was a sun, as appears from Celia's speech in scene 5. of this act, where she says to Antigonus—

'Be, as your emblem is, a glorious lamp

Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly.'

To this she alludes in the present passage." MASON.

<sup>v</sup> *everlasting*] The Editors of 1778 by mistake gave "universal"; and so Weber!

<sup>w</sup> *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

To eat the bread of bawdry, of base bawdry ?  
Feed on the scum of sin ? Fling thy sword from thee,  
Dishonour to the noble name that nurs'd thee :  
Go, beg diseases ; let them be thy armours ;  
Thy fights the flames of lust and their foul issues.

*Ant.* Why, then, I am a king, and mine own speaker.

[ *Throws off his disguise.*

*Celia.* And I as free as you, mine own disposer.  
There, take your jewels ; let them give them lustres  
That have dark lives and souls : wear 'em yourself, sir ;  
You 'll seem a devil else.

*Ant.* I command you, stay.

*Celia.* Be just ; I am commanded.

*Ant.* I will not wrong you.

*Celia.* Then thus low falls my duty.

[ *Kneels.*

*Ant.* Can you love me ?

Say "ay," and all I have——

*Celia.* [*rising*] I cannot love you ;

Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear you :

You hang upon my love like frosts on lilies :

I can die, but I cannot love. You are answer'd.

[ *Exit.*

*Ant.* I must find apter means : I love her truly.

[ *Exit.*

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SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, Soldiers,  
and Host.

*Dem.* Hither, do you say, she is come ?

*Host.* Yes, sir, I am sure on 't ;

For, whilst I waited on you, putting my wife in trust,  
I know not by what means, but the king found her,  
And hither she was brought ; how, or to what end——

*Dem.* My father found her !

*Host.* So my wife informs me.

*Dem.* Leontius, pray, draw off the soldiers :

I would a while be private.

*Leon.* Fall off, gentlemen :

The prince would be alone. [ *Exeunt* LEON., LIEUT., and Soldiers.

*Dem.* Is he so cunning ?

There is some trick in this, and you must know it,  
And be an agent too; which, if it prove so——

*Host.* Pull me to pieces, sir.

*Dem.* My father found her!

My father brought her hither! went she willingly?

*Host.* My wife says full of doubts.

*Dem.* I cannot blame her.

No more. There is no trust, no faith in mankind.

*Enter ANTIGONUS and MENIPPUS, with LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT,  
and Soldiers.*

*Ant.* Keep her up close; he must not come to see her.—  
You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen!  
You have done a courteous service on the enemy,  
Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it:  
You are not now in 's debt, son. Still your sad looks?—  
Leontius, what 's the matter?

*Leon.* 'Truth, sir, I know not:

We have been merry since we went.

*Lieut.* I feel it.

*Ant.* Come, what's the matter now? do you want  
money?——

Sure, he has heard o' the wench.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Is that a want, sir?

I would fain speak to your grace.

*Ant.* You may do freely.

*Dem.* And not deserve your anger?

*Ant.* That you may too.

*Dem.* There was a gentlewoman, and some time<sup>x</sup> my  
prisoner,

Which I thought well of, sir. Your grace conceives me?

*Ant.* I do indeed, and with much grief conceive you;  
With full as much grief as your mother bare you.  
There was such a woman: would I might as well say  
There was no such Demetrius<sup>y</sup>!

*Dem.* She was virtuous,

<sup>x</sup> *some time*] Both the folios and MS. "sometimes."

<sup>y</sup> *such Demetrius*] Happens to be pointed in the second folio "*such, Demetrius*"; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778!

And therefore not unfit my youth to love her :  
She was as fair——

*Ant.* Her beauty I 'll proclaim, too,  
To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman ;  
But how she made that good, the devil knows.

*Dem.* She was—Oh, Heaven !

*Ant.* The hell to all thy glories,  
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of thine honour :  
She was a devil.

*Dem.* You are my father, sir.

*Ant.* And since you take a pride to shew your follies,  
I 'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.

*Leon.* What heat is this ? the king's eyes speak his anger.

*Ant.* Thou hast abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship,  
Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,  
The subtilties and soft heats of a harlot.

*Dem.* Good sir, mistake her not.

*Ant.* A witch, a sorceress<sup>y</sup>

(I tell thee but the truth ; and hear, Demetrius),  
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with charms  
Devilish and dark, so lock'd up all thy virtues,  
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung'st from,  
glorious——

*Dem.* Oh, Heaven<sup>z</sup>, that any tongue but his durst say this !  
That any heart durst harbour it !—Dread father,  
If for the innocent the gods allow us  
To bend our knees——

*Ant.* Away ! thou art bewitch'd still ;  
Though she be dead, her power still lives upon thee.

*Dem.* Dead ! Oh, sacred sir<sup>a</sup> ! dead, did you say ?

*Ant.* She is dead, fool.

*Dem.* It is not possible. Be not so angry :  
Say she is fain under your sad displeasure,

<sup>y</sup> *sorceress*] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. "sorcerer".

<sup>z</sup> *Oh, Heaven*] So the second folio and MS.—"The first folio does not divide this speech from the preceding one, and reads '*In Heaven*'." WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *Dead ! Oh, sacred sir*] So both the folios, as also MS.—The Editors of 1778 printed "*Dead ! dead ! Oh sacred sir !*" and so Weber.

Or any thing but dead ; say she is banish'd :  
Invent a crime, and I'll<sup>a</sup> believe it, sir.

*Ant.* Dead by the law : we found her hell and her,  
I mean, her charms and spells, for which she perish'd ;  
And she confess'd she drew thee to thy ruin,  
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my empire's overthrow.

*Dem.* But is she dead ? was there no pity, sir ?  
If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shown her ?  
Did you look on her face when you condemn'd her ?

*Ant.* I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.

*Dem.* Can she be dead ? can virtue fall untimely ?

*Ant.* She is dead ; deservingly she died.

*Dem.* I have done, then.—

Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd ?  
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise  
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd ?—I am your son, sir,  
And to all you shall command stand most obedient :  
Only a little time I must entreat you,  
To study to forget her ; 'twill not be long, sir,  
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia ?  
Dead, my poor wench ? my joy pluck'd green with violence ?  
Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell ! Come, thou destroyer,  
Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me !  
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cryings !  
Nothing, that loves the day, love me or seek me !  
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me !  
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more,  
Nor ne'er<sup>b</sup> betray a beauty to my curses ;  
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,  
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at ;  
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing ! [Exit<sup>c</sup>.

*Ant.* This opinion must be maintain'd.

*Men.* It shall be, sir.

*Ant.* Let him go ; I can at mine own pleasure draw

<sup>a</sup> *I'll*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio “doe”.

<sup>b</sup> *Nor ne'er*] Silently altered by Theobald to “*Nor e'er*” ; and so the Editors of 1778.—The old reading, as Weber remarks, “was the phraseology of the age”.

<sup>c</sup> *Exit*] So MS.—Both the folios “*Ex. [Dem.] and Gent.*” ; and so the modern editors.

Him to the right again.—Wait you instructions,  
And see the soldier paid, Leontius.—  
Once more, ye are welcome home all !

*All.* Health to your majesty !

[*Exeunt all except LEONTIUS and Host*<sup>d</sup>.

*Leon.* Thou went'st along the journey; how canst thou tell?

*Host.* I did ; but I am sure 'tis so : had I stay'd behind,  
I think this had not prov'd.

*Leon.* A wench the reason !

*Lieut.* Who 's that talks of a wench there ?

*Leon.* All this discontent  
About a wench !

*Lieut.* Where is this wench, good colonel ?

*Leon.* Prithee, hold thy peace : who calls thee to council ?

*Lieut.* Why, if there be a wench——

*Leon.* 'Tis fit thou know her,  
That I'll say for thee ; and as fit thou art for her,  
Let her be mew'd or stopt.

*Re-enter two Gentlemen.*

How is it, gentlemen ?

*First Gent.* He's wondrous discontent ; he'll speak to no  
man.

*Sec. Gent.* H'as taken his chamber close, admits no en-  
trance ;  
Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out.

*Host.* 'Tis so, sir ;

And now I wish myself half-hang'd ere I went this journey.

*Leon.* What is this woman ?

*Lieut.* Ay !

*Host.* I cannot tell you,  
But handsome as heaven.

*Lieut.* She is not so high, I hope, sir.

*Leon.* Where is she ?

*Lieut.* Ay, that would be known.

*Leon.* Why, sirrah——

<sup>d</sup> *Exeunt all except Leontius and Host*] Both the folios, as also MS., "*Exit Antig. &c.*" ; and so the modern editors.



*Host.* I cannot shew you neither ;  
The king has now dispos'd of her.

*Leon.* There lies the matter.  
Will he admit none come to comfort him<sup>c</sup>?

*First Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts  
out,  
Will never speak.

*Lieut.* 'Tis the best way, if he have her ;  
For, look you, a man would be loath to be disturb'd in 's  
pastime ;  
'Tis every good man's case.

*Leon.* 'Tis all thy living<sup>f</sup>.—  
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it ;  
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,  
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,  
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,  
And in the torrent of their own sighs sink themselves :  
I will and must speak to him.

*Lieut.* So must I too :  
He promis'd me a charge.  
*Leon.* Of what? of children?

Upon my conscience, thou hast a double company,  
And all of thine own begetting, already.

*Lieut.* That 's all one ;  
I'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then<sup>g</sup> command 'em :  
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em<sup>h</sup>,  
Knock 'em o' the head, and put in new.

*Leon.* A rare way !  
But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough  
To dare to see the prince now ?

*Lieut.* Do you think he's angry ?

*First Gent.* Extremely vex'd.

<sup>c</sup> none come to comfort him] So MS.—Both the folios “none to come to comfort him”; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Theobald printed “none to come comfort him”.  
<sup>f</sup> living] MS. “life”.

<sup>g</sup> then] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. “there”.

<sup>h</sup> When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em] Qy. did Sheridan recollect this, when he made Sir Anthony Absolute threaten to “unget” his son? See *The Rivals*, act ii. sc. 1.



*Sec. Gent.* To the endangering of any man comes near him.

*First Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out, whate'er  
thy suit were,

Believe it granted presently.

*Leon.* Yet thou must think, though,  
That in the doing he may break upon you,  
And——

*Lieut.* If he do not kill me——

*Leon.* There's the question.

*Lieut.* For half a dozen hurts——

*Leon.* Art thou so valiant?

*Lieut.* Not absolutely so neither : no, it cannot be ;  
I want my imposthumes and my things about me ;  
Yet I'll make danger<sup>h</sup>, colonel.

*Leon.* 'Twill be rare sport,  
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand : if thou dost this,  
I'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word for't.

*Lieut.* What may be done by human man——

*Leon.* Let's go, then.

*First Gent.* Away, before he cool ; he will renege<sup>i</sup> else.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, and LEUCIPPE.

*Ant.* Will she not yield?

*Leu.* For all we can urge to her.

I swore you<sup>j</sup> would marry her ; she laugh'd extremely,  
And then she rail'd like thunder.

*Ant.* Call in the magician.

[*Exit* MENIPPUS.

I must and will obtain her ; I am ashes else.

*Re-enter* MENIPPUS, with Magician carrying a bowl.

Are all the philters in ? charms, powders<sup>k</sup>, roots ?

<sup>h</sup> *make danger*] See note, p. 66.

<sup>i</sup> *renege*] i. e. deny, renounce.—So MS. (with the spelling "*reneage*").—The first folio has "*revenge*" (a manifest misprint for "*reneage*").—The editors of the second folio substituted "*relapse*" ; and so the modern editors. I may add, that the word *renege* is used more than once by Shakespeare.

<sup>j</sup> *you*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio "*I*".

<sup>k</sup> *powders*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio "*powder*" ; and so

*Mag.* They are all in ; and now I only stay  
The invocation of some helping spirits.

*Ant.* To your work, then, and despatch.

*Mag.* Sit still, and fear not.

*Leu.* I shall ne'er endure these sights.

*Ant.* Away with the woman !—

Go, wait without.

*Leu.* When the devil's gone, pray, call me. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Be sure you make it powerful enough.

*Mag.* Pray, doubt not. [*He conjures, and sings the following*

#### SONG<sup>1</sup>.

Rise from the shades below,  
All you that prove  
The helps of looser<sup>m</sup> love !  
Rise, and bestow  
Upon this cup whatever may compel,  
By powerful charm and unresisted spell,  
A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires !  
Distil into this liquor all your fires,  
Heats, longings, tears ;  
But keep back frozen fears ;  
That she may know, that has all power defied,  
Art is a power that will not be denied.

*Enter Spirits, who, during the following song, throw various things  
into the bowl, and then dance round it.*

#### *First Spirit* °.

I obey, I obey ;  
And am come to view the <sup>p</sup> day ;  
Brought along all may compel,  
All the earth has, and our <sup>q</sup> hell.  
Here's a little, little flower ;  
This will make her sweat an hour,

the modern editors.—“ This line is, in the first edition, added to the Magician's speech, but the editors of the second properly restored it to Antigonus.” WEBER.

<sup>1</sup> *Song, &c.*] Instead of the song by the Magician and the reply to it by one of the Spirits, the MS. has merely, “ *He seemes to coniure ; sweete Musique is heard, and an Antick of litle Fayeries enter and dance about y<sup>e</sup> Bowle and fling in things, and Ex<sup>t</sup>.*”

<sup>m</sup> *looser*] So the second folio.—The first folio “ loose ”.

° *Enter Spirits, who, during - - - First Spirit*] The folios have merely “ *The Answer* ”.

<sup>p</sup> *the*] So the second folio.—The first folio “ e're ”.

<sup>q</sup> *our*] So the second folio.—The first folio “ one ”.

Then into such flames arise,  
 A thousand joys will not suffice ;  
 Here's the powder of the Moon,  
 With which she caught Endymion ;  
 The powerful tears that Venus cried,  
 When the boy Adonis died ;  
 Here 's Medea's charm, with which  
 Jason's heart she did bewitch ;  
 Omphale this spell put in,  
 When she made the Libyan <sup>r</sup> spin ;  
 This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,  
 Purges all pure thoughts and good :  
 These I stir thus, round, round, round,  
 Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

[*Exeunt* Spirits.]

*Mag.* Now, sir, 'tis full ; and whosoever drinks this  
 Shall violently dote upon your person,  
 And never sleep nor eat, unsatisfied.  
 So many hours 'twill work, and work with violence ;  
 And, those expir'd, 'tis done. You have my art, sir.

*Ant.* See him rewarded liberally.—Leucippe!

*Re-enter* LEUCIPPE.

Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for wine next,  
 Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it :  
 Delay no time when she calls next.

*Leu.* I shall, sir.

*Ant.* Let none else touch it, on your life.

*Leu.* I am charg'd, sir.

*Ant.* Now, if she have an antidote, let her scape me <sup>s</sup>.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.—*The court of the Palace, before the apartments of*  
 DEMETRIUS.

*Enter* LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, and Gentlemen.

*First Gent.* There 's the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do  
 any thing.

<sup>r</sup> *Libyan*] "Mr. Sympson would read *Theban*, the story of Omphale being, as he thinks, only applicable to him : but as there were many Herculeses, and among the rest a *Libyan*, the son of Jupiter Ammon, if it is inaccurate, it seems the inaccuracy of a scholar, and not an error of the press." SEWARD.

<sup>s</sup> *an antidote, let her scape me*] So MS.—Both the folios "*an antidote art, let her scape me*" ; and so the modern editors.

*Leon.* Here's no man waits.

*First Gent.* H'as given a charge that none shall,  
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him.—  
Dare you go forward?

*Lieut.* Let me put on my scull<sup>t</sup> first :  
My head's almost beaten into the pap of an apple.  
Are there no guns i' the door?

*Leon.* The rogue will do it :  
And yet I know he has no stomach to 't.

*Lieut.* What loop-holes are there, when I knock, for stones?  
For those may pepper me :—I can perceive none.

*Leon.* How he views the fortification!

*Lieut.* Farewell, gentlemen :  
If I be kill'd——

*Leon.* We'll see thee buried bravely.

*Lieut.* Away<sup>u</sup> ! how should I know that then?—I'll knock  
softly.

Pray Heaven he speak in a low voice now, to comfort me !  
I feel I have no heart to 't [*Knocks*].—Is 't well, gentlemen?  
Colonel, my troop!

*Leon.* A little louder.

*Lieut.* Stay, stay :  
Here is a window ; I will see ; stand wide.—  
By Heaven<sup>v</sup>, he's charging of a gun !

*Leon.* There's no such matter :  
There's nobody in this room.

*Lieut.* Oh, 'twas a fire-shovel.  
Now I'll knock louder. If he say, "Who's there?"  
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him  
So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel ! [*Knocks louder*].

*First Gent.* Knock louder, fool ; he hears not.

*Lieut.* You fool, do you :  
Do, an you dare now.

*First Gent.* I do not undertake it.

*Lieut.* Then hold your peace, and meddle with your own  
matters.

*Leon.* Now he will knock. [LIEUT. *knocks louder*].

<sup>t</sup> *scull*] "i. e. scull-cap, helmet." WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> *Away*] Omitted in MS.

<sup>v</sup> *By Heaven*] Both the folios "By——".—MS. "Beware".

*Lieut.* Sir, sir! will 't please you hear, sir?  
Your grace!—I'll look again. What 's that?

*Leon.* He's there now.

Lord, how he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus alter'd.—  
Stand now, and take the troop.

*Lieut.* Would I were in 't,  
And a good horse under me!—I must knock again;  
The devil 's at my fingers' ends. [Knocks louder.  
He comes now.—

Now, colonel, if I live——

*Leon.* The troop 's thine own, boy.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, with a pistol<sup>w</sup>.*

*Dem.* What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruin——

*Lieut.* Your father would desire you, sir, to come to dinner.

*Dem.* Thou art no more. [Presents the pistol.

*Lieut.* Now, now, now, now! [Falls<sup>x</sup>.

*Dem.* Poor coxcomb!

Why do I aim at thee? [Exit<sup>y</sup>.

*Leon.* His fear has kill'd him.

*Enter LEUCIPPE, with the Magician's bowl.*

*Sec. Gent.* I protest<sup>z</sup> he's almost stiff: bend him<sup>a</sup>, and rub  
him;

Hold his nose close.—You, if you be a woman,  
Help us a little; here 's a man near perish'd.

*Leu.* Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me!  
Look to my bowl: I'll run in presently,

<sup>w</sup> *Demetrius, with a pistol.*] “One cannot suppose our authors ignorant of the anachronism in this place; but they designed it, like the Dutch painter, who made Abraham going to shoot his son with a *pistol*. The odd absurdity makes it more droll and laughable.” SEWARD. The many other anachronisms in these plays ought to have shewn Seward that his note concerning the present one was itself an “odd absurdity”.

<sup>x</sup> *Falls*] The folios have no stage-direction here. MS. has “*He swoonds*”.

<sup>y</sup> *Exit*] Weber gave “*Fires it, and exit*”: but there is nothing in the text to shew that Demetrius *fires* the pistol.

<sup>z</sup> *I protest*] MS. “*Alas*” (giving this line to Leontius).

<sup>a</sup> *bend him*] See note, p. 406.

And fetch some water: bend him, and set him upwards.

A goodly man<sup>b</sup>!

[*Exit.*

*Leon.* Here 's a brave heart!—He 's warm again.—You shall not

Leave us i' the lurch so, sirrah.

*Sec. Gent.* Now he breathes too.

*Leon.* If we had but any drink<sup>c</sup> to raise his spirits—  
What 's that i' the bowl? upon my life, good liquor;  
She would not own it else.

*First Gent.* He sees.

*Leon.* Look up, boy;

And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.—  
Guide it to his mouth. He swallows heartily.

*Sec. Gent.* Oh, fear and sorrow's dry: 'tis off.

*Leon.* Stand up, man.

*Lieut.* Am I not shot?

*Leon.* Away with him, and cheer him.—

Thou hast won thy troop.

*Lieut.* I think I won it bravely.

*Leon.* Go:—I must see the prince; he must not live thus:—  
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.

*First Gent*<sup>d</sup>. Well, sir. [*Exeunt Gentlemen and LIEUT.*

*Re-enter LEUCIPPE, with water.*

*Leu.* Here, here! where 's the sick gentleman?

*Leon.* He 's up, and gone, lady.

*Leu.* Alas, that I came so late!

*Leon.* He must still thank you;

You left that in a cup here did him comfort.

*Leu.* That in the bowl?

*Leon.* Yes, truly, very much comfort;  
He drank it off, and, after it, spoke lustily.

*Leu.* Did he drink it all?

*Leon.* All off.

*Leu.* The devil choke him!

<sup>b</sup> *A goodly man*] Both the folios, by a mistake, give these words to Leontius.

<sup>c</sup> *If we had but any drink, &c.*] MS. gives this line to the preceding speaker.

<sup>d</sup> *First Gent.*] MS. "*Gent*".—Both the folios make "Well, sir" a portion of the preceding speech; and so the modern editors.

I am undone—h'as twenty devils in him—  
Undone for ever ! [*Aside.*—Left he none ?

*Leon.* I think not.

*Leu.* [*looking at the bowl*] No, not a drop : what shall  
become of me now ?

Had he no where else to swound ? a vengeance swound<sup>d</sup> him !  
Undone, undone, undone ! stay ; I can lie yet,  
And swear too, at a pinch ; that's all my comfort.— [*Aside.*  
Look to him ; I say, look to him ; and but mark what follows.  
[*Exit.*

*Leon.* What a devil ails the woman ? Here comes the  
prince again,

*Re-enter DEMETRIUS.*

With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow,  
Sorrow herself, but poorly imitates.  
Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caus'd it ! [*Retires.*

*Dem.* Why might she not be false and treacherous to me,  
And found so by my father ? she was a woman ;  
And many a one of that sex, young and fair,  
As full of faith as she, have faln, and foully.

*Leon.* It is a wench : oh, that I knew the circumstance !  
[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Why might not, to preserve me from this ruin,  
She having lost her honour, and abus'd me,  
My father change the forms o' the crimes<sup>e</sup>, and execute  
His anger on a fault she ne'er committed,  
Only to keep me safe ? Why should I think so ?  
She never was to me but all obedience,  
Sweetness, and love.

*Leon.* How heartily he weeps now !  
I have not wept these thirty years and upward ;  
But now, if I should be hang'd, I cannot hold from 't :  
It grieves me to the heart. [*Aside, and then comes forward.*

<sup>d</sup> *swound* - - - *swound*] So both the folios, as also MS.—Altered by the modern editors to “swoon - - - swoon” : see note, vol. i. 422.

<sup>e</sup> *crimes*] So MS. ; and so Seward (from the conjecture of “an ingenious young gentleman”), and the Editors of 1778.—The folios have “coines” and “coins” ; and Weber, thinking that “coius” might (as Seward had suggested) be put “by a metaphor for laws”, retained that reading !



*Dem.* Who's that that mocks me?

*Leon.* A plague off him that mocks you! I grieve truly,  
Truly and heartily, to see you thus, sir:  
And, if it lay in my power, gods are my witness,  
Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace from you,  
I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit——

*Dem.* No more of that, no more, Leontius:  
Revenge is the gods'; our part is sufferance.  
Farewell: I shall not see thee long.

*Leon.* Good sir<sup>g</sup>,  
Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in 't:  
Do you hold me faithful? dare you trust your soldier?  
Sweet prince, the cause?

*Dem.* I must not, dare not tell it;  
And, as thou art an honest man, inquire not.

*Leon.* Will you be merry, then?

*Dem.* I am wondrous merry.

*Leon.* 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes you.  
Shame on 't! it does not, sir; it shews not handsomely.  
If I were thus, you would swear I were an ass straight,  
A wooden ass. Whine for a wench!——

*Dem.* Prithee, leave me.

*Leon.* I will not leave you:—for a tit!——<sup>h</sup>

*Dem.* Leontius!

*Leon.* For that you may have any where for sixpence,  
And a dear pennyworth too!

*Dem.* Nay, then, you are troublesome.

*Leon.* Not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, sir.  
Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket<sup>i</sup>,

<sup>f</sup> *A plague off*] MS. "Shame light on".

<sup>g</sup> *Good sir*] MS. "For heaven sake".

<sup>h</sup> *I will not leave you:—for a tit! —*] So MS.—Both the folios (the first having by a misprint "*a fit*") give these words without any point except a full stop at the end of them; and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 printed,

"*I will not leave you for a tit——*"

and so Weber, though the right punctuation of the passage had been shewn by Mason.

<sup>i</sup> *a placket*] "See Steevens's note to a passage in *King Lear* (act iii. sc. 4) under the name of Amner." WEBER. The word has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat—and the

And now i' the dog-days, too, when nothing dare love ?  
That noble mind, to melt away and moulder  
For a hey-nonny-nonny<sup>j</sup>? Would I had a glass here,  
To shew you what a pretty toy you are turn'd to !

*Dem.* My wretched fortune !

*Leon.* Will you but let me know her ?

I'll once turn bawd—go to, they are good men's offices,  
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for ; ——  
And, if she be above ground, and a woman——  
I ask no more—I'll bring her o' my back, sir—  
By this hand, I will—and I had as lieve bring the devil—  
I care not who she be, nor where I have her—  
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,  
Which you think fittest ; and, when you have dane'd your  
galliard<sup>k</sup>——

*Dem.* Away, and fool to them are so affected !—  
Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee !—  
Wilt thou do one thing for me ?

*Leon.* All things i' the world, sir,  
And<sup>l</sup> of all dangers.

*Dem.* Swear.

*Leon.* I will, by Heaven<sup>m</sup> !

*Dem.* Come near me no more, then—

*Leon.* How !

*Dem.* Come no more near me :  
Thou art a plague-sore<sup>n</sup> to me.

[*Exit.*

*Leon.* Give you good even, sir :

stomacher. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) insists that it meant only “a petticoat, generally an under-petticoat” (an assertion which is disproved by a passage in *The Sec. Part of The Honest Whore*, act v. sc. 2—Middleton's *Works*, iii. 241, ed. Dyce); and he cites the present line of our text to shew that “it is sometimes used for a female, the wearer of a placket, as petticoat now is”.

<sup>j</sup> *hey-nonny-nonny*] A common burden to various songs. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) quotes the present passage to shew that it was “used by some writers to signify a mistress or love-passion” ; and adds, “it appears from Florio's *Dictionary* that the word had not always a decorous meaning.”

<sup>k</sup> *galliard*] See note, vol. ii. 468.

<sup>l</sup> *And*] So MS. ; and so Seward, silently, from conjecture.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>m</sup> *by Heaven*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

<sup>n</sup> *plague-sore*] MS. “hart-sore”.

If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.  
I will be sorer<sup>o</sup> yet.

*Re-enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* How now ! how does he ?

*Leon.* Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man else  
That hath his nineteen wits : he has the bots<sup>p</sup>, I think ;  
He groans, and roars<sup>q</sup>, and kicks.

*Sec. Gent.* Will he speak yet ?

*Leon.* Not willingly :

Shortly he will not see a man. If ever  
I look'd upon a prince so metamorphos'd,  
So juggled into I know not what, shame take me !  
This 'tis to be in love.

*First Gent.* Is that the cause on 't ?

*Leon.* What is it not the cause of, but bear-baitings ?  
And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon 't !  
What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,  
What dogs and cats, it makes us ! Men that are possess'd  
with 't<sup>r</sup>

Live as they<sup>s</sup> had a legion of devils in 'em,  
And every devil of a several nature ;  
Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass<sup>t</sup> ! Where's the Lieutenant ?  
Has he gather'd up the ends on 's wits<sup>u</sup> again ?

*First Gent.* He is alive : but, you that talk of wonders,  
Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.

*Leon.* Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.

*Sec. Gent.* He is now most wonderful ; a blazer now, sir.

*Leon.* What ails the fool ? and what star reigns now,  
gentlemen,  
We have such prodigies ?

<sup>o</sup> *sorer*] So MS.—Both the folios “sorry” ; and so the modern editors (though, without the assistance of a MS., the right reading was obvious enough).

<sup>p</sup> *the bots*] “Is a distemper among horses, to which ‘he groans, and roars, and kicks,’ plainly allude,” &c. &c. *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>q</sup> *roars*] MS. “wings”,—the better reading perhaps.

<sup>r</sup> *with 't*] So MS.—Both the folios “with it”.

<sup>s</sup> *as they*] So MS.—Both the folios “as if they” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> *hey-pass, re-pass*] “Terms of jugglers.” WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> *the ends on 's wits*] i. e. the ends of his wits. So MS.—Both the folios “the end on 's wits” ; and so the modern editors.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Twill pose your heaven-hunters.  
He talks now of the king, no other language,  
And with the king, as he imagines, hourly ;  
Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king,  
Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the king's colours.

*Leon.* Does he not lie i' the King's street <sup>a</sup> too ?

*First Gent.* He 's going thither :—  
Makes prayers for the king in sundry languages,  
Turns all his proclamations into metre ;  
Is really in love with the king most dotingly,  
And swears Adonis was a devil to him ;  
A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king—

*Sec. Gent.* Then down on 's marrow-bones ; “ Oh, excellent king,” —

Thus he begins,—“ thou light and life of creatures,  
Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length <sup>v</sup> thy favour !”  
And so proceeds to incision <sup>w</sup>. What think you of this sorrow <sup>x</sup> ?

*First Gent.* Will as familiarly kiss the king's horses  
As they pass by him—ready to ravish his footmen <sup>y</sup>.

*Leon.* Why, this is above e-la <sup>z</sup> :  
But how comes this ?

*First Gent.* Nay, that 's to understand yet ;  
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest :  
'Twould make a man leap over the moon to see him act these <sup>a</sup>.

*Sec. Gent.* Will sigh as though his heart would break, and cry  
Like a breech'd boy <sup>b</sup> ; not eat a bit.

<sup>a</sup> *the King's street*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio “*the King street*” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>v</sup> *at length*] MS. “ a wight”.

<sup>w</sup> *And so proceeds to incision*] “ Seward and Sympson despair of discovering the meaning of this passage - - - It was the fashion in Fletcher's time for the young gallants to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink the healths of their mistresses, or to write their names, in their own blood. The custom is particularly described in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* [and mentioned or alluded to in innumerable passages of early writers],” &c. &c. MASON.

<sup>x</sup> *sorrow*] MS. has “ fellow”.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures “ sir”.—But the reading of both the folios affords a good sense, viz., piteous love-passion.

<sup>y</sup> *footmen*] MS. “ footman”. <sup>z</sup> *e-la*] i. e. the highest note in the scale of music.

<sup>a</sup> *these*] MS. “ this”.

<sup>b</sup> *Will sigh as though his heart would break, and cry Like a breech'd boy*] So MS.—Both the folios have,

*Leon.* I must go see him presently ;  
For this is such a jig<sup>b</sup> ! for certain, gentlemen,  
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.

*Sec. Gent.* I think so.

*Leon.* Can ye guide me to him ? for half an hour I am his,  
To see the miracle.

*First Gent.* We sure shall start him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The garden of the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS in splendid apparel, and LEUCIPPE.*

*Ant.* Are you sure she drank it ?

*Leu.* Now must I lie most confidently.— [ *Aside.*  
Yes, sir, she has drunk<sup>c</sup> it off.

*Ant.* How works it with her ?

*Leu.* I see no alteration yet.

*Ant.* There will be ;

For he is the greatest artist living made it.

Where is she now ?

*Leu.* She is ready to walk out, sir.

*Ant.* Stark mad, I know, she will be.

*Leu.* So I hope, sir.

*Ant.* She knows not of the prince ?

*Leu.* Of no man living.

*Ant.* How do I look ? how do my clothes become me ?  
I am not very grey ?

*Leu.* A very youth, sir ;

Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April :

Heaven<sup>d</sup> bless that sweet face ! 'twill undo a thousand ;

Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that wither :

Your grace can give content enough.

*Ant.* I think so.

*" With sighes as though his heart would breake :  
Cry like a breech'd boy."*

Seward, not knowing that " a breech'd boy " meant—a boy that has been whipped, printed " an unbreech'd boy " !! and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>b</sup> jig] So MS.—Both the folios " gig " ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>c</sup> drunk] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to " drank " !

<sup>d</sup> Heaven] MS. " Gods".

*Leu.* Here she comes, sir.

*Ant.* How shall I keep her off me?

Go, and perfume the room ; make all things ready.

[*Exit LEU.*

*Enter CELIA, with a book.*

*Celia.* No hope yet of the prince ! no comfort of him !

They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,

No company but my afflictions.—

[*Sees ANTIG.*

This royal devil again ! strange how he haunts me !

How like a poison'd potion his eyes fright me !

H'as made himself handsome too.

[*Aside.*

*Ant.* Do you look now, lady ?

You will leap anon.

[*Aside.*

*Celia.* Curl'd and perfum'd ! I smell him.

He looks on 's legs too ; sure, he will cut a caper :

God-a-mercy, dear December !

[*Aside.*

*Ant.* Oh, do you smile now ?

I knew it would work with you [*Aside*].—Come hither, pretty one.

*Celia.* Sir ?

*Ant.* I like those court'sies well. Come hither, and kiss me.

*Celia.* I am reading, sir, of a short treatise here,  
That 's call'd *The Vanity of Lust* : has your grace seen it ?

He says here that an old man's loose desire

Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at,

Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon 't,

And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently ;

And in another place he calls their loves

Faint smells of dying flowers carry no comforts,

Their dotings<sup>e</sup> stinking fogs, so thick and muddy,

Reason with all his beams cannot beat through 'em.

*Ant.* How 's this ! is this the potion ? [*Aside*].—You but  
fool still :

I know you love me.

*Celia.* As you are just and honest,

I know, I love and honour you ; admire you.

*Ant.* This makes<sup>f</sup> against me, fearfully against me. [*Aside.*

*Celia.* But, as you bring your power to persecute me,

<sup>e</sup> *Their dotings*] So MS.—Both the folios have “They're doating” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>f</sup> *makes*] MS. “works”.



Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,  
 As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,  
 Hell never hated good as I hate you, sir ;  
 And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,  
 Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,  
 The ever-living memories<sup>g</sup> rais'd to you,  
 Can my defeat be ? my poor wreck, what triumph ?  
 And when you crown your swelling cups to fortune,  
 What honourable tongue can sing my story ?  
 Be, as your emblem is, a glorious lamp  
 Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly :  
 Be, as your office is, a god-like justice,  
 Into all shedding equally your virtues.

*Ant.* She has drench'd me now ; now I admire her goodness :  
 So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.— [Aside.  
 Can nothing in the power of kings persuade you ?

*Celia.* No, nor that power command me.

*Ant.* Say I should force you ?

I have it in my will.

*Celia.* Your will's a poor one ;  
 And, though it be a king's will, a despis'd one ;  
 Weaker than infants' legs, your will's in swaddling-clouts<sup>h</sup>.  
 A thousand ways my will has found to check you ;  
 A thousand doors to scape you : I dare die, sir ;  
 As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer.  
 Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd me,  
 Perform'd your lust, what had you purchas'd by it ?  
 What honour won ? Do you know who dwells above, sir,  
 And what they have prepar'd for men turn'd devils ?  
 Did you never hear their thunder ? start and tremble,  
 When their fires visit us ? Death sitting on your blood<sup>i</sup>,

<sup>g</sup> *memories*] "i. e. memorials." Ed. 1778.

<sup>h</sup> *Weaker than infants' legs, your will's in swaddling-clouts*] MS. has,

"*Weaker then infant's cries, your sin's in swadling clowts*".

<sup>i</sup> *When their fires visit us ? Death sitting on your blood*] Both the folios have,

"*Death sitting on your blood, when their fires visit us ?*"

and so the modern editors (those of 1778 and Weber altering the punctuation).—MS. has,

"*Death sits upon our blood ; when their fires visit us.*"

I have made a transposition, which is evidently necessary for the sense.



Will nothing wring you then, do you think ? sit hard here ?  
And like a snake<sup>j</sup> curl round about your conscience,  
Biting and stinging ? will you not roar too late then ?  
Then, when you shake in horror of this villany,  
Then will I rise a star in heaven, and scorn you.

*Ant.* Lust, how I hate thee now, and love this sweetness !—  
[*Aside.*

Will you be my queen ? can that price purchase you ?

*Celia.* Not all the world. I am a queen already,  
Crown'd by his love I must not lose for fortune :  
I can give none away, sell none away, sir,  
Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer ;  
For in another's heart my hope and peace lies.

*Ant.* Your fair hands, lady ! for yet I am not pure enough  
To touch these lips. In that sweet peace you spoke of,  
Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues !

*Celia.* Why, now you shew a god : now I kneel to you ;  
[*Kneels.*

This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to you ;  
Thus I hold up my hands to Heaven that touch'd you,  
And pray eternal blessings dwell about you !

*Ant.* Virtue commands the stars.—Rise, more than virtue !  
[*Raises her.*

Your present comfort shall be now my business.

*Celia.* All my obedient service wait upon you !  
[*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE VI.—*The court of the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTIUS, Gentlemen, and LIEUTENANT.*

*Leon.* Hast thou clean forgot the wars ?

*Lieut.* Prithee, hold thy peace.

*First Gent.* His mind 's much elevated now.

*Leon.* It seems so.—

Sirrah !

*Lieut.* I am so troubled with this fellow !

<sup>j</sup> snake] So MS.; and so the modern editors from conjecture.—Both the folios “snail”.

*Leon.* He will call me rogue anon.

*First Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else.

*Lieut.* Oh, king, that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I lov'd thee !

And where, oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty !

*Leon.* He cannot leave his sutler's trade ; he wooes in 't.

*Lieut.* Oh, never, king——

*Leon.* By this hand——

*Lieut.* When I consider——

My honest friend, you are a little saucy<sup>m</sup>.

*First Gent.* I told you, you would have it.

*Lieut.* When mine own worth——

*Leon.* Is flung into the balance, and found nothing.

*Lieut.* And yet a soldier——

*Leon.* And yet a scurvy<sup>n</sup> one.

*Lieut.* One that has follow'd thee——

*Leon.* Fair and far off.

*Lieut.* Fought for thy grace——

*Leon.* 'Twas for your grief<sup>o</sup> : you lie, sirrah<sup>p</sup>.

*Lieut.* He 's the son of a whore denies this : will that satisfy you ?

*Leon.* Yes, very well.

*Lieut.* Shall, then, that thing that honours thee——

<sup>m</sup> *Lieut.* Oh, never, king——

*Leon.* By this hand——

*Lieut.* When I consider——

*My honest friend, you are a little saucy*] Both the folios thus ;

“ *Lieu.* O never, king.

*Leo.* By this hand, when I consider——

*Lieu.* My honest friend, you are a little sawcy ” ;

and so the modern editors. But that the words, “ When I consider,” belong to the Lieutenant would be plain from the subsequent “ When mine own worth ”, even if the MS. did not give the passage as follows ;

“ *Leiu.* Oh, sweet king !

*Leo.* By thy leave——

*Leiu.* When I consider——

My honest friend, you are a little sawcey ”.

<sup>n</sup> *scurvy*] So MS.—Both the folios “ saucy ” (an epithet the Lieutenant has just above applied to the present speaker) ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>o</sup> *your grief*] i.e. the pain you were suffering. So MS.—Both the folios “ some grief ” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> *sirrah*] So MS.—Both the folios “ sir ” ; and so the modern editors.

How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still,  
And, though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever—

*Leon.* Here's a new thing.

*Sec. Gent.* He's in a deep dump <sup>q</sup> now.

*Leon.* I'll fetch him out on't. When's the king's birthday, gentlemen <sup>r</sup>?

*Lieut.* Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with ringing :  
And there's the resolution of a lover. [*Exit.*

*Leon.* A goodly resolution ! Sure, I take it,  
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains melted :  
Could he find nobody to fall in love with but the king,  
The good old king ? to dote upon him too ?  
Stay ; now I remember what the fat woman warn'd me ;  
Bade me remember, and look to him too :  
I'll hang, if she have not a hand in this : he's conjur'd.  
Go after him ; I pity the poor rascal :  
In the mean time I'll wait occasion  
To work upon the prince.

*Sec. Gent.* Pray, do that seriously.

[*Exeunt, on one side, LEONTIUS, on the other, Gentlemen.*]

## SCENE VII.<sup>s</sup>—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, and Lords.*

*First Lord.* He's very ill.

*Ant.* I am very sorry for't ;  
And much asham'd I have wrong'd her <sup>t</sup> innocence :  
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings ;  
There leave her to his love again.

*Men.* I am glad, sir.

*First Lord.* He will speak to none.

<sup>q</sup> *dump*] i. e. reverie.

<sup>r</sup> *gentlemen*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors, who give this question as if it were addressed to the Lieutenant : but Leontius puts it to the Gentlemen for the sake of rousing the Lieutenant.

<sup>s</sup> *Scene VII.*] Here, according to MS., commences Act V.

<sup>t</sup> *her*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio has, by a misprint, "his" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber !!!

*Ant.* Oh, I shall break that silence.—

Be quick ; take fair attendance.

*Men.* Yes, sir, presently.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* He will find his tongue, I warrant ye ; his health too ;  
I send a physie will not fail.

*First Lord.* Fair work it !

*Ant.* We hear the princes mean to visit us,  
In way<sup>u</sup> of truce.

*First Lord.* 'Tis thought so.

*Ant.* Come ; let's in, then,  
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The court of the Palace, before the apartments  
of DEMETRIUS.*

*Enter LEONTIUS.*

*Leon.* There's no way now to get in ; all the lights<sup>v</sup> stopt  
too ;

Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heaven  
He use no violence ! I think he has more soul,  
Stronger, and, I hope, nobler. Would I could but see once  
This beauty he groans under, or come to know  
But any circumstance !—What noise is that there ?  
I think I heard him groan. Here are some coming ;  
A woman too ; I'll stand aloof, and view 'em. [*Retires.*

*Enter MENIPPUS, CELIA, and Lords.*

*Celia.* Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point ;  
But I forgive ye : the king might have pick'd out, too,  
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour.

*Men.* 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.

*Celia.* I must think so ;  
For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me ?

*Men.* He is, madam ; and the joy to see you only  
Will draw him out.

*Leon.* I know that woman's tongue ;

<sup>u</sup> way] MS. "vow".

<sup>v</sup> lights] i. e. windows. So the first folio and MS.—The second folio "light" ;  
and so the modern editors.

I think I have seen her face too : I'll go nearer :  
 If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow. [*Comes forward.*  
 'Tis the same face ; the same most excellent woman. [*Aside.*

*Celia.* This should be Lord Leontius ; I remember him.  
 [*Aside.*

*Leon.* Lady, I think you know me.

*Celia.* Speak soft, good soldier :—

I do, and know you worthy, know you noble :  
 Do not know me yet openly<sup>w</sup>, as you love me ;  
 But let me see you again ; I'll satisfy you.  
 I am wondrous glad to see those eyes.

*Leon.* You have charg'd me.

*Celia.* You shall know where I am.

*Leon.* [*Aside, after retiring*] I will not off yet :  
 She goes to knock at's door. This must be she  
 The fellow told me of ; right glad I am on't :  
 He will bolt now for certain. [*CELIA knocks.*

*Celia.* Are you within, sir ?—

I'll trouble you no more : I thank your courtesy :  
 Pray, leave me now.

*Men<sup>s</sup>.* We rest your humble servants.

[*Exeunt MEN. and Lords.*

*Celia.* So, now my gyves are off. Pray Heaven he be  
 here !—

Master ! my royal sir ! do you hear who calls you ?  
 Love ! my Demetrius !

*Leon.* These are pretty quail-pipes ;  
 The cock will crow<sup>y</sup> anon. [*Aside.*

*Celia.* Can you be drowsy,  
 When I call at your window ?

*Leon.* I hear him stirring :  
 Now he comes wondering out. [*Aside.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* 'Tis Celia's sound, sure !

<sup>w</sup> *Do not know me yet openly*] So MS.—Both the folios “Know not me yet openly” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Seward silently printed “Know me not yet openly”.

<sup>s</sup> *Men*] So MS.—Both the folios “*All Me*”.

<sup>y</sup> *crow*] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. “come”.

The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts to it :  
There stands the shape too !

*Leon.* How he stares upon her !

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Ha ! do mine eyes abuse me ?

'Tis she, the living Celia !—Your hand, lady !

*Celia.* What should this mean ?

*Dem.* The very self-same Celia——

*Celia.* How do you, sir ?

*Dem.* Only turn'd brave<sup>z</sup> ;——

I heard you were dead, my dear one ;—complete !

She is wondrous brave ; a wondrous gallant courtier !

*Celia.* How he surveys me round ! Here has been foul play.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* How came she thus ?

*Celia.* It was a kind of death, sir,

I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,

And kept conceal'd, I know not how.

*Dem.* 'Tis likely.

How came you hither, Celia ?—wondrous gallant !—

Did my father send for you ?

*Celia.* So they told me, sir,

And on command too.

*Dem.* I hope you were obedient ?

*Celia.* I was so ever.

*Dem.* And you were bravely us'd ?

*Celia.* I wanted nothing.——

My maidenhead to a mote i' the sun, he's jealous :

I must now play the knave with him, to die for 't<sup>a</sup> ;

'Tis in my nature.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Her very eyes are alter'd :

Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet——

[*Aside.*

And what were those came for you ?

*Celia.* Monstrous jealous :

Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd questions ?— [ *Aside.*

They seem'd of good sort, gentlemen.

*Dem.* Kind men ?

<sup>z</sup> *brave*] "i. e. finely dressed." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>a</sup> *to die for 't*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio "though I *dye for't*"; and so the modern editors : but the other reading has the same meaning.

*Celia.* They were wondrous kind ; I was much beholding<sup>b</sup> to 'em.

There was one Menippus, sir,——

*Dem.* Ha !

*Celia.* One Menippus ;

A notable merry lord, and a good companion.

*Dem.* And one Charinthus too ?

*Celia.* Yes, there was such a one.

*Dem.* And Timon ?

*Celia.* 'Tis most true.

*Dem.* And thou most treacherous !

My father's bawds, by Heaven<sup>c</sup> ! they never miss course.—  
[*Aside.*]

And were these daily with you ?

*Celia.* Every hour, sir.

*Dem.* And was there not a lady, a fat lady ?

*Celia.* Oh, yes ; a notable good wench.

*Dem.* The devil fetch her ! [ *Aside.* ]

*Celia.* 'Tis even the merriest wench——

*Dem.* Did she keep with you too ?

*Celia.* She was all in all ; my bed-fellow, eat with me,  
Brought me acquainted.

*Dem.* You are well known here, then ?

*Celia.* There is no living here a stranger, I think.

*Dem.* How came you by this brave gown ?

*Celia.* This is a poor one :

Alas, I have twenty richer ! Do you see these jewels ?  
Why, they are the poorest things to those are sent me,  
And sent me hourly too !

*Dem.* Is there no modesty,

No faith, in this fair sex ? [ *Aside.* ]

*Leon.* What will this prove to ?

For yet, with all my wits, I understand not. [ *Aside.* ]

<sup>b</sup> *beholding*] "This", says Weber, "is the phrasology of the time, for which modern editors [those of 1778] read unnecessarily '*beholden*'": yet in an earlier passage of the present play Weber himself prints "*beholden*", where the old copies have "*beholding*"; see note, p. 480.

<sup>c</sup> *Heaven*] So MS.—"A dash only is to be found for this word in the folios."  
WEBER.



*Dem.* Come hither. Thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted !  
 All that I left thee, fair and innocent,  
 Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in 't,  
 All that I hop'd for virtuous, is fled from thee,  
 Turn'd black<sup>d</sup> and bankrupt !

*Leon.* By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly. [Aside.

*Dem.* Thou art dead, for ever dead ! sin's surfeit slew thee ;  
 The ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee.  
 Go from me, grave of honour ! go, thou foul one,  
 Thou glory of thy sin ! go, thou despis'd one !  
 And where there is no virtue nor no virgin,  
 Where chastity was never known nor heard of,  
 Where nothing reigns but falsehood and loose faces<sup>e</sup>,  
 Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting !

*Celia.* You do not speak this seriously, I hope, sir :  
 I did but jest with you.

*Dem.* Look not upon me !  
 There is more hell in those eyes than hell harbours ;  
 And, when they flame, more torments.

*Celia.* Dare you trust me ?  
 You durst once, even with all you had, your love, sir.  
 By this fair light, I am honest !

*Dem.* Thou subtle Circe<sup>f</sup>,  
 Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses ;  
 Curse not the day !

*Celia.* Come, come, you shall not do this.  
 How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me !  
 You are not in the field among your enemies :  
 Come, I must cool this courage.

*Dem.* Out, thou impudence,  
 Thou ulcer of thy sex ! When I first saw thee,

<sup>d</sup> *black*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture.—Both the folios “back”.

<sup>e</sup> *but falsehood and loose faces*] So MS.—The first folio has “*but imperious lust, and losers faces*”.—The second folio reads “*but impious lust, and looser faces*.”—Seward printed “*but impious lust and looseness*”; and so his successors.

<sup>f</sup> *Circe*] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. “*Cirees*” (and so perhaps the author wrote ; the genitive of proper names being formerly sometimes used for the nominative).

I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,  
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison  
That now consumes my dear content to cinders.  
I am not now Demetrius ; thou hast chang'd me ;  
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles hast chang'd me ;  
Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes hast slain me ;  
And where<sup>s</sup>, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,  
I was a man, and reason made and mov'd me<sup>h</sup>,  
Now one great lump of grief I grow, and wander.

*Celia.* And, as you are noble, do you think I did this ?

*Dem.* Put all thy<sup>i</sup> devil's wings on, and fly from me !

*Celia.* I will go from you, never more to see you ;

I will fly from you, as a plague hangs o'er me ;  
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,  
Wherever I shall find a fool, a false man,  
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd virtue,  
A base suspecter of a virgin's honour,  
A child that flings away the wealth he eried for,  
Him will I call Demetrius ; that fool, Demetrius,  
That madman, a Demetrius ; and that false man,  
The prince of broken faiths, even prince Demetrius !  
You think now I should cry, and kneel down to you,  
Petition for my peace : let those that feel here  
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour :  
I am above your hate, as far above it,  
In all the actions of an innocent life,  
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.  
Cry when you know your folly ; howl and curse then,  
Beat that unmanly breast that holds a false heart,  
When you shall come to know whom you have flung from you.

*Dem.* Pray you, stay a little.

*Celia.* Not your hopes can alter me :—

Then let a thousand black thoughts muster in you,  
And with those enter in a thousand dotings ;

<sup>s</sup> *where*] i. e. whereas.

<sup>h</sup> *made and mov'd me*] i. e. fashioned and actuated me.—Altered by Seward to “staid, and mov'd me” ; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>i</sup> *thy*] So MS. ; and so the modern editors from conjecture.—Both the folios “the”.

Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing ;  
 My innocence for ever haunt and fright you ;  
 Those arms together grow in folds ; that tongue,  
 That bold bad tongue, that barks out these disgraces,  
 When you shall come to know how nobly virtuous  
 I have preserv'd my life, rot, rot within you !

*Dem.* What shall I do ?

*Celia.* Live a lost man for ever !

Go, ask your father's conscience what I suffer'd,  
 And through what seas of hazards I sail'd through,<sup>i</sup>  
 Mine honour still advanc'd in spite of tempests ;  
 Then take your leave of love, and confess freely  
 You were never worthy of this heart that serv'd you :  
 And so, farewell, ungrateful !

[*Exit.*

*Dem.* Is she gone ?

*Leon.* I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.

[*Aside, and then exit.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS<sup>k</sup>.

*Ant.* Are you pleas'd now ? have you got your heart again ?  
 Have I restor'd you that ?

*Dem.* Sir, even for Heaven-sake,  
 And sacred Truth-sake, tell me how you found her ?

*Ant.* I will, and in few words. Before I tried her,  
 'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,  
 And fear'd her too ; which fear begot that story  
 I told you first : but since, like gold, I touch'd<sup>l</sup> her——

*Dem.* And how, dear sir——

<sup>i</sup> *And through what seas of hazards I sail'd through*] MS. has "*And in what seas,*" &c.—The Editors of 1778, to avoid the "disagreeable tautology", printed "*And thro' what seas of hazards I sail'd too.*"—Mason agreed with them "in thinking the old reading [of the folios] erroneous", but proposed "*And through what seas of hazards I sail'd thorough.*"—Seward retained the reading of the folios ; and so too Weber, who observes that "tautology is too frequent a failing with our authors to render any variation in this passage necessary." The fact is, the reading of the folios might be defended by hundreds of passages from early writers, who indeed affected such repetitions : see note, p. 389.

<sup>k</sup> *Enter Antigonus*] So MS.—Both the folios "*Enter Antigonus, and Lords*"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>l</sup> *touch'd*] i. e. tested.—The MS. rightly has a break at the end of this line. Both the folios put a full stop ; and so the modern editors.

*Ant.* Heaven's holy light's not purer.  
The constancy and goodness of all women,  
That ever liv'd to win the names of worthy,  
This noble maid has doubled in her honour :  
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,  
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her  
As one may do upon the sun at noon-day  
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heavenly,  
And to that heavenly shape her thoughts are angels.

*Dem.* Why did you tell me, sir ——

*Ant.* 'Tis true I err'd in't :

But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,  
I find a king too poor a servant for her.  
Love her, and honour her ; in all observe <sup>m</sup> her.  
She must be something more than time yet tells her ;  
And certain I believe him blest enjoys her.  
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,  
To add another empire to my honour. [Exit.

*Dem.* Oh, wretched state ! to what end shall I turn me ?  
And where begin <sup>n</sup> my penance ? Now, what service  
Will win her love again ? my death must do it :  
And, if that sacrifice can purge my follies,  
Be pleas'd, oh, mighty Love, I die thy servant ! [Exit.

<sup>m</sup> *observe*] i.e. treat with obsequious regard.

<sup>n</sup> *begin*] So MS.—Both the folios “begins” ; and so the modern editors.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*<sup>n</sup>*Enter LEONTIUS and CELIA.*

*Leon.* I know he does not deserve you; h'as us'd you poorly :  
And to redeem himself——

*Celia.* Redeem !

*Leon.* I know it——  
There's no way left.

*Celia.* For Heaven's sake, do not name him,  
Do not think on him, sir : he's so far from me  
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.

*Leon.* But yet I would see him again.

*Celia.* No, never, never.

*Leon.* I do not mean, to lend him any comfort,  
But to afflict him ; so to torture him,  
That even his very soul may shake within him ;  
To make him know, though he be great and powerful,  
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,  
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.

*Celia.* I must confess, I could most spitefully afflict him ;  
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him ;  
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through him :  
I long to vex him.

*Leon.* And do it home, and bravely.

*Celia.* Were I a man——

*Leon.* I'll help that weakness in you<sup>o</sup> :  
I honour you and serve you.

*Celia.* Not only to disclaim me,  
When he had seal'd his vows in Heaven, sworn to me,  
And poor believing I became his servant,

<sup>n</sup> *An apartment in the Palace.*] Weber gave "*An Apartment in the House of Celia.*" But we are to suppose that Celia is now a willing resident at the Palace.

<sup>o</sup> *I'll help that weakness in you*] "i. e. I will remedy it, I will assist it." *Ed.* 1778.

But most maliciously to brand my credit,  
Stain my pure name !

*Leon.* I would not suffer it.

See him I would again ; and, to his teeth too,  
( 'Od's precious ! ) I would ring him such a lesson—

*Celia.* I have done that already.

*Leon.* Nothing, nothing ;

It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time  
He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.  
That, and your urg'd-on anger to the highest—  
Why, 'twill be such a stroke——

*Celia.* Say, he repent then,  
And seek with tears to soften ? I am a woman,  
A woman that have lov'd him, sir, have honour'd him ;  
I am no more.

*Leon.* Why, you may deal thereafter.

*Celia.* If I forgive him, I am lost.

*Leon.* Hold there, then ;

The sport will be, to what a poor submission——  
But keep you strong.

*Celia.* I would not see him.

*Leon.* Yes ;

You shall ring his knell<sup>p</sup>.

*Celia.* How, if I kill him ?

*Leon.* Kill him ! why, let him die.

*Celia.* I know 'tis fit so :

But why should I, that lov'd him once, destroy him ?  
Oh, had he scap'd this sin, what a brave gentleman——

*Leon.* I must confess, had this not faln, a nobler,  
A handsomer, the whole world had not shew'd you :  
And, to his making, such a mind——

*Celia.* 'Tis certain :

But all this I must now forget.

*Leon.* You shall not,

If I have any art [*Aside*].—Go up, sweet lady,  
And trust my truth.

<sup>p</sup> *Leon.* Yes ;

*You shall ring his knell*] So arranged in both the folios, as also in MS.—  
The Editors of 1778 and Weber make this speech a single line.

*Celia.* But, good sir, bring him not.

*Leon.* I would not for the honour you are born to,  
But you should<sup>a</sup> see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.

*Celia.* You will be near me, then?

*Leon.* I will be with you.—

Yet there's some hope to stop this gap; I 'll work hard. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The court of the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, two Gentlemen, LIEUTENANT, and  
Lords.

*Ant.* But is it possible this fellow took it?

*Sec. Gent.* It seems so, by the violence it wrought with;  
Yet now the fit's even off.

*Men.* I beseech your grace——

*Ant.* Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,  
And am right glad she drank it not herself,  
And more glad that the virtuous maid escap'd it;  
I would not for the world 't had hit: but that this soldier,——  
Lord, how he looks!——that he should take this vomit!  
Can he make rhymes too?

*Sec. Gent.* H 'as made a thousand, sir,  
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.

*Ant.* He looks as though he were bepiss'd.—Do you love  
me, sir?

*Lieut.* Yes, surely; even with all my heart.

*Ant.* I thank you;

I am glad I have<sup>r</sup> so good a subject: but, pray you, tell me,  
How much did you love me before you drank this matter?

<sup>a</sup> *should*] So MS.—Both the folios “shall”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>r</sup> *I am glad I have*, &c.] Such is the arrangement, not only in both the folios, but also in MS.—The Editors of 1778 chose to regulate the metre thus;

“I am glad I have so good a subject.

But, pray you tell me, how much did you love me,  
Before you drank this matter?

*Lieut.* Even as much

As a sober man might; and a soldier  
That your grace,” &c.

and so Weber.



*Lieut.* Even as much as a sober man might, and a soldier  
That your grace owes just<sup>s</sup> half a year's pay to.

*Ant.* Well remember'd :——

And did I seem so young and amiable to you ?

*Lieut.* Methought you were the sweetest youth——

*Ant.* That's excellent !

*Lieut.* Ay, truly, sir ; and, ever as I thought on you,  
I wish'd, and wish'd——

*Ant.* What didst thou wish, I prithee ?

*Lieut.* Even that I had been a wench of fifteen for you ;  
A handsome wench, sir.

*Ant.* Why, God-a-mercy<sup>t</sup>, soldier !  
I seem not so now to thee ?

*Lieut.* Not all on't<sup>u</sup> ;  
And yet I have a grudging<sup>v</sup> to your grace still.

*Ant.* Thou wast never in love before ?

*Lieut.* Not with a king,  
And hope<sup>w</sup> I shall never be again. Truly, sir,  
I have had such plunges, and such bickerings,  
And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me !  
For, whatsoever it was provok'd me toward you——

*Ant.* God-a-mercy<sup>x</sup>, still !

*Lieut.* I had it with a vengeance ;  
It play'd his prize<sup>y</sup>.

*Ant.* I would not have been a wench then,  
Though of this age.

*Lieut.* No, sure, I should have spoil'd you.

*Ant.* Well, go thy ways : of all the lusty lovers  
That<sup>z</sup>e'er I saw—wilt have another potion ?

*Lieut.* If you will be another thing, have at you !

<sup>s</sup> just] MS. "yet".

<sup>t</sup> God-a-mercy] MS. "I thanck thee".

<sup>u</sup> on't] So MS.—Both the folios "out" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>v</sup> grudging] i. e. inclination.

<sup>w</sup> And hope] MS.—"Nor I hope".

<sup>x</sup> God-a-mercy] MS. "I thanck thee".

<sup>y</sup> It play'd his prize] "A metaphorical expression, frequently used by our early writers. In the art of fencing there were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's ; and for each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept at our universities for similar purposes. See Steevens's note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. i." WEBER (the note altered).

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha<sup>z</sup>!

Give me thy hand ; from henceforth thou art my soldier :  
Do bravely ; I'll love thee as much.

*Lieut.* I thank you ;

But, if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it you.  
I beseech your grace, pay me my charge.

*Sec. Gent.* That's certain, sir :

H'as bought up all that e'er he found was like you,  
Or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchase ;  
Old horses that your grace has<sup>a</sup> ridden blind, and founder'd,  
Dogs, rotten hawks ; and, which is more than all this,  
Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet.

*Ant.* Bring in your bills ; mine own love shall be satisfied :  
And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken,  
I'll point you out a portion you shall live on.

*Men.* 'Twas the best draught that e'er you drunk.

*Lieut.* I hope so.

*Ant.* Are the princes come to the court ?

*Men.* They are all, and lodg'd, sir.

*Ant.* Come, then, make ready for their entertainment ;  
Which presently we'll give.—Wait you on me, sir.

*Lieut.* I shall love drink the better whilst I live, boys !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace*<sup>b</sup>.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS.*

*Dem.* Let me but see her, dear Leontius ;  
Let me but die before her.

*Leon.* Would that would do it !  
If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty  
(You having flung so main a mischief on her,  
And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)  
Dare I present your visit ?

*Dem.* I'll repent all,

<sup>z</sup> *Ha, ha, ha*] Omitted in MS.

<sup>a</sup> *has*] Silently altered by Seward to "had" ; and so his successors.

<sup>b</sup> *An apartment in the Palace*] Weber gave "*A Room in the House of Celia.*" See note, p. 526.

And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow  
That ever lover made.

*Leon.* 'Twill be too late, sir :

I know not what will become of you.

*Dem.* You can help me.

*Leon.* It may be, to her sight : what are you nearer ?  
She has sworn she will not speak to you, look upon you ;  
And to love you again, oh, she cries out, and thunders,  
She had rather love——there is no hope.

*Dem.* Yes, Leontius,  
There is a hope, which, though it draw no love to it,  
At least will draw her to lament my fortune ;  
And that hope shall relieve me.

*Leon.* Hark you, sir, hark you :  
Say I should bring ye——

*Dem.* Do not trifle with me.

*Leon.* I will not trifle——both together bring ye——  
You know the wrongs you've done<sup>a</sup>?

*Dem.* I do confess 'em.

*Leon.* And, if you should then jump into your fury,  
And have another quirk in your head——

*Dem.* I'll die first.

*Leon.* You must say nothing to her ; for 'tis certain,  
The nature of your crime will admit no excuse.

*Dem.* I will not speak ; mine eyes shall tell my penance.

*Leon.* You must look wondrous sad too.

*Dem.* I need not look so ;  
I am truly Sadness' self.

*Leon.* That look will do it.

Stay here ; I'll bring her to you instantly :  
But take heed how you bear yourself : sit down there :  
The more humble you are, the more she'll take compassion.  
Women are per'ous things to deal upon. [Exit.

*Dem.* What shall become of me ? To curse my fortune,  
Were but to curse my father ; that's too impious :  
But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,  
Bless, I beseech thee, Heaven, her harmless goodness !

<sup>a</sup> you've done] So MS. ("y' have don").—Both the folios "ye' done."

*Re-enter LEONTIUS with CELIA.*

*Leon.* Now arm yourself.

*Celia.* You have not brought him ?

*Leon.* Yes, faith ;

And there he is ; you see in what poor plight too :

Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.

*Celia.* I will go back.

*Leon.* I will be hang'd, then, lady !

Are you a coward now ?

*Celia.* I cannot speak to him.

*Dem.* Oh, me !

*Leon.* There was a sigh to blow a church down.—

So, now their eyes are fix'd ; the small shot plays ;

They will come to the battery anon.

[*Aside.*

*Celia.* He weeps extremely.

*Leon.* Rail at him now.

*Celia.* I dare not.

*Leon.* I am glad on't.

*Celia.* Nor dare believe his tears.

*Dem.* You may, blest beauty ;

For those thick streams that troubled my repentance

Are crept out long ago<sup>b</sup>.

*Leon.* You see how he looks.

*Celia.* What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then,

When with a poison'd tooth he bit mine honour ?

It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him.

*Leon.* Ay, if you saw fit cause : and you confess'd too,

Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,

The sweetest, noblest : I take nothing from you,

Nor from your anger ; use him as you please ;

For, to say truth, he has deserv'd your justice :

But still consider what he has been to you.

*Celia.* Pray, do not blind me thus.

*Dem.* Oh, gentle mistress,

<sup>b</sup> *Are crept out long ago*] "The last editors adopt Sympson's proposed alteration, and read, 'Are wept out long ago'. But the old reading is good sense, and has, for that reason, been restored." WEBER.—MS. has "Are drop'd out long agoe".

If there were any way to expiate  
 A sin so great as mine, by intercession,  
 By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,  
 Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that love you !

*Leon.* They say, women have tender hearts ; I know not ;  
 I am sure mine melts.

*Celia.* Sir, I forgive you heartily,  
 And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,  
 And wish you a fit beauty to your virtues :  
 Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you :—  
 I must look back [*Aside*] :—gods keep your grace !—he's  
                   here still. <sup>c</sup> [*Aside.* [*Exit.*

*Dem.* She has forgiven me.

*Leon.* She has directed you :  
 Up, up, and follow like a man ; away, sir !  
 She look'd behind her twice ; her heart dwells here, sir :  
 You drew tears from her too ; she cannot freeze thus :  
 The door's set<sup>d</sup> open too :—are you a man ?  
 Are you alive ? do you understand her meaning ?  
 Have you blood and spirit in you ?

*Dem.* I dare not trouble her.

*Leon.* Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with nothing,  
 Walk whining up and down—"I dare not, I<sup>e</sup> cannot" !  
 Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out !  
 Strike now or never<sup>f</sup> ! faint heart—you know what, sir :  
 A devil on't ! stands this door ope for nothing ?  
 So ; get ye together, and be naught<sup>g</sup> ! [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Now, to secure all,

Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaster. [*Exit.*

<sup>c</sup> *here still*] i.e. in my heart still.—After these words, Weber gave, at Mason's suggestion, "*Points to her heart, and exit.*"

<sup>d</sup> *set*] MS. "left".

<sup>e</sup> *I*] Silently omitted by Seward ; and so his successors.

<sup>f</sup> *Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out !*

*Strike now or never, &c.*] So MS.—In both the folios the order of these two lines is reversed ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>g</sup> *be naught*] A petty and familiar malediction, equivalent to—a plague, or a mischief on you ! See Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iv. 421.

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, Lords,  
LIEUTENANT, and Gentlemen.

*Ant.* This peace is fairly made.

*Sel.* Would your grace wish us  
To put in more? take what you please, we yield it :  
The honour done us by your son constrains it,  
Your noble son.

*Ant.* It is sufficient, princes :  
And now we are one<sup>s</sup> again, one mind, one body,  
And one sword shall strike for us.

*Lys.* Let prince Demetrius  
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants),  
Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle.

*Ptol.* And even from all that strength we'll catch at victory.

*Sel.* Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune  
I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd !  
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.

*Lys.* You lost a sweet child there.

*Sel.* Name it no more, sir ;  
This is no time to entertain such sorrows.—  
Will your majesty do us the honour we may see the prince,  
And wait upon him ?

*Ant.* I wonder he stays from us.

*Enter* LEONTIUS.

How now, Leontius ? where's my son ?

*Sel.* Brave captain !

*Lys.* Old valiant sir !

*Leon.* Your graces are all welcome<sup>h</sup>!—  
Your son, an't please you, sir, is new cashier'd yonder<sup>i</sup>,

<sup>s</sup> one] MS. "once".

<sup>h</sup> are all welcome] So MS.—Both the folios "are welcome"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Seward silently gave from conjecture "all are welcome".

<sup>i</sup> you, sir, is new cashier'd yonder] MS. has "your grace, is cassheird yonder".

Cast from his mistress' favour ; and such a coil<sup>j</sup> there is,  
Such 'fending, and such proving ! she stands off,  
And will by no means yield to composition ;  
He offers any price, his body to her.

*Sel.* She is a hard lady denies<sup>k</sup> that caution.

*Leon.* And now they whine, and now they rave : faith,  
princes,

'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em<sup>l</sup> ;  
For less than such a power will do just nothing :  
And, if you mean to see him, there it must be,  
For there will he grow till he be transplanted.

*Sel.* Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,  
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,  
That scornful beauty.

*Ptol.* I should think it worse now,—  
Ill-brought-up beauty.

*Ant.* She has too much reason for't ;  
Which with too great a grief I shame to think of :  
But we 'll go see this game.

*Lys.* Rather, this wonder.

*Ant.* Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE V.—*An apartment in the Palace*<sup>m</sup>.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CELIA.*

*Celia.* Thus far you shall persuade me ; still to honour you,  
Still to live with you, sir, or near about you ;  
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love :  
But, since you have conceiv'd an evil against me,  
An evil that so much concerns your honour,  
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern ;  
And though that<sup>n</sup> be a false thought, and confess'd too,

<sup>j</sup> coil] "i. e. bustle, stir". WEBER.

<sup>k</sup> lady denies] Silently altered by Seward to "*lady that denies*".

<sup>l</sup> to piece 'em] "i. e. to make them one again". MASON.—The Editors of 1778 proposed in a note "*to peace 'em*" !!

<sup>m</sup> *An apartment in the Palace*] Weber gave "*A Room in the House of Celia.*" See note, p. 526.

<sup>n</sup> that] So MS.—Both the folios "there" ; and so the modern editors.



And much repentance faln in showers to purge it ;  
 Yet, whilst that great respect I ever bore you  
 Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty,  
 Had it but been a dream, I must not touch you.

*Dem.* Oh, you will make some other happy !

*Celia.* Never :

Upon this hand I 'll seal that faith.

*Dem.* We may kiss :

Put not those out o' the peace too.

*Celia.* Those I 'll give you,

So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*<sup>n</sup> ;

I will be merry with you, sing, discourse with you,

Be your poor mistress still : in truth, I love you.

*Dem.* Stay : who are these ?

*Enter* LEONTIUS, ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY,  
 Lords, LIEUTENANT, and Gentlemen.

*Lys.* A very handsome lady.

*Leon.* As e'er you saw.

*Sel.* Pity her heart 's so cruel.

*Lys.* How does your grace ?—He stands still ; will not  
 hear us.

*Ptol.* We come to serve you, sir, in all our fortunes.

*Lys.* He bows a little now : he 's strangely alter'd.

*Sel.* Ha !—pray you, a word, Leontius,—pray you, a word  
 with you,

Lysimachus : you both knew mine Enanthe

I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,

Mine uncle slain ; Antigonus had the sack on 't ?

*Lys.* Yes, I remember well the girl.

*Sel.* Methinks now,

That face is wondrous like her. I have her picture :

[*Pulls out a picture.*]

The same, but more years on her ; the very same !

*Lys.* A cherry to a cherry is not liker.

*Sel.* Look on her eyes.

*Leon.* Most certain she is like her :

<sup>n</sup> *your ne ultra*] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. "*your ultra*".

Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, sir ;  
And I hope who will more.

*Ant.* What' s that ye look at, princes<sup>o</sup> ?

*Sel.* This picture, and that lady, sir.

*Ant.* Ha ! they are near ;

They only err in time.

*Lys.* Did you mark<sup>p</sup> that blush there ?

That came the nearest.

*Sel.* I must speak to her.

*Leon.* You' ll quickly be resolv'd<sup>q</sup>.

*Sel.* Your name, sweet lady ?

*Celia.* Enanthe, sir : and this to beg your blessing. [*Kneels.*

*Sel.* Do you know me ?

*Celia.* If you be the king Seleucus,

I know you are my father.

*Sel.* Peace a little :

Where did I lose you ?

*Celia.* At the sack of Antioch,

Where my good unele died, and I was taken,

By a mean soldier taken ; by this prince,

This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,

Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.

*Sel.* My joys are now too full ! [*Raising her*] Welcome,  
Enanthe !

Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe !

*Dem.* And mine too desperate !

*Sel.* You shall not think so :

This is a peace indeed.

*Ant.* I hope it shall be,——

And ask it first.

*Cel.*<sup>r</sup> Most royal sir, you have it.

<sup>o</sup> *princes*] Omitted in MS.

<sup>p</sup> *Lys. Did you mark, &c.*] Distributed thus in MS. ;

“ *Lys. Did you mark that blush there ?*

*Sel. That came the nearest.*

*I must speake to her.”*

<sup>q</sup> *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, informed.

<sup>r</sup> *Cel.*] So not only both the folios, but MS. also.—Altered silently by the Editors of 1778 to “ *Sel.* ” ; and so Weber. But Antigonus had asked *Celia* to be friends with him,—to forgive the treatment which she had experienced from him.

*Dem.* I once more next <sup>s</sup>.

[*Kneels.*

*Sel.* You must not be denied, sir.

*Celia.* By me, I am sure, he must not, sure he shall not :  
Kneeling I give it too ; kneeling I take it ; [ *Kneels.*  
And from this hour no envious spite e'er part us !

*All.* The gods give happy joys ! all comforts to ye !

*Dem.* My new Enanthe ! [ *They rise.*

*Ant.* Come, beat all the drums up,  
And all the noble instruments of war ;  
Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sounds,  
And those the brazen arch of heaven break through,  
While to the temple we conduct these two.

*Leon.* May they be ever loving, ever young,  
And ever worthy of those lines they sprung <sup>t</sup> !  
May their fair issues walk with time along !

*Lieut.* And hang a coward now ! and there 's my song.

[ *Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> *I once more next*] So MS.—Both the folios "*I once more beg it thus*" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> *those lines they sprung*] i. e. those lines they sprung from.—I give, as Seward did, the punctuation of the folios. The Editors of 1778 pointed the passage thus,—

"And, ever worthy of those lines they sprung,  
May their fair issues walk with time along !"

(and so Weber) ; proposing in a note to substitute "*loins*" for "*lines*". Mason offered a barbarous conjecture,—

"And ever worthy of those lines, *whence* sprung,  
May their", &c.

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

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I AM not cur'd yet throughly ; for, believe,  
I feel another passion that may grieve ;  
All over me I feel it too : and now  
It takes me cold, cold, cold ; I know not how.  
As you are good men, help me ; a carouse  
May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,  
And all that come to see me, dotingly.  
Now lend your hands ; and for your courtesy,  
The next employment I am sent upon,  
I'll swear you are physicians, the wars none.

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## CORRIGENDUM.

Page 137.

“ Have at ye, harpies ! ”

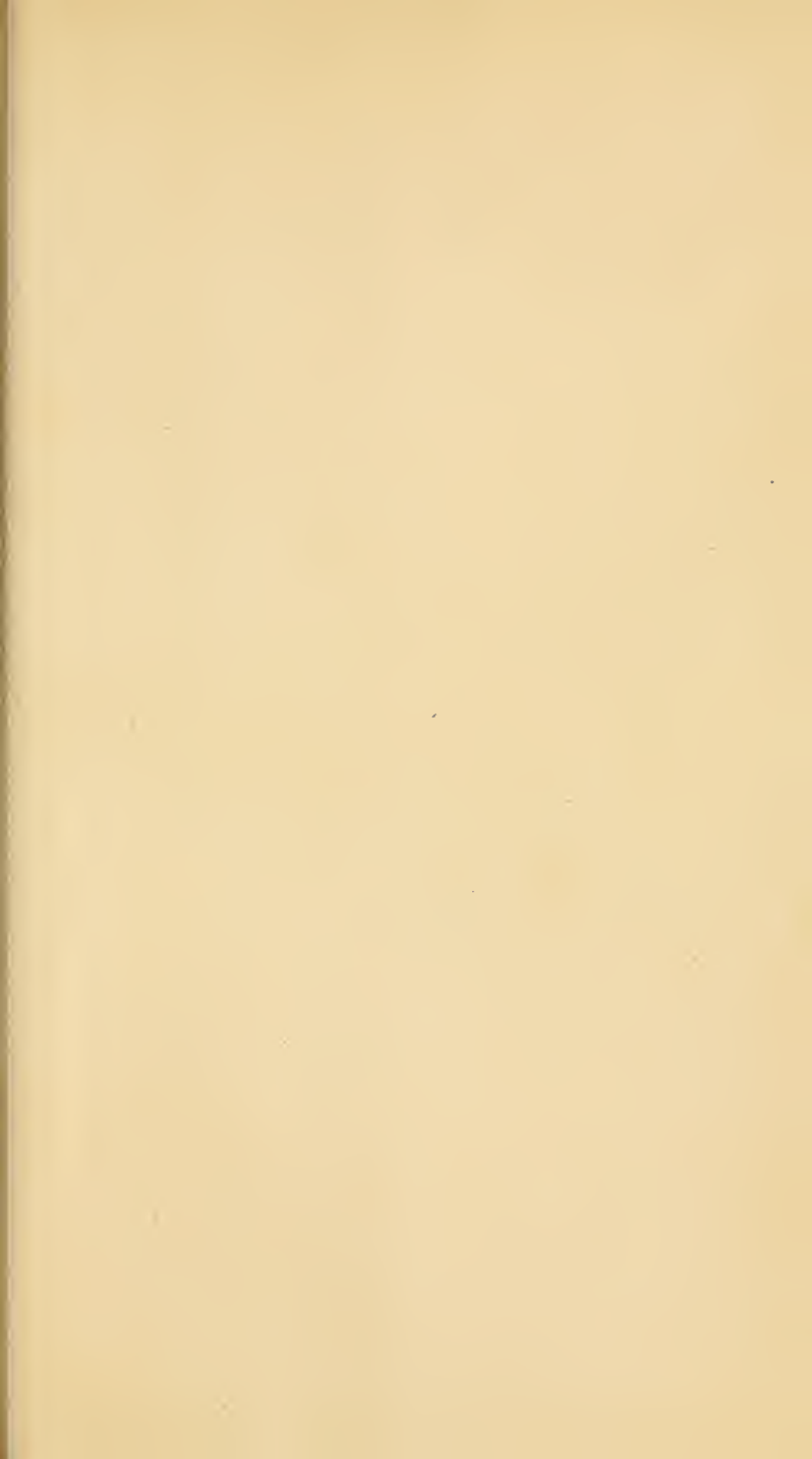
The reading of the old eds., “ Have at ye, *harpers* [i. e. players on the harp] ”, is right, being a sort of proverbial expression. In Cotton's *Virgil Travestie* (B. i.) we find ;

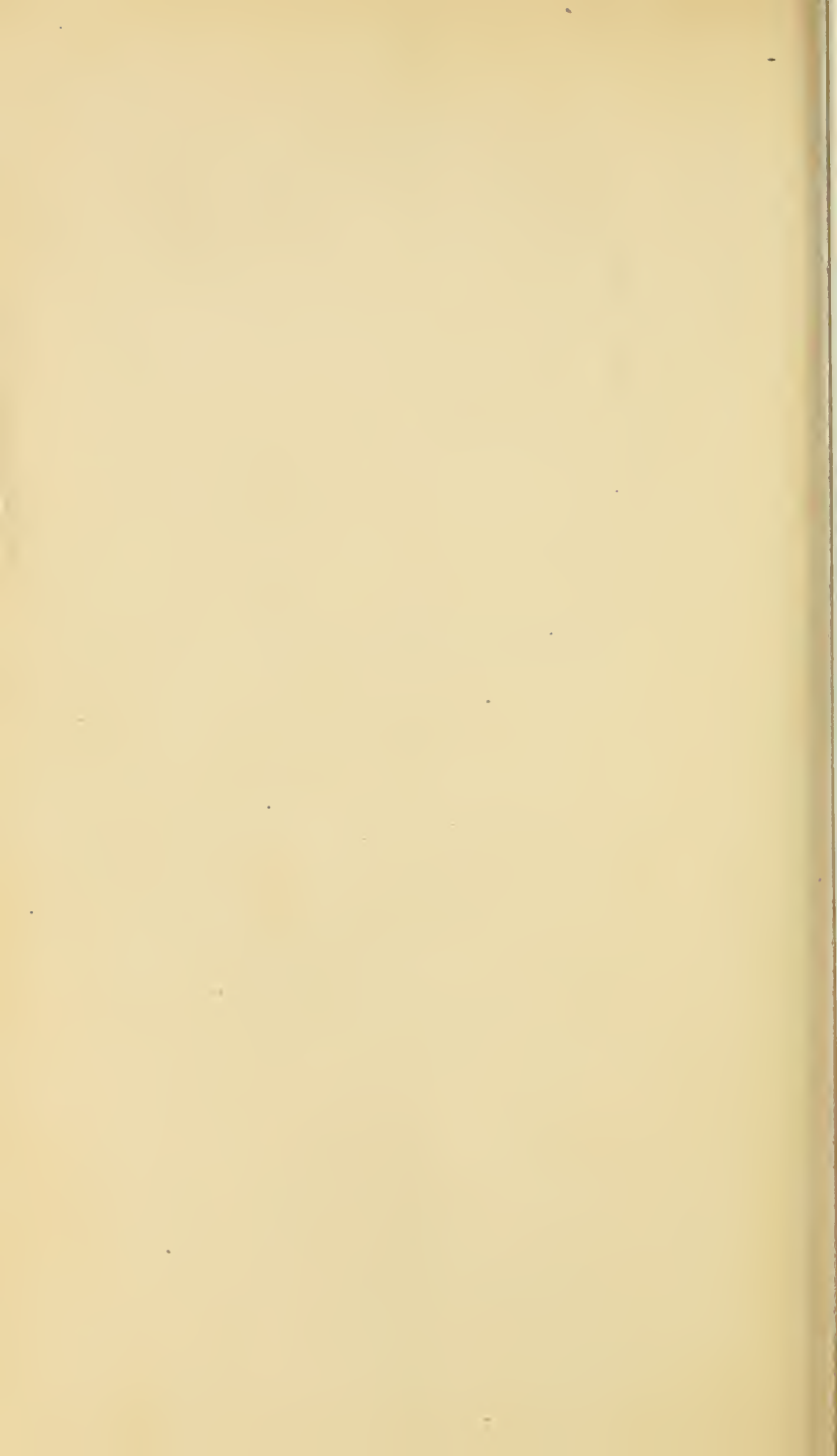
“ Quoth he, blind *harpers*, *have among ye !* ”

and a short poem by Martine Parker, printed in 1641, is entitled “ The Poet's Blind Man's bough, or *Have among you*, my blind *Harpers*. ”

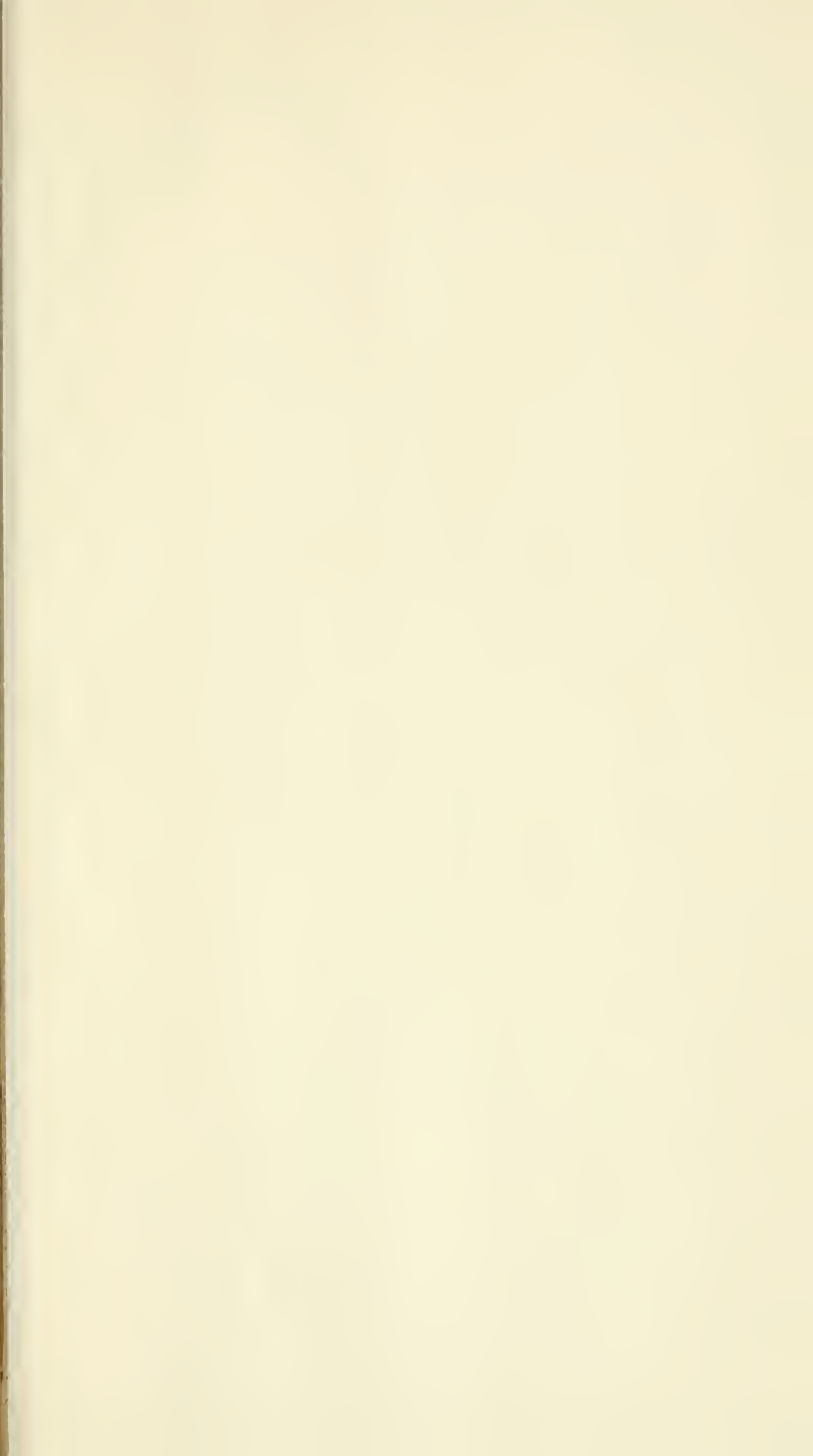
LONDON :

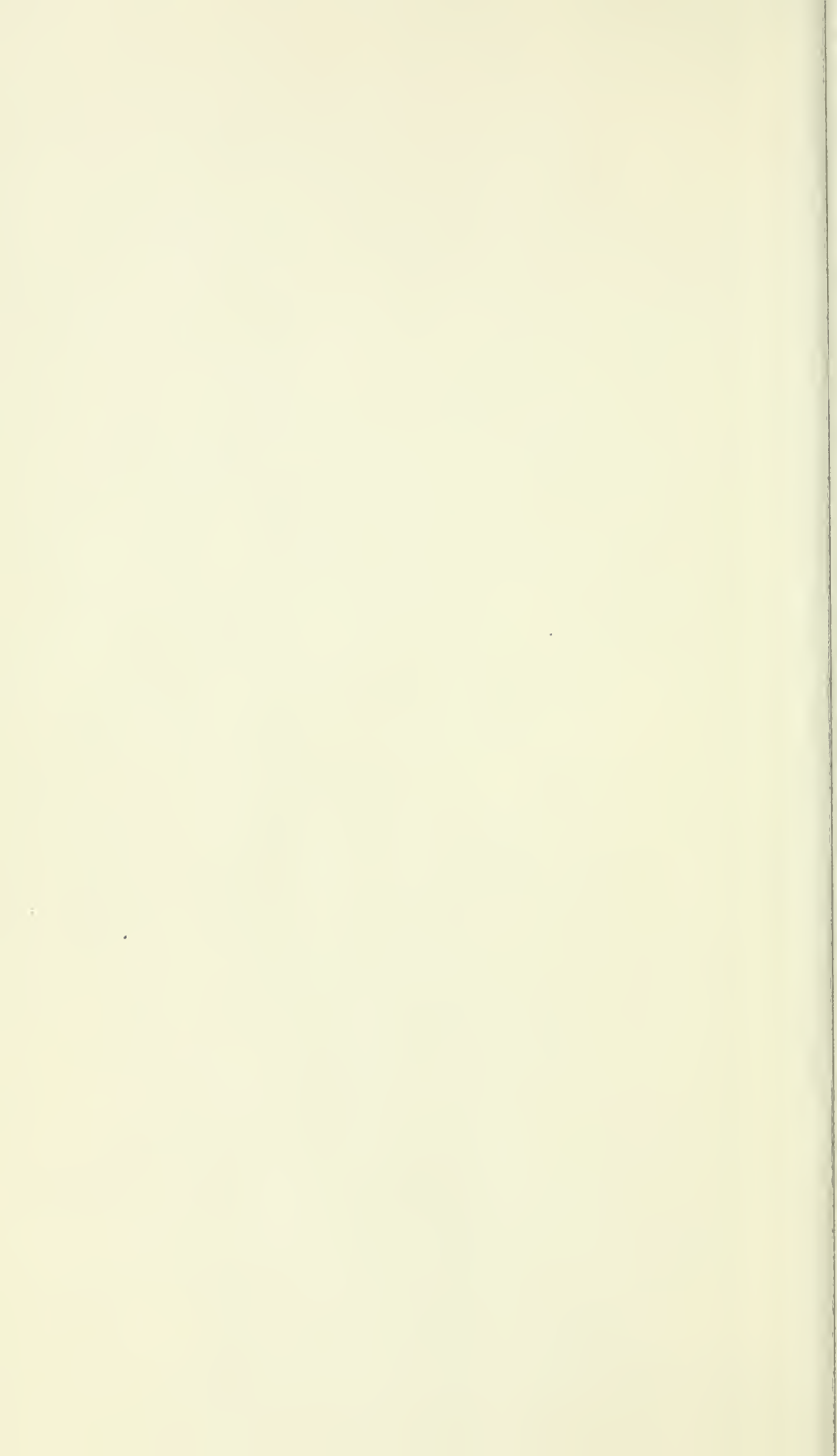
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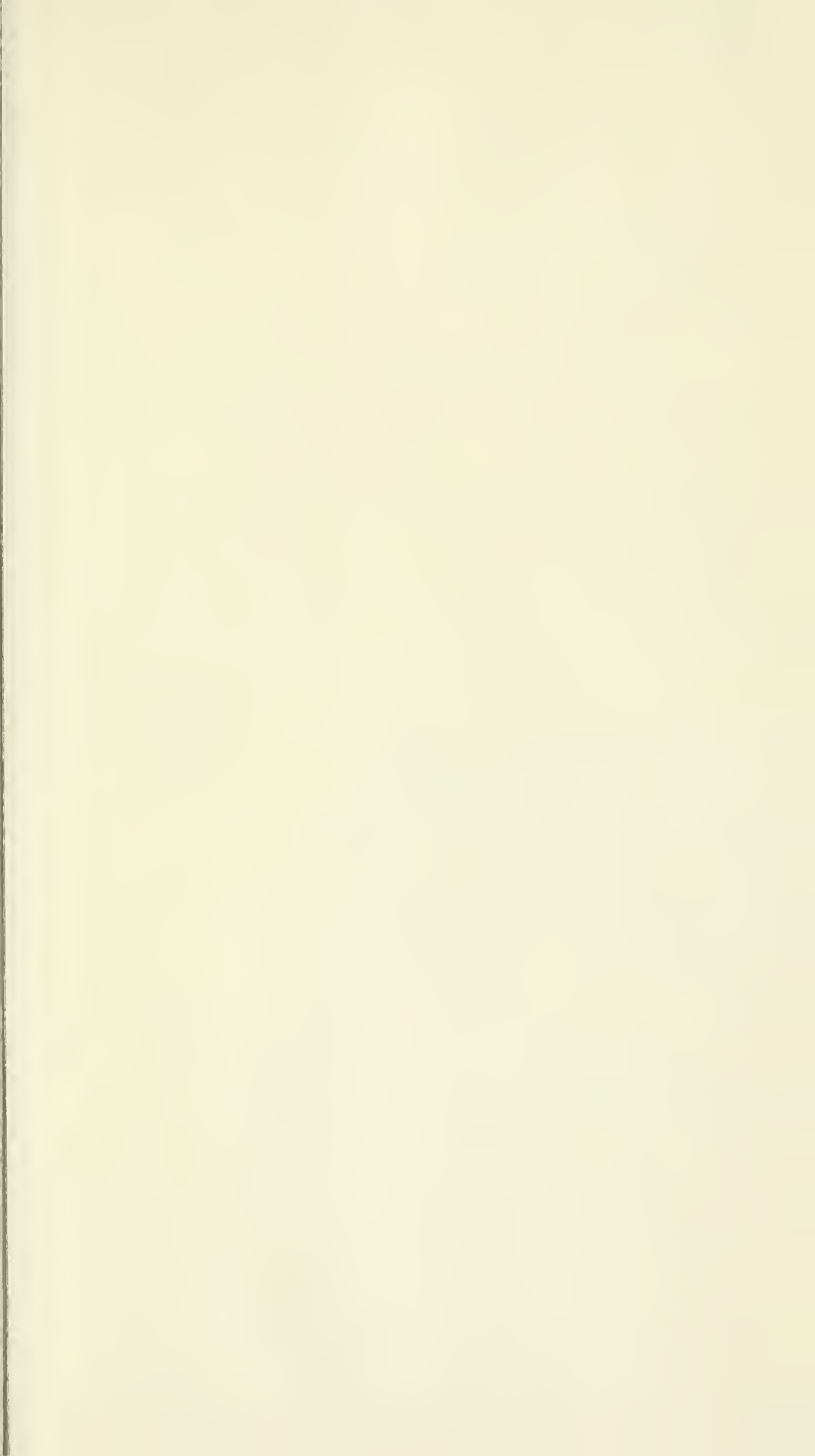














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